Wright, Thom.,

Eugene Lami. Chas. Rolls.

Juvenile Fancy Ball.

Paris.

Bal d'Enfants. *Kinder-Maskenball.*

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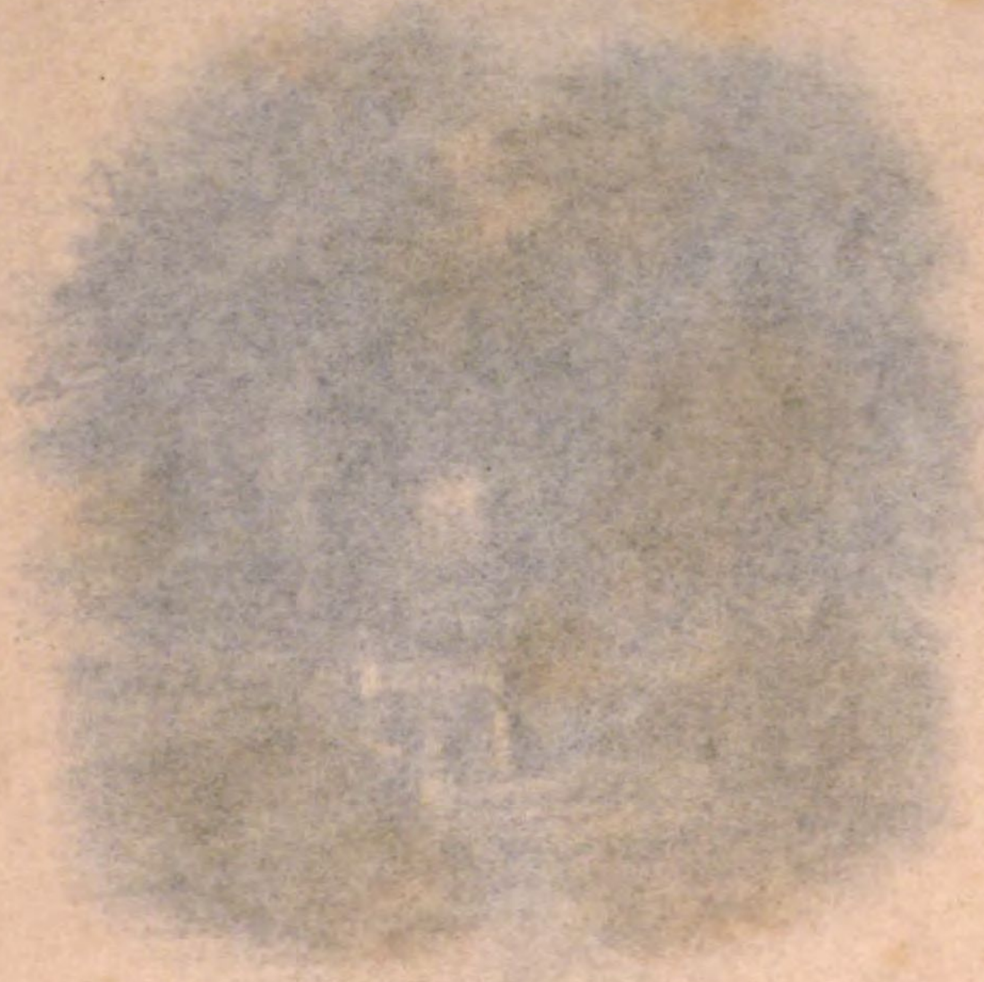

France Illustrated.

SUMMER AND WINTER IN PARIS.

Gardens of Versailles.

Jardins de Versailles. *Die Gärten zu Versailles.*

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON—H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

FRANCE

ILLUSTRATED.

COMPRISING A

SUMMER AND WINTER IN PARIS.

DRAWINGS BY

M. EUGENE LAMI.

DESCRIPTIONS BY

M. JULES JANIN.

SUPPLEMENTAL VOL.

IV.

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LIST OF PLATES TO SUMMER AND WINTER IN PARIS.

FRANCE.

SUMMER AND WINTER
IN
PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction—Entrance into Paris, through the Barrier de l'Etoile—Neuilly—A Royal Omnibus—Louis Philippe—Fieschi—July 13th, 1842—A Parisian's Love for Country Pleasures—The Bois de Boulogne—A Fortunate Accident—The Fashionable World—The Fortifications—The Octroi—The Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.

I HAVE translated the present work, from a very accurate and faithful account, which we have received from the country of Cooper and Washington Irving. Paris is the subject; a theme of endless variety; and if you ask me, what is the use of such a book? I will ask the beauty who reads these pages, What is the use of a mirror? This book is written, that Paris may recognize in it, as she puts on the merry smile with which she looks at everything—her most beautiful monuments, her richest dwellings, her daily pleasures, her evening fêtes. And besides this, the original author of this account, a man well versed in the fine arts, a benevolent and yet acute observer, and myself, his very humble translator, as I was formerly the translator of Sterne, are not left to ourselves in this hastily-written sketch, this attempt to seize the ever-changing and movable image of the Parisian world. More able describers than we, more faithful historians, the most eminent London engravers, and a very ingenious Parisian draughtsman, are assisting us to give the faithful reflection that we seek. Look, then, favourably upon this book, written beyond the seas, engraved in London, translated and drawn in Paris.

Perhaps it would be well to tell you something of the original writer, who has thrown into his travels much of his mirth, wit, and natural benevolence. In his youth he came to Paris, for the purpose of leaving there something of his impetuosity. It was not so easy as he had imagined; but at last, by dint of zeal and perseverance, nights passed at the opera-balls, and days given up to the never-ending Parisian fêtes, by dint of money lavished at random, as money must be lavished, to return you some little variety of interest and pleasure, our young man speedily became an old one. He arrived in Paris, as giddy-brained as a Parisian, ready for the most lively follies; he left it a grave American, prepared for the calm and tranquil honours which his mother-country holds in reserve for her favoured sons. Besides this, we can assure you, that our traveller was a person of calm observation, strong will, and good sense, and had a decided talent for the French language, even in its most beautiful idiom. He left at the gate of the Parisian city his national coldness and disdain, that he might obey the passionate enthusiasm for lofty things and the fine arts with which he was inspired. But why should I lose myself in these preliminaries, as though, after reading the following pages, your acquaintance with our author would not equal my own?

If on some beautiful evening, in spring or winter, you approach the immense city of Paris,—that glittering abyss,—and, above all, if you enter by the grand gate,—for we do not reckon a number of back entrances, which seem rather as if they would precipitate you into a ditch, than introduce you into the queen of European capitals,—you will find yourself entertaining expectations, which, unknown to you, seem to take possession of your whole mind. A gravel walk gently conducts you, by an easy descent, from the village of Neuilly, the royal residence, to the Bois de Boulogne, the rendezvous of the wealthy; from thence to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, a mass of stone, laden with glory; and still farther on, to the Place de la Concorde, where, calm and majestic, stands the Obelisk, between two fountains. Never will sufficient water flow from them to efface the blood shed in this fatal spot. This square, which has borne so many different names,—Place Louis XV., Place de la Revolution, Place de la Concorde,—presents itself to you, loaded with gilt, bronze, and colossal statues, resounding with noise, and sparkling with brilliancy; strictly speaking, it is here, in this dazzling spot, between the Garde Meuble of the crown and the Chambre de Deputés, that the vast city of Paris begins. Advance, then, with a slow step—behold, admire, meditate. But we will not remain on the Place de la Concorde; let us retrace our steps up the long avenue of the Champs Elysées, and return to the palace of Neuilly. Here you may see Paris in all its glory! Yonder house, standing on the shore between two islands, is the country residence of the King of the French. Within those modest walls, in those concealed and quiet gardens, you would in vain look for his Majesty the king; you will only find the father of a family, who has come to repose after the fatigue of the day, and to prepare himself for the labours of the next. Before regicide had become in France a species of motiveless monomania, you might often see passing through the Champs Elysées a large royal *omnibus*, exactly similar to the popular vehicles, in which all the French are equal, as in the presence of the law. In this long and citizen-like carriage were

stowed, at random, the king, his wife, sister, four sons, three beautiful daughters, son-in-law, and some friends: it was a royal and a happy crowd. The carriage went at a gentle trot, from the palace of the Tuileries to the house at Neuilly. No guards, no escort; whoever would, might salute *the fortune of France*. You could see from the mirth of the king, from his open and smiling countenance, how much he enjoyed it, and how proud he was of his humble incognito.

At other times, by the side of the road which leads to Neuilly, an elegant boat, dressed with flags, and full of children and young women, was rowed up the Seine; whence proceeded a thousand joyous cries and hurrahs: the stranger who saw the water ripple, as the boat passed, would never have suspected that this bark, more fragile than that of Cæsar, contained the whole royal family. *Thou carriest Cæsar and his fortune.*

Another day, in the midst of the masons and plasterers, so often in requisition at the royal dwellings, you would meet a stout man, with a fine intelligent countenance, active and busy, going from place to place, rule in hand, consulting and correcting plans, and sometimes nimbly mounting ladders. If you inquired whether this was not M. Fontaine, the king's architect, you would be told it was the king himself, the most enterprising architect in his kingdom. These were the peaceful hours of Louis Philippe, if he ever had any. He was evidently well suited for the twofold life which he adopted —the life of the king, and that of the citizen—the court, and the house. These were his pleasures. The bullets of the abominable Fieschi and others have altered this state of things; if they have not killed the king, they have wounded royalty: they have saddened, even before the terrible accident of July 13, 1842, the formerly pleasant route from the Tuileries to Neuilly, and have encumbered it with soldiers and guards. Poor madmen! not to see that the very worst hour in which to attack a king, is that in which he is only the father of his children.

With your permission, in this pleasant, and somewhat fanciful journey that we are taking together, we will go a little at random. We are travelling in a country too well known, to make it necessary for us to be governed by any very strict rules. Our good fathers, the English, have in this style a chef d'œuvre, which I shall take good care not to imitate—*the Sentimental Journey*. Never was the Paris of last century better or more completely studied, than by that rascal, Sterne. Honest rogue that he was! He preached the virtues that he did not possess, and all this in such an easy, tranquil way! He looked demure, as they say in France, but nevertheless, we will neither trust to his contrition, his lowered eyes and his modest blushes, nor yet imitate him. No, no; we will not follow the steps of this hypocrite, who knew Paris much better than all the Parisians of his time. Instead of this, we will take our own course,—stopping occasionally to see and hear everything, that we may repeat it to you. Besides, we are not alone in this journey; we have with us a painter, a draughtsman, an engraver, and a translator, who knows but little of the language that we speak, and for whom we ask every indulgence. Perhaps you fancied that we had already reached the palace of the Tuileries: your pardon, we were only upon the bridge of Neuilly, at farthest. This is

a bridge boldly thrown across the Seine, between the islands which surround the king's gardens. After crossing the bridge, you will find that the villas already begin to lessen. Then commence large parks of half an acre, and spacious gardens composed of four or five pots of flowers; he who only possesses a single vine, says proudly as he leaves Paris on Saturday evening,—*I am going to my vineyard.* The Parisian is a great lover of country pleasures, in all their variety, provided only that they are near. Since he has seen so many revolutions accomplished in twenty-four hours, he does not like to be long absent from his city, so much does he fear that he shall not find, on his return, the same government there was when he left. Proceed a little farther, and you will reach the gate of the Bois de Boulogne. There, by an accident which I considered fortunate, my carriage broke down, just like a vessel which loses its mast in entering the harbour. I was soon disengaged from it, and whilst the postilion and my servant repaired it, I watched the fashionables of Paris, who had come in their elegant equipages, to see, and to exhibit themselves. What an infinite variety of carriages, horses, equipages, dresses, and, above all, countenances! All the women, young and old, of the Parisian world, were upon this occasion at the evening promenade; all the men; young people, the victims of usury; would-be ministers, the victims of politics; specimens of every class, were at the Bois de Boulogne. They passed and repassed before me, galloping, on horseback, in carriages, or on foot; they seemed almost to fly as they passed. And I, the new comer into this fashionable world, was already striving to guess its concealed passions, and its mysterious desires. I would willingly have followed these busy idlers, these vain aspirants; I would willingly have mounted behind them, or clung to their carriages, and there, concealed under the livery, have heard them joking or laughing, hoping or fearing, blessing or cursing. But this was impossible.

However, the slight accident, that had thus detained me, while the great ones of the world were galloping by, was quickly repaired. No one honoured me with a single glance; the men being too much occupied with their horses, and the women with the effect of their toilets and their smiles. It is in this way that they pass their lives, exhibiting and admiring themselves, and whispering all sorts of mysterious things, which the first comer can explain aloud, after a month's sojourn in this noisy city. From this spot it is but a short distance to the Arc de Triomphe, the largest triumphal arch in the world;—we must remember, however, that it is placed there to celebrate the greatest victories; it raises its head yet in the freshness of youth as high as the oldest mountain which is crowned with tempests and storms. All round the vast monument ramparts rise from the earth, ditches are dug, towers are built, but the Parisian knows nothing of this yet,—he will not think of the ditches until he has jumped across them, or the towers until he hears them groaning as they cast forth fire and flame; then, only, will he be alarmed at their formidable noise.

The entry is easy, the gate of the city being open night and day. The assassin, the forger, the criminal, may enter proudly, provided they have nothing prohibited, in their carriages or their pockets. The great crime in this city, which is so poor, is to smoke tobacco which has not passed through the hands of the administration, or to drink wine

which has not paid the entrance duty to the municipal officer. This officer is at the gate night and day; he is armed with an equivocal sword, one without sheath or point, but which is sure to discover the most artfully concealed things. No vehicle is exempted from this visit; the gay carriage which contains the opera dancer, the chariot of the broker, the berlin of the French peer, who is perhaps half asleep, all owe obedience and respect to the municipal officer. They can trust a peer of France to make the laws of the kingdom, but they cannot trust him not to put butcher's meat into his carriage. What a lesson of equality!

Whilst I was waiting for the officer to visit me in my turn, I had time to admire the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, from its base which descends into the earth, to its summit which is lost in the skies.

CHAPTER II.

The Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile—Its Progress Arrested—The Emperor's Statue in the Place Vendome thrown down—Its re-appearance with the Tricoloured Flag—Funeral of Napoleon—Contrast between the Funerals of Napoleon and Charles X.—The Arc de l'Etoile completed.

GENERALLY speaking, the principal inhabitants of this beautiful country, who, as Marie Stuart said, have long been Greeks and Romans, and would have much trouble in again becoming simple Frenchmen, profess great love for triumphal arches. Trajan's triumphal arch, and the monuments of the same sort, with which Italy still abounds, have prevented the French from sleeping. We Americans, people of yesterday, as these frivolous old men call us, have not yet learned to value these great masses of stone, vain ornaments of a useless grandeur. In France it is quite the reverse. The more useless a monument appears, the better are they pleased with it. The Frenchman loves glitter, noise, and glory; his greatest pleasure, in the public fêtes, is to see some magnificent firework bursting in the air, the light of a few minutes, of which the slightest spark would save a miserable family. But, no! the poorest, who have not even a piece of bread for their evening meal, run to see this blazing gunpowder, without thinking of all the money that is wasted in ephemeral stars. On the contrary, the more majestic the fireworks, and the more money they have cost, the better are the French satisfied. There is certainly much more of Francis I. than of Franklin in this people.

The Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile has been, for the few years that it has been finished, the greatest pride of the Parisian. He is prouder even of this than he is of the revolution of July, that great event, at the same time the work of a child and a giant. It is just thirty-six years since the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile was commenced. O France! to what unexpected revolutions have these heights been witness. It was a great people, that nation of 1806, governed by that great man whom the world

calls Emperor. The French nineteenth century, scarcely begun, was already loaded with victories and triumphs: 1806! it is the year of Austerlitz, that victory which decided the empire. When she saw herself thus with one foot upon Russia, and the other upon Austria, France chose to have the glorious bauble of a triumphal arch. Above all, she was determined it should be the greatest in the world, as Austerlitz was the greatest of victories. The first stone of this mountain was laid on the 15th of August, 1806. From the commencement of the monarchy, the 15th of August had been consecrated to the feast of the Virgin; but it had become the day of Saint Napoleon,—with so good a grace had the Mother of our Lord given up her fête-day to him who was the emperor.

And now that I can contemplate, from its summit to its foundation, this gigantic monument;—whereon are inscribed so many victories of which there is now nothing but the name; whereon are represented so many heroes long since dead; the imperishable envelope of a passing glory; the funeral stone raised upon the cradle of so many armies, which passed like the storm and tempest;—I can fancy that I see the illustrious monument rising by degrees from the earth, and, sometimes joyful, sometimes shrouded in sorrow, raise its head, now glorious, now humbled. Let it rise, however, to the noise of the cannon which is heard from far. Austerlitz has placed the first stone of this triumph of stone—Jena will place the second—Wagram will finish this indestructible base. But how many battles like Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram must have been fought to finish, without interruption, this monument erected by victory, and which peace alone could complete! In fact, scarcely did it appear above the surface of the earth, before the fortunes of France changed. A violent shock was felt, which did not overthrow it, but which arrested its progress. The wind that blew from Waterloo prevented one stone more from being placed. Hardly had the monument reached a sufficient height for the old soldier, who watched on its summit with his sight obscured by tears, to see from which side the enemy approached.

Then fell the empire, carrying with it that future said to be eternal! Of this monarchy, founded for centuries, nothing remains except the remembrance, which has returned the more powerfully after having slept so long under the soil of St. Helena. Hardly do they recall this great man in France, unless it is to declare that he confiscated all the liberties of the country. Thus the two giants, who looked down upon the world from the height on which they were placed, the emperor and the statue on the column, fell at the same time, the former from his throne, the latter from the brass which formed its foundation; then were seen in France—oh, shame on the defeats which break even civil courage! which cause everything, even national glory, to be forgotten!—then were seen Frenchmen, harnessed like beasts of burden, with Austrian horses, to throw down from its base the statue of the emperor! What prevented this mighty bronze from falling upon these men and horses, and crushing them? The noble statue, no doubt, had pity on them; it descended like a dethroned emperor; it reposed in the dust, triumphant; it was patient, because it felt itself eternal—as eternal as the standard of the three glorious colours. Fifteen years did it remain in obscurity, as the

tricoloured flag remained in the dust; but now, through the omnipotence of popular power, both have re-appeared, more brilliant, more powerful, more glorious than ever!

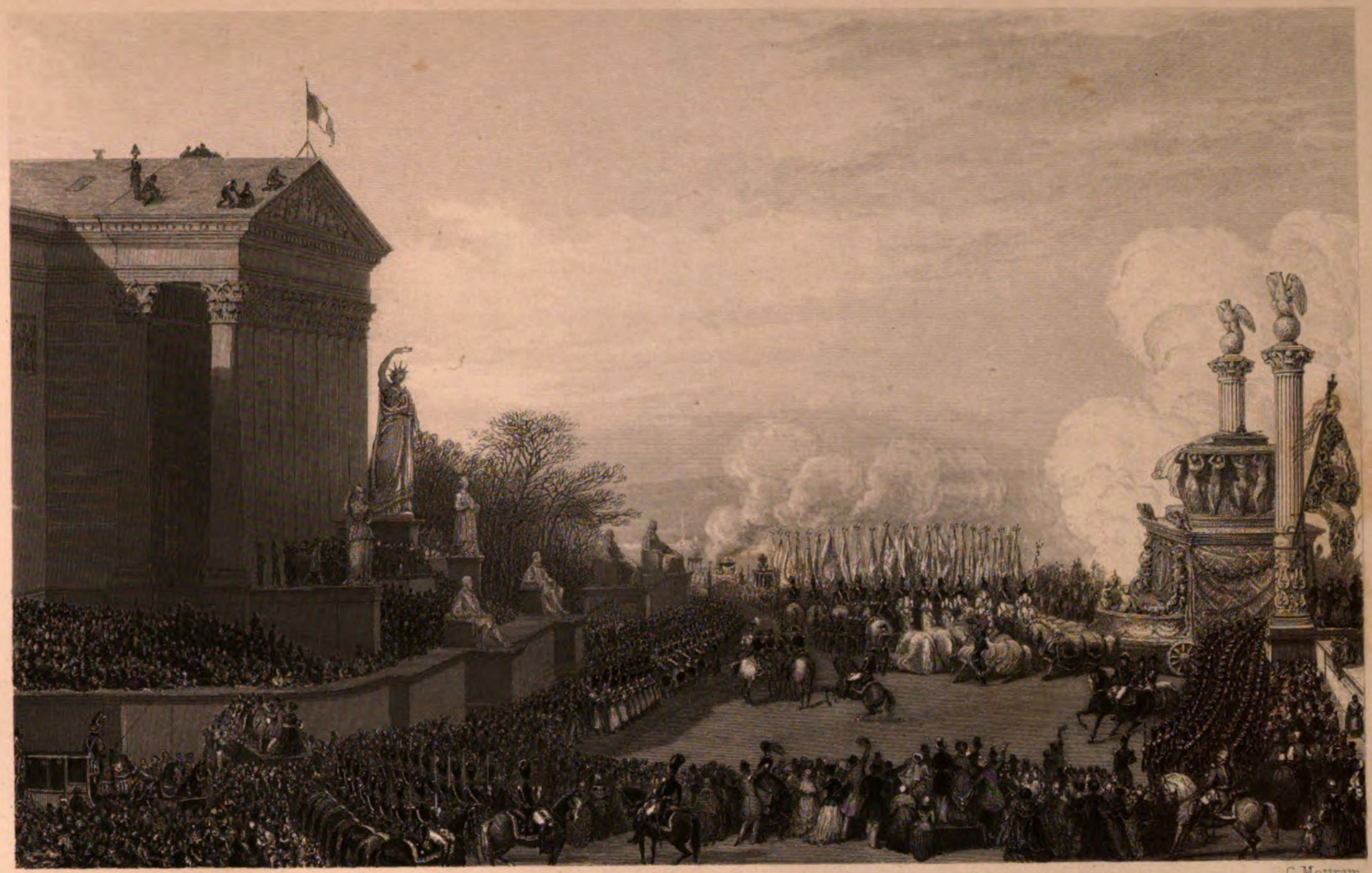
What were we saying? and what is the matter? Whence comes this long cry of triumph? Why are people running out of their houses in such haste? The north-east wind is strong and violent; the sky is black; winter has spread its ice all around. Tell me who the hero can be that is so impatiently expected within these walls? Who *can* be coming, but his Majesty the emperor and the king, who again revisits Paris? Who *can* be expected with this feverish impatience, but the brave soldier whom the people called the little corporal? Listen to the firing of the cannon—look at the flags flying! Have not all the principal men of France risen, to go and meet this great man who returns from exile? Hurrah! hurrah! it is he—it is Napoleon! the emperor! He returns from that barren rock in the sea, against which his fortune was dashed. Long live the emperor! No—he was not dead; he brings back to enthusiastic and passionate France—to France which weeps for him as she weeps for glory—the excitement of battle, the intoxication of triumph, the days of action, the endless agonies of war; all that she loves so devotedly, so madly. Hurrah, and triumph! And, indeed, it is truly the emperor who returns. Not, indeed, the emperor living, and ready again to take up the stump of his sword, but it is his dead body, that noble and imperial trophy which the France of 1830 ought to value above any other. He is gone: the rock of St. Helena has let go its prey; the weeping willow has strewn its last leaves upon the coffin of St. Helena. Oh fate! Charles X., the all-powerful, the well-loved king, he whom the people surrounded with so much devotion, whom Europe proclaimed the king of its choice and its alliance, Charles X. is buried in some obscure vault of an obscure church in Germany; and here is the captive of Sir Hudson Lowe waited for in the vaults of the Invalides, by the side of Turenne! The emperor! it is the emperor! He is welcomed by universal shouting. The people crowd round his path, and receive him on their knees. A prince of the blood-royal, a noble and a handsome young man, has crossed the seas to seek this illustrious body; and he now brings it back, like a true knight-errant, whose task is accomplished. Sound the trumpets! beat the drums! bow, thou arch of glory! wave in the air, ye tricoloured flags, reconquered in three days! And we also must applaud; we, the men come from so far; the wise travellers; the *phlegmatics*, as they call us in France. Really, my New York brothers, enthusiasm is an excellent thing! Enthusiasm throws glory round your forehead, warmth into your heart, imagination into your mind, hope into your soul. Enthusiasm animates and warms, brightens and rejoices; it transforms France into your country; that man who is carried by in his bier, into your sovereign for the moment he is passing. What a long and glorious retinue! They have assembled here and there, as they could, the illustrious remnant of the ancient armies; they have summoned round the tomb all the companions of the emperor who still live; enormous instruments of copper have been made, which resound with triumph; in this noble retinue are seen the mameluke and the horse of the emperor—two servants of his battles. Every moment there is a fresh

surprise—an unexpected appearance. In one carriage, the almoner; in another, two or three marshals of France, formerly soldiers, now princes. And at last come, ranged in order, the seamen of the Belle Poule, brave mariners, proud of their illustrious burden;—they are clapped as they pass; the spectators repeat to each other their toils, their works, their patience, their courage; for in the midst of the sea, believing that France and England had declared war, they resolved, at the first signal, to sink themselves with their ship and its imperial burden. After these comes their worthy captain, his Highness the Prince de Joinville; a bold seaman, a brave soldier, a handsome and excellent young man; henceforth his name will be attached to this great event of the emperor's return! But now, what silence! what tears on every countenance! Here, in this triple coffin—in this car, covered with violet hangings, and floating banners; below these eagles, whose wings are spread with such a triumphant air; below these ensigns of battle, this triple crown;—here is the emperor, or, at least, he who was the emperor Napoleon. This funeral march—what do I say?—this triumphal procession, traversed the whole city, amid the greatest testimonies of sympathy and respect. The city still remembers it; the Champs Elysées, and, above all, the Arc de Triomphe, always will remember it.

But let us return to the history we were giving; it is the history of a whole age.

When the Restoration brought back to France repose and peace—the repose of a day, a peace full of future revolutions and tumults—the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile remained for a long time abandoned and deserted; the ruin of a monument hardly begun, the wreck of a glory half extinguished, the despised relics of the greatest and most useless victories. But the empire lived in these ruins; the clamours of the great army made themselves heard in these gigantic arches, the eagle, wounded to death, came to die upon these unfinished cornices; Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, moaned from these foundations, of which they were the base, their inarticulate complaints. It was dangerous to touch these sacred remains. It was as dangerous to raise the monument of the emperor, as to throw it down. Besides, once erected, whose name should they inscribe on the summit of this useless mountain? What symbols should they place upon its sides? What victories should they proclaim upon these eloquent stones? There was but one name for this monument—but one army for these stones—but one flag that could properly crown these majestic heights. It was the great imperial name; it was the great army; it was the great tricoloured flag! But the Restoration trembled with horror, and turned pale with fright, at the mere mention of this terrible and dreaded past.

If the Restoration had been bold and brave enough, not to tremble before French glory; if the legitimate king had been wise enough, to shelter himself under the imperial mantle, of him who was made emperor by the people and by glory; if the fleur-de-lis had allowed the golden bee to penetrate into its harmless flower cup; if the white flag had permitted the two colours, her younger sisters, to protect it by the double reflection before which Europe trembles; there is no doubt, that in the days of revolution, this prudence of royalty by divine right, would have borne imperishable fruits.



Eugene Lami. C. Motram.

Funeral of Napoleon.

Cérémonie des cendres de Napoléon. *Napoleon's Leichenbegängniss.*

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The emperor, erect upon his column, would have called furiously to the people, "Respect the royal majesty which has respected my conquered majesty." The bee, concealed in the empalement of the lily, would have threatened with its sting, the imprudent hands which dared to menace the noble flower; whilst the two national colours uniting their efforts, would have enveloped the standard of St. Louis in their drapery of blood and azure. But, no! The present, never knows how to respect the past. The first object of the king who arrives, is to insult the king who has left. The victorious standard overwhelms with its contempt the fallen one. Such is the character of nearly all the nations of Europe: they fancy that they can obliterate history, as they could break a statue of marble, and that they can abolish the past, as they could wash out a painting in water-colours. The governments are like the people; they break, they efface, they overthrow. Imprudent men! they do not see that in thus acting, they teach their subjects how to break, to efface, and to overthrow; and that authority is, next to glory, the most transient thing on earth.

It was not, then, till the Restoration was as firmly established as it could be, that it was bold enough to take in hand this monument begun by the emperor. Before the monarchy of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. had reached this extremity of presumption, it must surely have made great conquests. And so it had. It had re-established the dogma of legitimacy; it had done more: it had caused royalty to be respected; it had arranged three or four times, and always for its own advantage, the charter that it had given, or rather, that it had granted. It had even thought of the right of primogeniture, this completion of the divine right, and did not at all despair of one day passing this law, which would have re-made a few of the nobility, and many of the clergy. Still more than this; when the Restoration dared touch the Arc de l'Etoile, even to finish it, it had made a bauble of glory; it had played at fighting; it had just restored the tottering royalty of Spain; it had made a kind of legitimate Napoleon, with a white cockade, of his Royal Highness the Duke d'Angoulême. See by what delusions, and by what plagiarisms, the best established and most benevolent monarchies destroy themselves!

Thus the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, after having been founded by Napoleon, and the battle of Austerlitz, was continued by the Duke d'Angoulême, and the taking of Trocadero. Stones raised themselves upon stones, as a matter of obedience, without pleasure and without love. The masons obeyed the architect, the architect obeyed the minister of the interior, and this was all. The monument was merely built, without excitement, without enthusiasm, and even without pride, just as a simple house would be built. None of those who were employed had any faith in their work. They went daily to it, they progressed slowly when they had too much money. It is not thus that victory, or religion, that other victory, builds. If the Catholic monuments with which Europe abounds, those lofty cathedrals that are lost in the skies, and ornamented from top to bottom like a bride's veil, had been raised by ordinary workmen, by men hired by the day, not one of them would now have been finished; they would have remained incomplete, like the Cathedral of Cologne, that chef d'œuvre which the whole Catholic

power cannot finish at the present moment. But the sublime workmen who raised these monuments, said to have been erected by angels, were not, in fact, mercenary, but Christian labourers. They did not expect their payment in this world, they believed that their Father above was waiting, himself to reward those who had laboured in his vineyard. In the times of belief, a cathedral to raise, was not a monument of stone to build, it was a prayer to accomplish. Every workman attached himself, during life, to part of a wall, and there—sublime hermit, lofty dreamer—he inscribed, day by day, his prayer and his thought. He obeyed only himself and his genius, his work was as isolated as his prayer;—sometimes absurd, sometimes serious; to-day higher than heaven, to-morrow lower than hell; full of hopes or fears, happy or miserable;—he left upon the stone, living traces of the most concealed thoughts, the best disguised mysteries of his heart. After which, he at length died, happy and proud to be buried at the foot of the wall which he had engraved in honour of Jesus Christ. The next day, another mason—I would say another Christian—took the place of the great artist who was dead. The work was thus transmitted from one generation to another, like one of those endless poems, to which human glory has always some new song to add.

But I can no more understand a triumphal arch being raised without enthusiasm, than I can a cathedral built without faith.

And yet, if the Restoration could have suspected what would soon happen; if it had ever imagined, that to this triumphal arch was attached the fate of the royalty of Charles X., and that, even before it could be finished by his care, the imperial monument would quickly shake off all these traces of royalty, and disdain to carry a white cockade, it would doubtless have stopped the works. Indeed, the Arc de Triomphe, faithful to its master and its standard, even before its completion, was resolved to have no other name than that of the emperor, no other flag than his. If the Restoration could have foreseen this, like another Penelope, it would have destroyed in the evening the work of the morning. But the Restoration had no foresight, and therefore it was lost. The Arc du Trocadero has again become completely the triumph of Austerlitz.

CHAPTER III.

The Champs Elysées—The Luxor—The Hôtel des Princes—The Table d'Hôte—First Night in Paris—The Vision—Beautiful Music—Le Prophète.

It is impossible for me to describe to you all the beauty and novelty of this Parisian evening. I was a foreigner, but it appeared as if I had only returned to my own country; I was a new-comer, but it seemed as if I had never quitted this noble city, which passed before me in all its brilliancy, mystery, and happiness. The air was pure and invigorating; the carriages rolled gently, along a gravel as fine and soft as turf.

Eugene Lami

Chas Rolls.

The Champs Elysées.

Champs Elysées.

Die Champs Elysées.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON.—H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

Those who were on foot looked as calm and happy as those [illegible]. [illegible] a long fête through this long avenue. Formerly the avenue [illegible] covered with pretty little houses, each one [illegible] of [illegible] garden. On my right was the [illegible] garden of that [illegible] Beaujon. Beaujon was one of the [illegible] financiers of the [illegible] without talent and without [illegible], made rich by one chance [illegible] ruined by another; oppressors of the people; [illegible] lords; robbers here, robbed there; people who were acquainted with no other [illegible] than usury and the loan of money on pledge—but the pledge given them [illegible] of the poor, it is the sweat of the miserable, and on such pledges they lent [illegible]. Nevertheless, this large garden, in which is an hotel of marble and gold, [illegible] belonged to this slave of excise and salt duty. He died insolvent, and almost as poor as the great Corneille; but before ruining, as he had enriched, himself, before dying alone, abandoned by every one, he founded the hospital which bears his name, thinking that an expiation for the scandalous manner in which he had obtained his fortune! When he had disappeared from this world in which he had made so much noise, the gardens of this farmer-general Beaujon were for a long time the rendezvous of the people, who came there to enjoy themselves, without thinking by what tortures those who preceded had adorned them; after the people came others less innocent, speculators, who have cut down the trees, destroyed the flowers, spoiled the turf, dispersed the birds who sang so sweetly, and built a [illegible] all this ruin! It is a delightful spot, and is, by degrees, becoming inhabited; [illegible] assemble here some good contemporary names, a few young and beautiful [illegible], the honour and wit of the Parisian conversation, and the fortune of this place will [illegible]. In the mean time, the Amphions who built these houses have inscribed [illegible] of the principal avenue the great poetical name of this age—Chateaubriand.

Quite at the end of the avenue, in the centre of the [illegible], after having passed several theatres in the open air, where [illegible], and strolling actors, fill the air with their noises and their [illegible], if you please, before a king, dethroned, it is true, but [illegible] ages. Pause before this superb stranger, who has, with [illegible] the plains of past time, an oriental conquest, a splendid [illegible] defeat. This is the way to fall when one must fall! to surrender [illegible] render! to die when death comes! But what a fall! To fall [illegible] is nothing but a desert—to raise his head here, over thirty [illegible] surrender, it is true, but to surrender only to France, which [illegible] perils and a thousand fatigues to bring him back [illegible] of three thousand years, the life of the [illegible] three thousand years, in the great [illegible] and eloquent generations passing and dying [illegible]! This can scarcely be called a fall; this is to be greater [illegible] than Napoleon.

Those who were on foot looked as calm and happy as those who were riding. It was a long fête through this long avenue. Formerly the avenue was a desert; now it is covered with pretty little houses, quite new, palaces of yesterday, built in four feet of garden. On my right was the ancient garden of that farmer of the public revenue, Beaujon. Beaujon was one of the fabulous financiers of the past century; financiers without talent and without foresight, made rich by one chance of the antechamber, and ruined by another; oppressors of the people; themselves devoured in turn by the great lords; robbers here, robbed there; people who were acquainted with no other industry than usury and the loan of money on pledge—but the pledge given them is the bread of the poor, it is the sweat of the miserable, and on such pledges they lend millions. Nevertheless, this large garden, in which is an hotel of marble and gold, formerly belonged to this slave of excise and salt duty. He died insolvent, and almost as poor as the great Corneille; but before ruining, as he had enriched, himself, before dying alone, abandoned by every one, he founded the hospital which bears his name, thinking that an expiation for the scandalous manner in which he had obtained his fortune! When he had disappeared from the world in which he had made so much noise, the gardens of this farmer-general Beaujon were for a long time the rendezvous of the people, who came there to enjoy themselves, without thinking by what tortures those who preceded had adorned them; after the people came others less innocent, speculators, who have cut down the trees, destroyed the flowers, spoiled the turf, dispersed the birds who sang so sweetly, and built a town upon all this ruin! It is a delightful spot, and is, by degrees, becoming inhabited; only let them assemble here some good contemporary names, a few young and beautiful women, the honour and wit of the Parisian conversation, and the fortune of this place will be made. In the mean time, the Amphions who built these houses have inscribed at the head of the principal avenue the great poetical name of this age—Chateaubriand.

Quite at the end of the avenue, in the centre of the Place de la Concorde, after having passed several theatres in the open air, where horn-players, singers, monkeys, and strolling actors, fill the air with their noises and their indefatigable tricks—stop, if you please, before a king, dethroned, it is true, but not till after he had stood for ages. Pause before this superb stranger, who has, with so much majesty, reigned over the plains of past time, an oriental conquest, a splendid victory, but also a splendid defeat. This is the way to fall when one must fall! to surrender when one must surrender! to die when death comes! But what a fall! To fall there, where his kingdom is nothing but a desert—to raise his head here, over thirty-two millions of men! To surrender, it is true, but to surrender only to France, which passes through a thousand perils and a thousand fatigues to bring him back in triumph; to die, after a life of three thousand years, the life of the pyramids, but to return to life, for yet another three thousand years, in the great modern Babylon, and to see so many victorious and eloquent generations passing and dying at his feet, like crowds of ants! This can scarcely be called a fall; this is to be greater than Alexander, happier than Napoleon.

Do you ask the name of this fallen hero? the fate of this noble exile? and from what throne he fell? this model for ever worthy of imitation by all dethroned kings—my answer is, It is the obelisk of the Luxor!

Mehemet Ali, the regenerator of Egypt, or, if you prefer it, its *first* man of business —that deceiver, who has lately tried to kindle a universal war—that barbarian, who has all the cunning of great politicians—in one of those generous fits which, because they cost but little, are so natural to the masters of the East, gave the king of France the two charming obelisks of the Luxor—Luxor, which was the suburb of Thebes, as the obelisks are only the advanced guards of the pyramids. Charles X., to respond properly to the politeness of the pacha, sent a vessel to bring him this singular present, in proper time and place. There is a French proverb, which says, *Small presents keep up friendship*. The pacha knew the proverb, and treated the French accordingly. However, the present was not one to be despised.

Picture to yourself a single block of stone, twenty-four feet high; its colour a beautiful red. You would say this exquisite stone was transparent, it dazzles you with its beauty; it is slender and delicate, and is covered with a thousand hieroglyphical characters, which will, for a long time, torment the Champollions, present and to come. They were obliged to seek this long stone in the desert, to take it down from its almost eternal foundation, where it had stood erect for three thousand years. When lowered, it was necessary to dig a canal to bring the *Luxor* to the sea; but once on the sea, what care, what trouble, what effort was necessary! what dangers were to be encountered! If the vessel had overset, the obelisk would have been lost for ever!

In direct opposition to another French proverb, which says, *Men meet, but mountains stand still,* this mountain of the East has at last arrived within the walls of astonished Paris. For a long time Paris had expected the obelisk, with that eager, child-like curiosity which forms its happiness, when suddenly, one day, a long vessel, or rather a long bier of a funeral colour, was seen to arrive in the Seine. It was the obelisk, in its mortal covering. At this sight the astonishment was universal—"What is it, and where does it come from?" The Parisians descended by thousands into the dismasted careen, and through the disjointed boards looked at the dumb and motionless stranger. After the people rushed the *savans,* to examine it; and one of the wisest of them even fell into the river, nay, would have been drowned, had it not been for a brave seaman, who had come from Egypt to these calm and shallow waters, and found himself almost as much a stranger in them as the obelisk. Alas! after having saved a savant who could not swim, the very same evening this unfortunate mariner fell from the top of his canoe into this pool, which people call the Seine, and, horrible to relate, was drowned in this four foot of water! To come from so great a distance, to tear Cleopatra's needle from its base, to bring it to this hole, and to die in this muddy and unwholesome puddle! What a death!

That the obelisk might recover from its fatigue, they laid it softly down in the bed of the Seine. There it passed the winter, under the ice, no doubt regretting its sand

and its sun. At present the obelisk is erect, perhaps for an age or two, in the centre of the most beautiful city in the world. Alas! who can say, if this fatal stone is not doomed, a second time, to reign over a desert?

But I had seen too much for a first day; I was almost dazzled; I closed my eyes, and did not open them again till I reached the court of the Hôtel des Princes, in one of the finest streets in Paris.

The *Hôtel des Princes* is a spacious and splendid house, where assemble, most harmoniously, all kinds of princes, or, if you prefer it, all kinds of birds of passage. If you saw from a distance this hive, where all the dialects of Europe are spoken, you would say it was the tower of Babel, after the confusion of tongues. To this hospitable house all may come, for all will find, without fail, an apartment, a room, even if it must be a very small one, to suit the purse. The first floor is rightly appropriated to the happy and the wealthy of the earth. There you will find all the luxury and all the comfort of great houses. Erard's piano, that unrivalled instrument—the clock, which marks so accurately the hour for ambition or pleasure—the carpet of Aubusson—the Venetian glass—the curious paintings—the rare furniture,—nothing is wanting. There is a saloon for Madame, a study for Monsieur, an antechamber for your attendants; indeed, you may have everything which is necessary for elegant life. To each bell is attached an active servant, a sylph in the livery of the house. A little higher the silence is greater, the servants less numerous, the bell less imperious, the eagerness not so great, the obedience slower, the space more confined. At this height, our prince of the *Hôtel des Princes* is nothing more than an honest citizen; a bridegroom from the province, who wishes to show Paris to his bride; a gentleman retired from business; a fine fellow, who wants nothing in Paris but its pleasures, and who only has a bed there for the purpose of sleeping in it. What does it signify then to him what sort of a room he has, when he only spends an hour a day in it? But if you ascend one or two stories higher, you find yourself in a new world, where some are beginning, and others are finishing, their course; old men ruined, young ones without money, solicitors without credit, dreams, nothings, deceptions, vanities; and also hope, love, youth, carelessness, happiness! Every member of this little state lives in peace with his neighbour; they are not acquainted with each other; they live like recluses, each in his cell; they speak to each other, without ever asking names or rank; they go and come, they laugh, they sing, they are ill; one takes a dancing-lesson in the next apartment to another who is dying; this man leaves, full of joy—that one arrives, with tears in his eyes. All the great coquettes of Europe, singing-birds, cosmopolitan sylphs—all the heroes and heroines of the ballet, princes, and princesses—pass and repass through the Hôtel des Princes; they go, and return; they are always in motion; laughing—singing—*Bon jour!—Bon soir!*—is all you hear from them. What a singular world this hotel is! It is an open camp, in which you may see all kinds of ephemeral passions, transitory sorrows, and easily gratified ambitions. Chance and opportunity preside over this strange universe; *every man for himself,* is its motto. But there is one hour in each day, one solemn hour, when all differences of rank and fortune are forgotten. At six

o'clock, when the dinner-bell is rung, you may see the guests assembling from every part of the house: this one comes from the first floor, that one descends from the garret; no matter—they will sit together, and eat with the same appetite. The table is long, spacious, and splendid. To see the golden candlesticks, full of wax candles—the interminable table-cloths, so beautifully white—the rooms decorated with flowers—you would think it was some splendid fête; it is the daily fête, or, more properly speaking, the daily dinner. What a problem to solve! For a sum, hardly large enough to pay for a meal at some restaurateur's in the Palais Royal, you have the use of the long table, the well-warmed room, the numerous servants, the dazzling candles, the large service of plate, the experienced cook, the three courses, in which nothing has been forgotten that earth, forest, fresh water or salt, could produce—all these are at your service, traveller! And at the same time, the soft voices of well-dressed and clever women are around you; great names, both French and foreign, are pronounced in your ears; the French wines—those wines which have had at least as much effect in making France popular as the language of the country—sparkle and shine in their beautifully coloured crystals. What enjoyment! what eaters! what admirable egoists! They talk of our freedom at the American tables d'hôte; those who speak of it with so much bitterness have never dined at the table d'hôte of the Hôtel des Princes. It is quite true, that as soon as dinner is over, French politeness is attentive, and eager to show itself. They have eaten the best fruit at table, without offering any to the lady next them; yes, but then they would never consent to pass before her. The French are more polite than the Americans, perhaps, but most certainly they are equally ill-bred.

When I reached the Hôtel des Princes, I was in that state of stupor, which the sudden view of a variety of striking objects will inevitably produce. Nothing is more fatiguing and wearisome than prolonged admiration. Thus I saw nothing the first evening of what I have now described to you. I allowed myself to be conducted to the apartment which, in the opinion of my host, would suit me; for it is he who gives the final judgment as to what number in his universe you shall occupy, at so much per day. As soon as I entered my room, which appeared to be a very tolerable one, I opened the window; it overlooked one of the most curious boulevards of Paris; but it was the hour when the city, tired with the labour and the feelings of the day, had resigned itself to sleep; it was the hour of silence, of repose—the hour when everything is hushed, even ambition. I closed my window, saying to the sleeping city, *à demain!*

I called, and the waiter obeyed my summons. After having given him my orders, I went into my bedroom. "Will Monsieur sleep here?" said the worthy man, with a look of slight alarm. "Why do you ask," I replied, "and what is there so frightful in sleeping here?" The man hesitated a moment, and then said, "If Monsieur does not like his accommodations to-night, he can change his room to-morrow."

He left me, and I went to bed, in that state of delightful sleepiness, and almost Oriental stupor, which is natural to a man who has travelled fifty leagues, before reaching Paris, and who, within the last three hours of his life, has seen more incredible wonders, has picked up more foreign news, and has found out more of social greatness

Eugene Lami

L. Stocks

Hotel des Princes.

(Table D'Hôte)

Hotel des Princes.

Hôtel zum Prinzen

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON. — H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

and misery, than he ever saw in his childhood, imagined in his youth, or will see again through the rest of his days.

And now I had a vision, sweeter than I could possibly have conceived. I slept. How long I had slept, I am ignorant; but suddenly, in the midst of my first slumber, a repose I had been anticipating for twenty days, while I was still gently rocked, by that delightful motion of the postchaise, which follows the traveller even to his couch, I heard, or thought I heard, the most touching and refined melodies. It was indeed exquisite harmony; and I can speak upon this subject as a connoisseur—for every great idea which has proceeded from the head and heart of talented musicians, I possess, in my head and heart. Music has been the great study, or what amounts to the same thing, the great passion of my life. Beethoven and Mozart, Haydn and Gluck, Weber and Nicolo, Paësiello and Rossini—I am well acquainted with them all. Nevertheless, I was now listening to marvellous harmony; and, strange to say, it was quite new to me. The hand that played this invisible piano, if it was a piano, had a firm bold touch, with an admirable mixture of judgment and passion. At first it was a timid and mysterious sound, but soon it became clear, grand, and natural. I did not even try to ascertain whether I was awake, or whether I was indulged with a dream; I listened, and admired, and very soon wept. What a vast number of ideas in this extraordinary performance! How full of genius were those sounds! The man went from one passion to another, from grief to joy, from a curse to a prayer, from hate to love—and still continued, without taking breath, without stopping: he played in the true style of genius!

What a man! Thoughtful even in his transports, spirited even in his stillness, he carried to the greatest extent, the expression of Christian charity, and the frenzy of vengeance. I knew nothing of this lamentable history, of which the principal details were passing confusedly before me; but I heard enough to understand, that it was full of catastrophes. What was his end—his plan—his dream?—To what vengeance was he advancing? I could not tell. He was not bewildered by the expression of so many grand thoughts; nor by the chaos, into which he could, with one word, throw light. On the contrary, he sported with the disorder; he blended and confounded, at pleasure, all the elements of this imposing work. Alas! without suspecting it, I was present at the completion of one of those immortal things, which men call master-pieces.

I was dumb, confounded, delighted; I held my breath, and said to that sweet sleep I had so much desired, Begone!

But sleep rested upon my moistened eyelids, to listen.

The invisible genius stopped. You would have said, to hear him so abruptly quit this nocturnal drama, that the passionate inspiration he had been obeying, had suddenly left him. The man was evidently possessed with some great idea, which he had difficulty in thoroughly realizing; but he was one of those persons who are not easily discouraged. I heard him walk his room with measured steps; then he threw himself into a chair, as if he would sleep for an hour. Vain effort! there is no sleep for the work of a thought which is not yet complete. He returned then to his labour, but this time with an energy which had in it something of despair. And what a scene, or rather,

what a drama, did he portray that night! What touching sympathy! what terror! and what love, were expressed by these sweet notes! Cries of grief came from his soul, but they were so sad, so tender, so terrible, that he himself felt the sob to which he gave utterance. What rapture, what transport, and what depth in this passion! Pure and melancholy voices ascended from this abyss. You could hear the sounds of the condemned from this open pit. There were a thousand terrors clashing with a thousand hopes. I was bewildered by it, and cried out for mercy and help! But at last all ceased, all became calm, all died away, and sleep again took possession of me; or rather, my dream continued, and I dreamed of you, ye harps, spoken of in Scripture, hung upon the willows of the Euphrates!

The next morning, when my host came to my room, to ask *if Monsieur wanted anything*, my first word was, *Who is it, then?* I was pale, bewildered, transported. I frightened the man. "Ah, Monsieur," cried he, clasping his hands, "I see how it is—they have given you the room next to Meyerbeer!" And it was really he—it was Meyerbeer! It was the inspired author of *Robert le Diable*, the celebrated poet of the *Huguenots*, Meyerbeer, the king of modern art, the man who has made even Rossini draw back, the triumphant Meyerbeer! And do you know what music it was, that I had heard during the night? It was the already burning sketch, the first cries, the sudden griefs, the passions of that new drama, called *Le Prophète*, which no one has yet heard except myself, in my sleeping-room at the Hôtel des Princes.

Such was my initiation into the mysteries of Parisian art; it was a happy commencement.

CHAPTER IV.

Morning—The Milkwoman—The Grisette—The Bonne—The Portress—Parisian Scandal—Café au Lait—The Café de Tortoni—Stock Brokers—Breakfast—The Hour for the Bourse—Advertisements—A Profitable Bargain.

When I awoke—or, to speak more correctly, when I thought it was time to awake, for I had scarcely closed my eyes to escape from the enchantment which surrounded me—all Paris was stirring near my hotel. It was no longer the promenade of the evening before, so listless and so idle, under the trees of the boulevard; it was the quick and jostling motion of an immense city, which hastens to its business. There is no city in the world which passes more easily than Paris from motion to repose, from business to pleasure; she is as ready to gain gold, as to spend it liberally. In Italy, when the *angelus* rings (the bell which announces the commencement of a particular prayer), every profane thought is immediately arrested. The young lover forgets to press the hand of his mistress, that he may make the sign of the cross; the next minute every passion takes the upper hand, until the *angelus* rings again. The Frenchman

of Paris is a kind of idolater, like the Italian of Naples or Rome; only, that which stops him in the midst of his perpetual motion is not the *angelus*, it is pleasure. There are times in the day when the busiest Parisian necessarily reposes. For instance, at five o'clock in the evening all the labour of Paris, so active and so ardent in the day, ceases and stops suddenly, as if by enchantment; but to make amends for this, at seven in the morning, life, motion, eager speculation, the gambling of the bourse, intrigues round the ministers, intrigues in the saloon, the labour of thought, the labour of the body, the hurried races through the city, the life of the manœuvrer, and the life of the statesman, all commence at the same time; suddenly the deserted streets are filled with a crowd of sellers and buyers; the Parisian silence is broken by a thousand different pitiless cries.

At this hour everything is sold in the streets; the milkwoman arrives, drawn by her horse, and establishes herself under a porte-cochère; there, surrounded by her tin-cans, as a sovereign king is surrounded by his guards, and defended by her faithful bull-dog much better than the King of the French is defended by the police, the milk-woman is enthroned, and reigns for two hours. This was my amusement every morning. How many times I have placed myself at the window, only for the purpose of seeing this youthful and solemn peasant, distributing here and there, right and left, with an avaricious hand, her *pure* milk mixed with fresh water! Round the milkwoman crowd incessantly the chambermaids of the neighbouring houses; these are, for the most part, (I speak of those in the Rue de Richelieu), young and pretty girls, with fair skins, rosy cheeks, good figures, mischievous looks, and little feet. There is a whole future of three years of love in all these young and pretty slaves of Parisian coquetry. They come, one after the other, or at the same time, for their daily supply of milk, holding in their hands jugs more or less aristocratic, by which the mistresses they serve may easily be recognized; for the pretty girls themselves all wear a similar costume, namely, flowing dresses, fine white stockings, fanciful neck-handkerchiefs, and round their small heads, Indian foulards, coquettishly and tastily arranged, turned, and twisted, so that nothing is prettier or more graceful than their little mischievous heads, enveloped in silk, variegated with a thousand colours. And what excitement in those little heads, and what beatings of heart under these transparent handkerchiefs, and how well those small white necks are set off by the black glossy hair! It is a charming female population, truly!

Some of them come, alert and joyous, carrying beautiful china jugs; they scarcely condescend to look whether the measure is full; they hardly appear to recognize the haughty milkwoman. These are the aristocrats of the ante-room; they will soon themselves become great ladies, and have servants in their turn. Such changes of fortune are not rare in Paris. Beauty, youth, this *gentillesse*, as it is prettily called in French, (and I know no English word that will express it,) bring about these changes every day. She who was the servant becomes the mistress of the mistress. Then she throws aside her Indian foulard for an Italian chapeau, her printed calico dress for a silk one, the blooming joy of her twenty years for a cold prudish look. All the waiting-maids of

Paris will become great ladies, naturally and without trouble, if you will only give them the opportunity!

After these noble waiting-maids come other servants, not so high, but equally good-looking; these are in attendance upon the citizens. They have scarcely one foot in Parisian luxury. Until their ambitious views are realized, by admission into the establishment of some fine lady, they do as they can, and serve a whole household. The morning is, for these young persons, the hour of liberty; they tell the milkwoman their little vexations of the previous evening, their hopes for the day; with these ephemeral beings, the whole of life is summed up in these words, *last evening—this morning!* They never say *to-morrow;* to-morrow is so far off!

Very soon arrives, in her turn, the useful servant—that serious, melancholy being whom the Parisian, by a singular irony, calls his *bonne*. The *bonne* is the tyrant of the house; she only has a will of her own, and does just as she pleases. She beats the children, she scolds the husband, she is a spy upon Madame, she favours certain friends of the family, and shuts the door upon certain others. This cruel despotism is, nevertheless, tolerated by all the poor citizens, who do not know how to shake it off, without being obliged themselves to undertake the little details of household economy. As to being free men, I know nothing less free, strictly speaking, than the citizen of Paris. He obeys everybody, except himself. He obeys his wife, who, up to thirty years of age, is a frivolous coquette, and, when past thirty, is peevish and spiteful. He obeys his children, who are all little prodigies; he carries them in his arms while infants, and afterwards upon his shoulders. He obeys his *bonne*, and this is a perfect obedience; he only eats when his *bonne* makes him, he only drinks when his *bonne* allows him, he rises and goes to bed at the command of his *bonne*—even the dog of his *bonne* he must take out to walk, and wo be to him if he forgets to caress her cat. Poor man! And perhaps you think these are all his tyrants? Undeceive yourself. There is below, at the door of his house, a tyrant, a spy, a calumniator, always ready, always awake, always prejudiced against the citizen. This tyrant, this spy, this calumniator, is the portress, or the porter, of the house; sometimes, it is both combined.

The portress leaves home after the *bonne*, and when the waiting-woman has returned with her milk. The waiting-maid is too young, and has too many pleasant and fine things to do, to sympathize much with the *bonne*, who is forty years old, and the portress, who is sixty. There are some virtues which it seems natural, and therefore easy, for youth to practise. Thus the young servant condescends to take very little part in this dirty babbling, this underhand slander. Lisette or Julie is rather the friend of her mistress than her servant; she knows her most concealed secrets—she is naturally initiated into the mysteries of this boudoir which she shares. It is she who dresses her mistress in the morning, who undresses her at night; she sees the tears in her eyes, she hears the sighs that issue from her heart, she notices her joyous smile, she is always on her mistress's side, that is, for the lover, and against the husband. These are the employments, the pleasures, and the business of Lisette. Young women understand each other, so easily and so well. They are so fond of anything connected with love!

Love equalizes ranks so quickly! How then could Lisette join with these two rapacious, discontented, jealous old women—the portress and the *bonne?* Lisette, when she has obtained her milk, slowly ascends the staircase, and goes to prepare her own breakfast and that of her mistress, recalling, meantime, that Madame returned yesterday very late, and without her bouquet; that she had forgotten her right-hand glove, and was so agitated, so happy. Lisette and her mistress breakfast this morning from the same bread, from the same supply of milk, and perhaps from the same cup. People at twenty years old eat so little.

Do you see that equivocal being, with inquiring looks, slanderous mouth, and twisted hair? That is the portress. The portress is naturally a malicious being. Every house in Paris has its portress nestled in a hole at the foot of the staircase; and from the bottom of this hole, this bloodshot and malevolent eye observes all who go in, and all who go out. These ears of king Midas listen to all that is said, and all that is not said; she questions, she expounds, even silence; and from the bottom of its hole, this poisonous serpent's tongue casts its venom on the most irreproachable people in the house. The portress is calumny personified; she tears, with her black nails, every reputation that is entrusted to her. Listen! Hear her repeating, at the corner of the street, to the milk-woman, all the histories, true or false, of the house that is under her care. On the first floor, the bailiff will pay a visit to-morrow; this mother beats her children; those children beat their mother; this gentleman quarrels with his wife; that wife steals her husband's clothes. Do you know why the people on the third floor have bought a pot of flowers? And that person on the fourth, who came home the other day in a hackney coach with the blinds down? Every day, a flood of calumnies pours round the milk-woman, I will not say like her milk, but like the mud in the streets. The *bonne,* not to be outdone by the portress, improves upon the stories of the latter. The *bonne* knows fewer histories than the portress, but then she knows them better. She sees her victims nearer. She recounts then, how her master, the other day, pawned his plate; how her mistress borrowed a shawl or a veil, of one of her friends, to wear to the theatre. And these horrible Megæras descant principally on the misery of their masters. It seems to be their greatest delight, to calculate the ruin of the man whose bread they eat, and under whose roof they dwell. Is it not sad and painful, to see such a debate carried on, every morning, round a can of milk?—milk, that innocent beverage, that drink of the Idyl, that poetical emblem of purity; milk, so often sung by Theocritus and Virgil; milk, which thus becomes, in every corner of Paris, a sort of muddy stream, round which are collected all the ante-room falsehoods, and all the kitchen slanders of the neighbourhood!

And what will surprise you not a little, is, that in Paris, all the houses (I mean the richest, and handsomest, and best inhabited,) are subjected to this frightful despotism! Here is the hotel of a nobleman: the exterior is magnificent; gold and silk glisten in the drapery of the windows; the court is full of English horses and richly emblazoned carriages. Enter. Before seeing the master and mistress of this beautiful place, you are forced to come in contact with a dirty portress, who is washing her linen in a tub,

her child, who is roasting meat at the corner of the fire, or her husband, who is making shoes in the darkest corner of his den; all which proves, that nothing is perfect under the sun.

And when each house has thus received its supply of milk, the stove is lighted, the morning coffee is made, and it is not until the coffee has been sipped, that the Parisian day begins.

To speak the truth, this café au lait is sorry stuff, and very difficult of digestion. It is composed of a little hot water resembling milk, a black roasted powder pounded and pulverized at the grocer's, and beet-root sugar—and is accompanied by a small piece of bread. Such is the current and daily breakfast of cits and citesses, servants and masters. A great politician has calculated, that the surest method of stopping a revolution, or suspending a Parisian tumult, would be to close the barrier against the milkwomen. This passion for café au lait is so great, that under the empire, and during the continental war, the Parisian paid eighteen francs a pound for coffee, and as much for sugar, that he might not be deprived of his usual breakfast. At that time, he who was rich enough still to have his coffee and sugar, breakfasted at his gate or window, from vanity. Many took their coffee without sugar, as the Arabians do. Even now, when coffee and sugar are very common commodities, you may see placarded in Paris, *chesnut coffee, beet-root coffee,* and all sorts of coffee, in which there is everything *but* coffee. This horrible decoction has the double advantage, of affording no sustenance to the man who drinks it, and giving to the affected women who take it, a livid and sickly paleness, which much resembles the jaundice. I hope these are details à la Trollope, sufficient to please you.

What amused me most, in this study of the little Parisian world, was, to see the milkwoman, at last, when all her milk was exhausted, put her cans again into her little cart, gather up the reins of her horse, whistle to her terrible bull-dog, and set out at a hand-trot, throwing, as she passed, an ironical glance of contempt at those foolish houses, where the young servants are as coquettish as their mistresses, and where the old servants are so many insatiable despots. Stupid houses! that take Seine water for pure milk, and that nourish at their gates those venomous reptiles called porters.

I fancied I could hear the milkwoman, a robust and intelligent peasant, speaking thus to herself:—"Fools! I take from your city, two things, which you would never receive from us peasants;—I carry off your money and your secrets."

It is granted, then, that the Parisian takes but little breakfast. He has too much to do, and then his business is too important. He is persuaded that a more substantial breakfast would take from him the free exercise of his ambition, his projects, his avarice, and his passions. If a Parisian wishes his head to be clear, his stomach must be clear also. The precautions of the *man machine* are not pushed farther than this. There is, however, one place, in Paris, much frequented, where people breakfast in earnest, or at least appear to do so. It is the Café Tortoni.

The Café Tortoni is known throughout Europe. It is situated on the boulevard, almost at the angle of the Rue Lafitte, or, as it ought to be called, the Rue Rothschild,

that money-making street. There is no stranger, who, on some summer's evening, has not rested, in the brilliant and lighted shadow of the Café Tortoni. It is the general rendezvous of the fashionable world;—stop there you must, on leaving the opera. Even the ladies resort there, in their elegant dresses, in the beautiful clear evenings of summer. At Tortoni's, in the evening, ice assumes all sorts of names, and every kind of form. The richest equipages surround this living ice-house, with a triple enclosure of liveries and English horses. This is the Tortoni of the evening; but the Tortoni of the morning presents quite a different appearance. Yesterday, in retiring, the Tortoni of the evening said in a low voice, *Business to-morrow:* to-day, the Tortoni of the morning does not even take time to say, *Pleasure this evening.* Indeed, the Tortoni of the morning, is nothing more than the peristyle of the Bourse, that great temple, or rather that vast gulf, of public fortune. To this café, you see hastening every morning, all the elegant exchange-brokers, all the novices in banking, all the *marrons* of any weight. These gentlemen arrive, dressed and gloved, as if they were going to a ball. The horse stops before the door of the café, the master descends from it, and his first visit is to the sideboard, where he himself chooses his breakfast; but in giving himself up to this important occupation, he looks, listens, bows; he has a wary as well as a hungry expression. He calls aloud for the waiter, Quick, quick! I have no time to wait. Poor man! he has so much to do to-day. Nevertheless he seats himself at a table, and is soon surrounded by others. They say good morning to each other, without meaning any harm. Then, by a certain tortuosity, which belongs only to the rhetoric of these gentlemen, they question each other. "What is there new? What is going on?" "Really nothing." "Madame Stoltz was in very good voice the day before yesterday. —M. Berryer was excellent in the chamber.—The king has gone to inspect the fortifications.—M. le Duc d'Aumale was met in the Rue Blanche.—M. de Chateaubriand is ill.—M. de Rothschild has just obtained the grand cross of the *Legion d'Honneur*.—Have you seen the new pamphlet, called *les Boutons de Guêtres?* It is very severe.—The little baron C—— has run away; he has lost a hundred thousand crowns at the Bourse.—What do you say? a hundred thousand crowns? Three millions, my dear sir. My father-in-law's cousin is in for eight hundred thousand francs.—You know the news about the great tragedian?—The English are most certainly beaten in India.—There is nothing new, besides this, except that the minister of war blew his brains out yesterday evening. What! the minister of war? Perfectly true. He was accused of wearing the cross of a knight of the Legion d'Honneur without authority. What! had not the minister of war a croix d'honneur? It seems not.—Nonsense; I have seen him with the *grand cordon.*"

Thus talk our two newsmongers, only they forget to name, that it is the Belgian minister of war, of whom they are speaking. You, however, an innocent foreigner, who happen to hear the conversation of these honest men, think them very artless and simple, and you do not understand that trifling and important things are thus mingled: you are a new-comer, my friend. All these men, who seem so young, so simple, and so

good—who so unaffectedly eat their chicken's wing, and drink reddened water—are not so simple as they seem: they are all knowing-ones, amongst the most knowing. At the present moment they look as innocent as you really are. Well! There is not one of these artless persons, who has not read every newspaper, of every side; who has not listened eagerly to the most opposite reports; not one who, during the night, has not given his attention to the one ambition, the one glory, the one thought of his life—money. To gain money, to gain much of it, to gain it always, in order to spend it with a carelessness which savours of delirium, this is the trade of these people. And what care does it require, to watch, at once, over themselves and others! What judgment is necessary, to understand, at the same time, the most difficult truths, and the most opposite falsehoods! What unwearied patience, in seeking and waiting for the turn of fortune; and what great courage in striking the decisive blow, when the moment to strike has come! What an absorbing ambition is this ambition for money; and what must be the torture of these Tantaluses of the Bourse, who see flowing before them, the stream of French riches, and who incessantly stoop, to draw plentifully from this flood of gold, which recedes before their dazzled eyes; and with what supplicatory prayers, do they ask of chance, the drop of water which shall refresh their greedy throats! It is curious to study these men. Their part is played with so much ease;—they are such excellent actors;—they have studied so closely the grace and movements of the cat watching the mouse! However, as I told you, every morning they affect to come and breakfast gaily, and with perfect freedom of heart and mind.

At this hour of the day, these money-hunters are still civilized men: they have the manners of the world; they salute each other with grace and politeness, with the grace and politeness of two professed duelists, who will very soon try to kill each other.

To strangers, the sight of this assemblage of speculators, is one full of interest and curiosity; the more so, because by the side of the wealthy financiers, you will find the youngest outside jobbers; those who make their first attempts, those who go every day, gleaning obscurely in the five per cents, picking up something in the three per cents, negociating treasury bills, or the shares of the Banque de France, buying or reselling the city bonds, of which they secure the first premium; dabbling in Neapolitan, Spanish, and Portuguese funds, by small and imperceptible fractions—Ouvrards and Rothschilds in embryo.

Suddenly a particular hour strikes mournfully. That very instant, all breakfast is stopped, all conversation is interrupted; he who had just put the cup to his lips, returns it to the table half full; another rises, without finishing the speech he had commenced; each mounts his carriage, and the horses gallop off.

These intelligent steeds—bankers in harness—know well the hour for the Bourse; more than one English horse has become broken-winded, merely in going over the hundred paces which separate the boulevard from the Bourse. Money goes so quickly!

But there is something which travels even faster than money, and that is—ruin!

Some other day we will go to the Bourse, but since we are in this splendid café, let us rest here a little. Already the streets of Paris are less full than they were but a moment back. The crowd was on its way to business, which having reached, let us wait till it returns. Paris is as regular as the sea; it has its ebb and flow at certain times in the day. The café, a few minutes ago so full of silent passions, is now nearly empty. Some deputies of the *tiers-parti* breakfast quietly, without any fear of arriving too late at the chamber, for the session will be very tedious; M. Fulchiron is to speak in favour of French tragedy, and to protect Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, against the innovators. In another corner you see a musician of the opera, who is waiting for the time of rehearsal, and who is constantly looking at his watch.

In the street you may notice, moving under the walls with a light step, several fine ladies about to return home; the hour of the Bourse is to them the hour of liberty, and they profit by it, though ashamed of being such early risers. Those tall, fair, young people have just arrived from England, they are paying their first visit to Paris, and are surprised to meet so few people. Here are Germans, who travel as philosophers; Italian refugees, who have saved from Italian liberty, that noble wreck, nothing but a hundred thousand livres, which they come to spend in Paris, far from Spielberg; here are wretched, proscribed Poles, whose ancient fortune has dwindled into a million or two, carried off, by a lucky chance, in their pockets. In a word, this street is the rendezvous of all the rich idlers, or, if you prefer it, of all the idlers. A short time since, money was the theme of conversation; now they talk of canes, whips, dogs, and the newest fashions. As for horses, the great subject of Parisian conversation, this is not the place to talk of them. There is a club in Paris established expressly for this exciting gossip. But do not trust the fine young men who talk incessantly of their stables. In the Parisian fashionable world, "my horse" is, generally, an imagination—price two francs the ride.

If you are a person of ever so little observation, you will remark, in one room at the café, a small frame, of a very unpretending appearance. Within this little frame are enclosed the advertisements of the Parisian dandies, in writing. On these small pieces of paper you will read an endless succession of such announcements as the following:—To sell, a cabriolet, *almost new*—To sell, a tilbury, *which has been very little used*—To sell, an English berlin—To sell, a set of Brune's harness, *as good as new*—To sell, two horses—A horse—A pretty little mare—A fowling-piece—An Etruscan vase. In this little frame, ruined young men put up at auction their luxury of the evening before, for the purpose of half-paying their creditors of the morrow. I was in need of a horse and cabriolet, and soon found what I wanted in the frame of which I speak. Monsieur, said the seller to me, with your permission I will sell you the horse and cabriolet, and give you the servant besides.

Monsieur, said the servant, three months' wages are owing to me. I soon obtained cabriolet, horse, and servant, for very little money; but the horse proved to be broken-winded, the axle-tree of the cabriolet broke the second day, and the man paid himself with my watch for the three months' wages his old master owed him.

When I complained to the man at the café—Monsieur, said he, you would have had them all much cheaper if you had waited till Shrove Tuesday or Ash Wednesday. At that time an English horse of six years old will not sell for more than a hundred crowns, and you get the cabriolet into the bargain.

CHAPTER V.

The Château des Tuileries and its Inhabitants—Louis XVI.—The Duchess d'Angoulême—Madame Elizabeth—The Dauphin—The Directory—The Evil Genius of the Tuileries—Napoleon—Louis XVIII.—Flight of Marie Louise—of Charles X.—The Revolution of July—Réchid Pacha.

Since the revolution of July, the Château des Tuileries has increased in importance. Formerly, it was simply the palace of the king. This palace was surrounded by soldiers, the yeomen of the guard, Helvetians, with swords much longer than they were sharp, soldiers much more singular than useful; the body-guards, beautiful gilt coats of mail, proof against everything, noble hearts, skilful men; the crowd of ladies, who restored as far as possible the ancient régime, if not with the ancient French wit and grace, at least with the same obsequious obedience—such were the inhabitants and masters of this vast château. The king was the principal person; shut up within the gates of his own Louvre, he was the chief slave of this restored etiquette; he submitted without complaining, and, as one of the conditions of his melancholy royalty, to the daily assaults of those priests and gentlemen who imposed themselves upon the legitimate king in their right of legitimate clergy and legitimate nobility. In fact, these three legitimacies were of equal value—they were all three built on the same sand. The Château des Tuileries, protected by the body-guards, attended by the gentlemen in waiting, filled with priests and women, asthmatic old men, and blue ribbons, was a kind of paradox, thrown out by some unskilful rhetorician, in this constitutional country—an innocent and harmless paradox, and attached to truths certainly incontestable, but now gone out of fashion; the old monarchy, the old creeds, the old nobility. But a people less sceptical and less new were necessary for all these respectable old things.

Now that royalty, that mysterious soul of the political world, has undergone the greatest and most bloody outrages, how can any king whatever dream for a moment of escaping this new law of European monarchy, which says to him every morning, Remember that you are a king; that is to say, subject to all the vicissitudes of other men? *Nihil humani alienum!* And is it to be imagined that the French, during the last thirty years, have sufficiently outraged their old idol, their old pride, their old passion, nay, more, their imperishable passion—royalty? No! nothing has been able to satisfy that sudden fury which has seized the nation for thirty years, and which inces-

santly urges it to attack every power, good or bad, usurped or lawful; it is enough that the king has power. These Frenchmen, who were the Frenchmen, or rather the mutes, of that despot, Louis XIV., went one morning to Versailles, to look for the king and queen, the royal child and all the family, predestined to misfortune; and brought them, amidst the loud execrations of the market-women, and the furious curses of the faubourgs, through all that could easily be found, of vice and blood, cruelty, corruption, cowardice, and infamy, to this same Château des Tuileries, astonished at such fury; and which, from that time, has been nothing more than the great hotel of kings.

I speak not of Charles X., the improvident gentleman, or of M. le Dauphin, the last born in this city of the Bourbons, the last echo of so many powerful voices, the last effort of so much energy, the last representative of so many heroes; of the Duchess de Berri, in spite of her devotedness, loyalty, and courage; but I do ask how the dauphiness, who had been tried by misfortunes, greater than the most pitiless dramatic poets ever imagined—the dauphiness, that spoiled child of adversity, which did not spare her one of its most severe or most unjust lessons, how could she seriously take possession of the Palace des Tuileries? How could she, the stoical Christian, restored to these walls by a miracle, dare to think of taking up her abode in them? Had she, like Charles X., and like the dauphin, forgotten the dreadful history, written in characters of blood, upon the walls of the Tuileries? There is in the garden of the Tuileries a walk, across which the people put a green riband, to testify that it was separated, for ever, from the royalty of France. This was a wall of brass; no fidelity dared to cross it; an imprudent young man, who had put his foot beyond this terrible rubicon, took off his shoe before the people, and with his coat wiped off the royal dust! The wind of seventeen hundred and ninety-three carried away this green ribbon, but the sad barrier between the people of France and the children of St. Louis has never been removed; if the dauphiness had placed herself at the window, she might still have seen, with her eagle eyes, that impassable barrier; but from what window of this palace would the dauphiness have dared to look upon the people of Paris? At each of its windows King Louis the XVI., summoned to appear, had been personally insulted! At each of its windows, the queen, that unfortunate Antoinette of Austria, called by the drunken voices of the furies of the guillotine, was forced to appear, night and day, and hold out, to this abominable people, her supplicating hands and her child! I can scarcely conceive, while I think of it, that this family of proscribed kings should have dared to pass the threshold of the Château des Tuileries, so filled with disastrous remembrances. In this palace is a door, through which Louis XVI. entered, as if he were a captive thrown into prison; in this palace is a door, through which Louis XVI. passed, on his way to the prison of the Temple; in this palace there is the bed of the Queen of France, which, while yet warm, was profaned by bloody bayonets.—And yet this was the palace they would inhabit, this was the bed in which they thought to sleep. Madmen!

Very soon this king, turned out of the dishonoured palace of the Tuileries, was led from the prison of the Temple, his last palace, to the scaffold, his last throne. This time, at least, death saved the king from insult—on this bloody throne they cut off his

head, but they did not crown it with the cap of liberty! The blow, although more honourable, was not less complete. The men who were at first astonished at the *abundance of tears shed by the eyes of their kings*, finished by being astonished *at the small quantity of blood contained in their veins*. This murdered king descended into the tomb a few hours before his clergy and nobility, whose heads were severed by the same knife. Some months later, the queen herself—yes, the queen, that noble wife, that sublime, but unhappy, mother—laid down her head for the executioner; that head, turned grey, alas! by grief, in four-and-twenty hours! Seven months afterwards, Madame Elizabeth, that excellent and pious young woman, ascended with a light foot the slippery steps of that sad altar, upon which she was about to receive the crown of the martyr. Suddenly, the people, who were already inattentive to the royal blood which was about to flow, (they had seen so much royal blood!) were struck with the bosom of this young woman, whose handkerchief had just fallen. But Elizabeth, rousing at last from the calm resignation which characterized her, and seeing her bosom bare before this people, to whom she owed only her head, entreated the executioner to cover her. (Her hands were tied.) And the executioner, more humane than his assistants, the people of seventeen hundred and ninety-three, covered that beautiful bosom, so agitated by modesty, which the fear of death had not disturbed. Does not this recall to you the touching lines of the French poet?—

Elle tombe, et tombant, range ses vêtements,
Dernier trait de pudeur, à ses derniers moments.

Meantime, the young dauphin, a child of seven years old, incapable of injuring any one, suffered the most cruel treatment from the cobbler Simon, which finally ended in his death, fourteen months after that of Madame Elizabeth. And this is what the Château des Tuileries did with its last inhabitants!

Woe to the dignity withered from its root by popular insult! Woe to the palaces of kings, destroyed even from their foundations! What is struck by a thunder-bolt may often be repaired. The spires of cathedrals have been broken off by lightning, but they have been restored to their places by skilful workmen. Where is the workman powerful enough to restore one of the four pieces of gilt wood, and change the piece of velvet, of which a throne is composed? Neither the palace of the Tuileries, nor that of Versailles, has ever recovered from so many regicides. When, by means of bloody liberty, by means of victories without and defeats within, France had fallen under the despised and licentious yoke of the Directory—the effeminate Barras and his worthy colleagues—those three men who possessed every kind of audacity, even the audacity of fear, dared not inhabit the Château des Tuileries. Its solitude frightened them; the history written upon its walls made them turn pale, and tremble from the depth of their souls; they fancied there must be, at midnight—the hour for spectres—in these royal dwellings, royal shadows, beheaded ghosts, who carried their crowns upon their necks, for want of heads; a royal widow, with long white hair, who returned from the dead, dressed in the short gown which an actress was charitable enough to lend her, and the black robe, which she had mended with her own hands before marching

to the scaffold. Barras was afraid—that ambitious profligate, who succeeded for an hour, because he found himself on a level with the vice of his time—even he dared not take possession of the queen's bed; he was afraid that he should scarcely fall asleep, before the great king Louis XIV., impelled by the pride of his race, would cause the silent pavement to ring with his red heel, and would himself draw the curtains of the bed, and ask this wretched being, lying there in the midst of the Tuileries, and upon the fleurs-de-lis of France, what was his name of Bourbon? and what place his reign occupied amongst so many reigns? The Directory left the Tuileries deserted; its life of every day—its nights of revelling—the intermission from its slavery—the combinations of this Venetian policy, Venetian from its vice and its horror—its alarms, caused both by its victories and defeats;—the Directory concealed all these in the palace of the Luxembourg, that palace built in the Italian style, by the Italian Médicis.

A most interesting history might be written of the Château des Tuileries. In this city of Paris, which certainly is not credulous, more than one of the people will gravely assure you that the palace of the Tuileries is inhabited by an evil genius, the little red man, who shows himself at certain fatal epochs. He was seen in 1814; he was seen in 1830; he was seen walking round the flag the day the Duke of Orleans died. Thus the Château des Tuileries has now its legend; the people are afraid of it—they who usually fear nothing—and every new-comer into power feels the same dread.

It was only Napoleon Buonaparte, when he had played with fire and sword, who, (with the glory and the innocence of a life which had belonged neither to the past royalty nor to the past republicanism of France, which were nevertheless the first foundations of his power,) dared, like a king, to take possession of the Château of the Tuileries. This improvident great man, having reached the height of human power, fancied he had also attained the summit of royal power. He thought, that if there were breaches in the palace of the Tuileries, it was easy to fill them up with stone; that if there was blood upon the walls, they had only to purify them with quicklime; that if its gates had been forced, they must be surrounded with cannon; and that for body-guards and yeomen he had Aboukir, Jena, Wagram, Austerlitz! He fancied that the history of France commenced with him—the emperor! that the royalty of France began with him—the emperor! that he had only to retake his crown from the treasury, his ampulla at Rheims, his oriflamme at St. Denis; and, if he had had time, he would have commenced an action against the ancient race of St. Louis, for having occupied his Tuileries, and for having usurped his throne so long! So strong was his belief in his own good fortune.

Who knows?—there is such an imperceptible influence in the places which men inhabit. But a few minutes back you were gay and joyous; but suddenly your guide stops you on the ruins of some destroyed city—*campos ubi Troja fuit*—and at once your smile is arrested, and you have become quite pensive. I doubt whether Voltaire himself, if he had, on a lovely summer's evening, entered a holy cathedral, half-lighted by the sun's last rays, and if he had found himself alone in the shadow of the painted windows, amid the last perfume of the incense, and the last sighs of the organ, would

not have thrown himself upon his knees, like a devoted Catholic, at the feet of that Saviour whom he had so often blasphemed! Thus, perhaps, the Château of the Tuileries had its inevitable influence upon the young first-consul of a republic already worm-eaten, although it had existed but ten years. From the height of those solemn arches descended upon Buonaparte the constant remembrance of the absolute power which had raised these walls; the echo of the vast saloons' incessantly repeated peremptory orders; and besides, this palace had been built by subjects for their master; thus, the first-consul soon found himself in a position to be emperor. He occupied the Tuileries, then he was its master; he was seated on the throne, then he ought to reign; he sent therefore for the Pope to crown him emperor and king, as he afterwards sent for an archduchess of Austria, to make him an imperial dauphin. Would he ever have dared to say to the Emperor of Austria, "*Send me your daughter*," if he had not inhabited the palace of the Tuileries—if he could not have scanned with a glance this vast assemblage of domes, palaces, and gardens—if he had not said to himself, "This is surely a worthy kingdom for an empress, for a daughter of the Cæsars."

But the Emperor Napoleon did not feel himself sufficiently a king to remain shut up within these noble walls. Scarcely did he give himself time to people the Tuileries with chamberlains, guards, masters of the ceremonies, purveyors, pages, maids of honour, gentlemen, princes, dukes, barons—in a word, scarcely had he peopled this palace of kings, according to the ancient royal etiquette, with all the useless, embroidered, and powdered frivolities, which compose what is called a court, before he left the palace to return to the camp, and abandoned his courtiers to rejoin his soldiers; royalty, for victory! He thus escaped from this threatening dwelling, this sinister influence, this usurped palace; *the only thing he had usurped*, for he had conquered glory, victory, and power. So he fell for what he *usurped*, not for what he *conquered*.

When the Bourbons, recalled by the lassitude of France, by the arms of Europe, and by M. de Chateaubriand, returned at last to the Tuileries, they could hardly believe their own happiness. They thought of none of the misfortunes of which these ceilings had been the indifferent witnesses; their first care was, to efface from the walls the imperial eagles, which unfolded their weary wings upon them, and which held in their enervated talons the leaf of withered laurel. The whole palace was assiduously scraped, as if an infectious person had just quitted it. Alas! it was something more melancholy than a man who had died of the plague; it was the greatest power of his age, who had been overturned. When the palace of Louis XVIII. had been newly painted stone-colour, and his bed had been refitted, he took possession of his throne, and stretched himself upon his bed, feeling much more at his ease than he had ever been in his English kingdom of Hartwell. Louis XVIII., who was nevertheless said to be a man of sense, was so persuaded of the imperishable eternity of his legitimate rights, this new principle as old as all revolutions, which he brought back to light, that it never for a single instant occurred to him, that he was simply living in a prohibited house, an inn badly kept and badly guarded, always open to every wind of adversity. Worse still, he smiled complacently at the departure of the allied armies, his protectors; and

instead of entreating the last Cossack to remain, he saw him set off with that Voltairian laugh which never quitted him. The king did not understand that, without Cossacks, his royalty was too old, and his charter too young, to defend him. The consequence of this false security was, that a courier from the frontiers knocked suddenly, one night, at the gate of the Tuileries. His knock was that of a man who brought bad news; he was told that the king slept, but his answer was, that he must immediately be awakened, for there had been seen on the road a little man in a small hat, dressed in gray, with his hands crossed behind him, who arrived on foot and alone, with his sword in its scabbard, again to take the constitutional throne of France from its legitimate kings. Thus said the courier, and he would take no reward for the intelligence; he chose it should be an act of charity to the house of Bourbon.

Louis XVIII. was obliged to quit this furnished house as speedily as if it had been on fire. He did not even stop to have the sheets taken from his bed, or to secure his prescriptions from his room. On the other hand, the emperor arrived so quickly that he found the room in disorder, the physic scattered, and chicken-bones half picked under the bed. This last incident I was told by a person who entered the emperor's bedroom just as he was surveying it. "Look," said he, "as if it were not enough to make a kitchen of my bedroom, they have made a dog-kennel of it."

How many nights did the Emperor Napoleon pass in the palace of which he had thus regained possession? and how many hours of sleep did he enjoy there? What exclamations of despair were heard by these walls? What groans repeated the echo? What did this great fallen emperor do, the night that he vainly sought in the skies the eclipsed light of his star? He would have given the rest of his hundred days for one hour's sleep. Yet Louis XVIII. had slept upon this volcano of the Tuileries, for it is a privilege belonging to the divine right of kings, that they can sleep upon the divinity of their power; it is the bolster upon which royal heads repose. But the Emperor Napoleon, king by force of arms, made emperor by victory, upon what could he sleep, now that he had neither power nor victory to protect his slumbers? Kings by divine right, even when they do not believe in God, believe in themselves. In themselves their divinity resides—an infallible divinity. This is why King Louis XVIII. slept on the eve of the hundred days; this is why Charles X. played whist on the last of the three days. But the emperor, as long as he was a conqueror, believed in his royalty. He knew that his royalty, which had begun with him alone, would, in the same way, end with him. He hoped nothing, either from the past, or the future; he had been simply the king of the present. He felt himself abandoned by the kings, his brothers; and the people, his children—the kings, who were afraid of him; and the people, who no longer feared him. He had, at this fatal moment of his power, the knowledge of a dying man, (if it is true that such have a clearer perception than others,) and now, having reached his best hour, he understood perfectly, that since glorious royalty was proscribed, the end of all royalty, and the time for liberty, had come; and that, if he, the emperor, had formerly been strong enough to stop the progress of liberty, liberty was now too strong not to carry away the emperor. Seeing this, he bent to the neces-

sity he could not avoid, and resigned himself to it; only he laughed with pity, to think of this mouldering royalty of the house of Bourbon, which was about to oppose the emperor, without suspecting that it was, in reality, opposing liberty.

Once more, then, and for the last time, the emperor quitted the Château of the Tuileries. What would he not then have given never to have entered this fatal palace? The abyss of Waterloo was waiting for him, and he threw himself headlong into it, with his army, for which he had no longer any occasion, and which was no longer in need of him. There had been a truce in the wars of the world—a necessary truce; for the world was weary, and could bear it no longer. War needs blood and gold, and in 1815 there was not in all Europe another drop of blood, or another ounce of gold, to be lavished in battle. We must therefore introduce here a delightful blank page of ten years, during which France paid her debts, and healed her wounds. But ten years later, France, happy, repeopled, rich, and idle, suddenly discovered that *she* had been conquered at Waterloo, and that the emperor had just died at St. Helena. Then arose outcries, complaints, songs, regrets, reproaches, furious orations—liberty carried them back to the emperor.

Another melancholy thing was the departure of that Austrian lady who left the Tuileries; driven out, and compelled to fly—as Marie Antoinette, her cousin, had quitted it a condemned prisoner. The Empress Marie Louise—that woman who, just the opposite of Marie Antoinette, was never on a level with her greatness, any more than she was with her misfortunes, fled from the throne, pursued by the very soldiers of her father. With her fled also that child, half-Buonaparte, who was born king of the French-Rome, and died an Austrian prince. This flight was melancholy and miserable. The princess was but little affected, except about the treasure which the Austrian soldiers wished to take from her. This treasure was some money, which she had saved from shipwreck, as if money were something royal.

To compare one flight with another, I prefer that of the king, Charles X. This noble king, this benevolent, courageous, resigned, good man, this knight-king, was overthrown by a clap of thunder, which had been muttering over his head since 1820. Then, like a man always self-possessed, awoke with a start, Charles X. repeated his prayers, rose, and said, as Louis XVI. had done, "Let us go!" and he set out, thus resigned. He felt sure that his household would follow him; and without shedding a tear, without heaving a sigh, he gained the coast of Cherbourg, where the sea awaited him—that sea, crossed so many different times, with such different retinues, and for such different reasons. He had so little money that he, the king, had to borrow some of his majesty M. Odillon Barrot; and really it was time that M. Barrot opened the purse of the nation, for the Duke of Bordeaux had played so long in the Garden des Tuileries before setting out, that he had no shoes to his feet.

However, in 1830, the people, who had not entered the Tuileries since 1792, were determined to have their revenge. They threw themselves, with all the weight of their anger and contempt, within these walls, which they had so long respected. They broke everything they met with in their passage; they drank, to intoxication, of the wine in

Eugene Lami.

E. Radclyffe.

An Ambassador's Entrance into Paris.

Entrée d'un Ambassadeur.

Einzug eines Gesandten zu Paris.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON. — H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

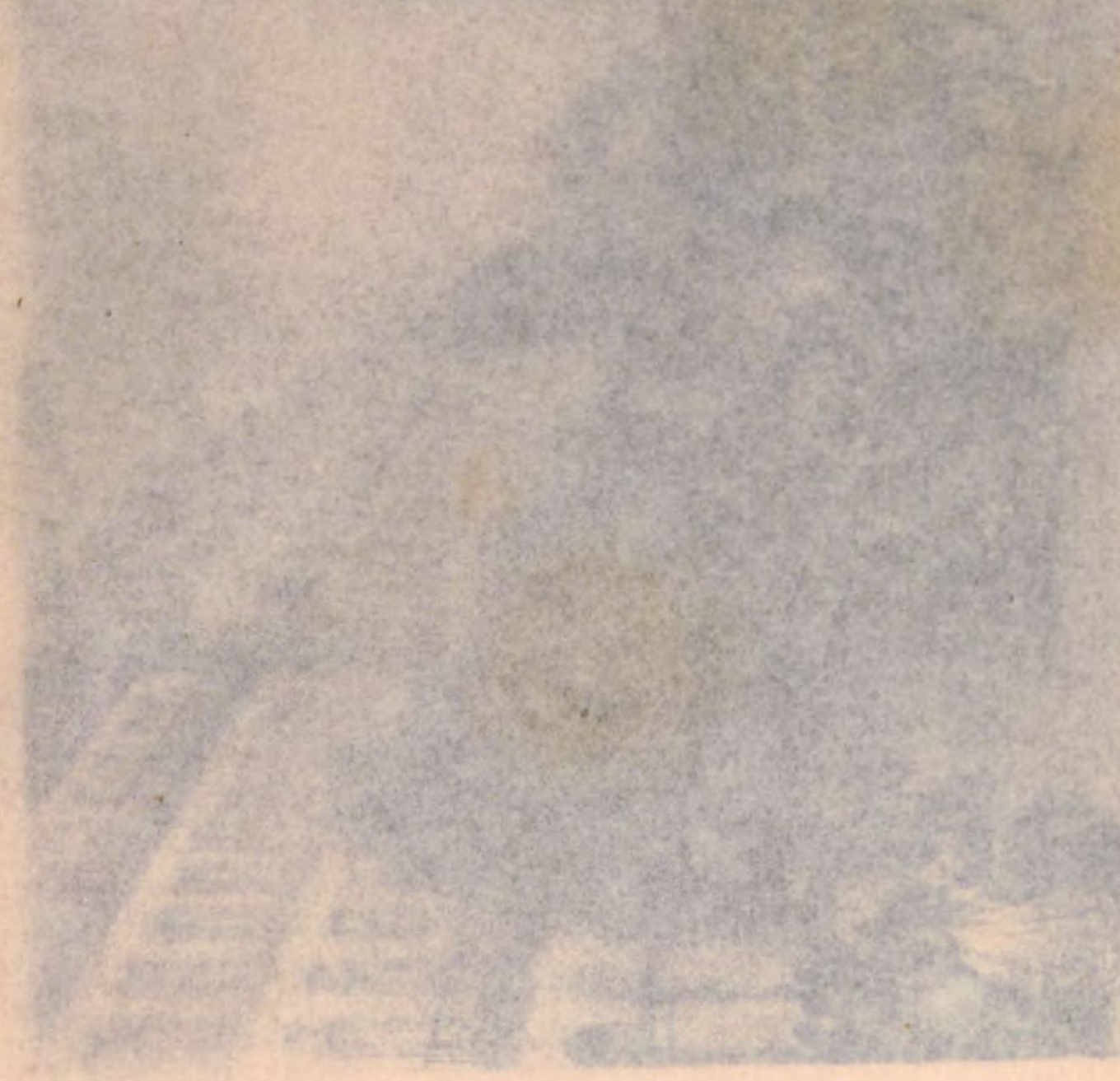
the cellar, they ate the royal [illegible] down, they took their seats upon the [illegible] even respect the dauphiness's [illegible] Then, when there was [illegible] nor a place to profane [illegible] when revolutions are [illegible] heroes of three days, [illegible] waiting for them at [illegible] and ran to Rambouillet, [illegible] on the ground, empty bottles, [illegible] us leave our Tuileries," said the [illegible] were prepared, and they returned [illegible] horses of Charles X.

But during this interval some [illegible] hand the monarchies which are [illegible] the Château of the Tuileries. They [illegible] told, that each must go back to his [illegible] answer for the consequences of three [illegible] threw down their arms, left their [illegible] terribly afraid of being scolded by their [illegible]

Immediately an invisible hand [illegible] never to return them. The horses were taken back to their stables, the [illegible] the coach-house, and the Château des Tuileries [illegible], as they say on the [illegible] *on account of repairs, and in order that the* [illegible] *be repeated.*

Thus, by degrees, this great [illegible] revolutions, re-assumed a royal [illegible] pressing entreaties, from M. Casimir [illegible] consented to live in the Château [illegible] Palais Royal, where he had [illegible] adieux. Once in this dwelling [illegible] a liberal and hospitable house, [illegible] origin.

Again the Tuileries are [illegible] having just read it, in the [illegible] ishment, when I saw everything [illegible] horseback, the Carrousel all [illegible] carriages which advance [illegible] when the present king was [illegible] who has been sent for, and [illegible] his Excellency Réchid [illegible] poet, whose soft elegies [illegible] man of calm foresight and [illegible]



the cellar, they ate the royal sweetmeats, they threw themselves on the royal eider-down, they took their seats upon the throne, they yelled out their songs, they did not even respect the dauphiness's room, that type of misfortune and Christian austerity. Then, when there was neither a bottle left to empty, nor a piece of furniture to break, nor a place to profane, some person, a man of sense—who are always to be met apropos when revolutions are finished—a clever fellow, who wished to get rid of these upstart heroes of three days, came and told the people that the soldiers of Charles X. were waiting for them at Rambouillet. At this news the people took up their arms again, and ran to Rambouillet, hoping to fight. There they found nothing but guns thrown on the ground, empty bottles, a devastated palace. "It was not worth while to make us leave our Tuileries," said the people; and immediately the carriages of the king were prepared, and they returned to Paris, as quickly as horses could bring them—the horses of Charles X.

But during this interval some dexterous person, one of those men who guess beforehand the monarchies which are about to rise, had already, on his own authority, closed the Château of the Tuileries. Then the people, who were gaily returning to it, were told, that each must go back to his wife, and that the Revolution of July would not answer for the consequences of three nights passed away from home. So our conquerors threw down their arms, left their carriages, and set out in great haste for their dwellings, terribly afraid of being scolded by their wives, and called *lazy bones!*

Immediately an invisible hand possessed itself of the guns of the conquerors of July, never to return them. The horses were taken back to their stables, the carriages into the coach-house, and the Château des Tuileries was closed, as they say on the play-bills, *on account of repairs, and in order that the new piece may be repeated.*

Thus, by degrees, this great shelter of so many scenes, and so many hastily-fomented revolutions, re-assumed a royal appearance. After some little hesitation, and many pressing entreaties, from M. Casimir Périer, his new majesty the king of the three days consented to live in the Château des Tuileries. It is said, that he did not leave his Palais Royal, where he had re-made his fortune, without many regrets, and long adieux. Once in this dwelling of absolute power, Louis Philippe soon made of it a liberal and hospitable house, betokening its double source—its royal, and its popular origin.

Again the Tuileries are restored. After having studied this history well, and after having just read it, in the remembrance of the Revolution of July, judge of my astonishment, when I saw everything in its place, the soldier equipped, the trooper on horseback, the Carrousel all under arms—and, yet more, what is this long retinue of carriages which advance slowly? It is the royal livery; these are the coronation horses, when the present king was the Duke of Orleans; it is the master of the ceremonies, who has been sent for, and now brings back the ambassador from the Sublime Porte, his Excellency Réchid Pacha—Réchid, that Parisian of Constantinople, the graceful poet, whose soft elegies form the joy and the pride of the Bosphorus of Thrace, a statesman of calm foresight and fearless wisdom, English in his character, French in his lan-

guage, his urbanity, and his politeness, and exceedingly popular in this France, where wit, grace, and poetry are sure to give you the right of citizenship. The literary men and the artists know his name, the beauties salute him when he makes his appearance, the king has made him a great officer of the Legion d'Honneur, and the people see him pass in his beautiful carriage, at which they look with an admiring and somewhat sorrowful air, because they remember that for three days they themselves rode in equally splendid equipages.

CHAPTER VI.

The Louvre in an unfinished state—Victims of July, 1830—Proposed Union of the Louvre and the Tuileries—Louis Philippe's Love of Comfort—His Disregard of the Parisians' Clamour—Garden of the Tuileries—Parisian Ladies—Young Men—Philosophers—The Lover—Parisian Children—La Petite Provence—Review at the Carrousel—Duke de Nemours—Duke d'Aumale.

Let us leave the palace, and go into the garden of the Tuileries; let us turn from business to pleasure, from troubles without end to harmless joys, from the new royalty of France to the royal infancy of France, which is blooming below, under those beautiful trees. The general prospect from the Château of the Tuileries is, if not important, at least magnificent. In order to have a good view of it, you must come through the Place St. Germain l'Auxerrois. After a sad salute to the old church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois—formerly the parish church of the kings, then laid waste and profaned, one day during the carnival, by men dressed as clowns and harlequins, at last restored and saved for some time, if future revolutions permit—you see before you the colonnade of the Louvre, that chef-d'œuvre, which would be reckoned in the list of wonders, if, in the nineteenth century, any thing, or any person, could be considered a wonder. That front is so delicate, and yet at the same time so majestic; it unites in so eminent a degree the two greatest beauties of architecture, strength and grace, that one is never weary of admiring it. But here is a sample of French improvidence! All this magnificence, in which breathes the great age, is, at this moment, and will be for three centuries at least, surrounded by an inglorious wooden paling, fit for nothing better than to protect a bed of cabbages. The whole palace is thus enclosed. You would say that the pearl of Cleopatra was preserved in the dunghill of the stables. Far from having planted magnificent trees round these superb walls, as their great architect Perrault intended, a thousand parasitical plants have been allowed insolently to grow in this splendid shade. Instead of the fine fresh turf, which would have formed such a delightful border to these carved stones, you have horrible thistles raising their menacing heads against this delicate chasing. It is dreadful to see such wealth and such negligence united. The thistle, the appropriate plant for ruins, which, from the

depth of its nothingness, threatens this unfinished palace—these noble walls, which nothing shelters, which have not even the shelter of a lime-tree to refresh their heights, warmed by the sun, or a carpet of moss, on which to repose their weary feet! Four or five generations of kings, or republics, or empires, or charters, have passed under these arches, without thinking of planting a tree, sowing a little turf, or removing these barriers of painted wood. The Revolution of July, embarrassed with its three days' corpses, dared to dig an immense ditch at the foot of this colonnade of the Louvre. Into this ditch were thrown several cart-loads of dead. They were all promiscuously hurled into the same earth, and shared the same glory. The cannon of the Place de Grève still thundered; the tricoloured flag had scarcely been set up, before this people, burnt by powder and sun, sought a priest at the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois to pray over this half-opened tomb. The priest arrived, dressed in his sacerdotal robes, and blessed those who had just died for expelling from his rightful throne the king Charles X. and his family. The tomb was closed, amidst tears and cries of joy; tears of grief, cries of victory. It was surrounded by black planks, on the top of which floated a tricoloured flag. A stray dog, that happened to be there, was tied to this funeral column, which was guarded by a sentinel, and an illustrious poet composed a song upon the dog of the Louvre. Some days later, this tomb of the heroes of July was enclosed within the wooden paling which surrounds the Louvre. The sentinel, who guarded the tomb, had been relieved, without being replaced; the shaggy dog had been restored to liberty, and had gone to seek a new master; so that, of this ovation, at once heroic, religious, and poetical, there remained absolutely nothing, not even the song of the poet.

It must be owned, however, that the dead interred here have only had to wait ten years for the great day of a tomb and a recompense. A column has been raised to their memory, at the end of the boulevards, on the site of the Bastille. It is true that it bears no resemblance to the column in the Place Vendôme, that triumphant bronze, animated from top to bottom by the most skilful sculptors; but at least it is better to be buried with honour in this place, than to be thrown into a corner of the Louvre, where you are scarcely remembered once a year.

When you have thus glanced upon these sad remains of an unfinished palace, upon this unlucky paling of pitiful boards, which spoils the effect of the Louvre, and makes all who pass melancholy, you enter the court by a large gate, which seems made for giants; and here, alas! is more desolation. This court of the Louvre, if you consider only its details, is perhaps the richest and most beautiful thing which Paris contains. It is decorated, from top to bottom, by those fairy hands which the Italian sixteenth century sent to France, as the choicest gift they could make her. Jean Goujon shines and sparkles in every part of these noble walls. Caryatides, bas-reliefs, festoons, statues, colonnades! you can scarcely believe your eyes. Fancy a whole poem spreading itself out before you; not one of those primitive poems, which are worth but little, except for a certain wild naïveté, a genius without eloquence, passion without restraint, and enthusiasm without limit, and without discretion. We are speaking now of one of those beautiful works where art and taste meet and agree perfectly, where invention

is controlled by order, and enthusiasm bows to reason. Rich and studied elegance; such is the court of the Louvre. But, alas! you must only glance at all these chefs-d'œuvre; for if you approach nearer, what disorder! what destitution! There is nothing before you but a ruin, and the most afflicting of all ruins, that of a monument which has never been finished; the death of a palace which has never lived; noble stones, which men have not inhabited; a great age, without remembrance; an echo, which has nothing to repeat to you; staircases, that no human foot has trod; a desert, that has been built; a silence, which had no beginning; the frightful void, in which you seek motion, noise, fêtes, glory, art, authority, misfortune, revolution, defeat—all that composes that nameless thing which people call power!

Singular fancy of the French! to undertake everything, and finish nothing; all fire at first, all ice afterwards. He who says to the French, *The Louvre*, says as much, nay, more than if he said to Mehemet Ali, *The Pyramids!* Well, in all this crowd of idlers or of busy-bodies, who pass and repass, who go and come, incessantly, under the wickets of the Louvre, there is not a man who once thinks what a pity it is, how dishonourable it is to France, that the Louvre should thus be left unfinished; that if this wonder, so well commenced, were at last completed, Paris could justly boast of possessing the most magnificent monument in the world. Fancy four palaces, one against another, a whole city thrown open, decorated, and chiselled, and brilliant, every art, every chef-d'œuvre, everything of renown, all glory, and all power, assembled within these walls. The Louvre, if it were united to the Tuileries, would form, without contradiction, the rarest, the most astonishing, and the most magnificent collection of the greatest and most beautiful things in the world. What do I say?—the Louvre united to the Tuileries? That is not the point in question. It is only proposed to finish the court of the Louvre, to clear it from the stones which obstruct it, to fill up the excavations, which make of it a puddle in winter, and a gravel-pit in summer. Finish the Louvre! We only ask that its beautiful columns may be cleared from the plaster which covers them, we ask that panes of glass may be put into the windows of the palace, for, if you can believe it, the casements of this noble unfinished house have no glass in them, rain and wind enter, and whistle through this dwelling, as if it was an abandoned castle in the Alps. In the lowest windows of the Louvre I observed that the large squares of glass had been replaced by four small ones, which cost less money—the economy of a grocer in his back-shop; and thus this beautiful palace is given up to cold, heat, wind, mud, and dust; no one lives in it, no one repairs it; no one takes any interest in preserving the falling ceilings, the precious woods which are decaying, the rusty grates, and the slates which the wind carries away. The Republic, which made little pretensions to Atticism, placed in the Louvre a few artists and poets, whose wives took care to sweep down the cobwebs; the Restoration has turned out these poets and artists, and put no one in their place. At the present moment they talk of putting the royal library into the Louvre; this would be rather a noisy place for study, but at last the Louvre would be inhabited; if not by princes—but where are the princes? whom do you call princes now?—at least by the princes of thought, by the kings of

speech, by the gods of poetry and history--Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakespeare, Plato, Descartes, Demosthenes, Mirabeau, Clarendon—the only kings who have not been dethroned, the only gods whose altars have not been broken.

From this first court of the Louvre you pass into another large court, in a similar state of devastation. On the left you have the Museum of France, a noble museum; but to see it properly we need a brighter than a winter's sun. Formerly, between the Louvre and the Tuileries, there was a space crowded with houses, hotels, and streets; the Emperor Napoleon, who had a mind capable of appreciating every kind of greatness, decided that, whilst he reigned, the Tuileries and the Louvre should form but one palace, filled with the same imperial and royal grandeur. Consequently, the emperor bought all the houses which stood in his way, but he had not time to have them pulled down; glory and Waterloo prevented. The Restoration, which was afraid of all Napoleon's schemes, thought itself too happy to inhabit the Louvre, such as it was; it quietly placed itself there, concealing itself as much as possible, lest revolutions should come and find it out; it would have been terrified if any one had proposed to it to finish the Louvre, and to join the Château des Tuileries to this sojourn of artists, by that route through which the people passed every day. Louis Philippe, who is above all these pitiful fears, would like nothing better than to undertake this illustrious task, provided he was worthily seconded; and assuredly the Louvre would be finished by this king, the protector of falling palaces, if only he had the old civil list of the Restoration at his service.

However, the present king indemnified himself for this restraint by having the space cleared in front of the Tuileries. He pulled down the worst houses, whilst waiting till he could bring the Louvre to them, as they say the sea is, some day, to reach Paris. Every day the distance which the Louvre must pass to shake hands with the Tuileries lessens and becomes smoother. Come then with me among these ruins—ruins amusing enough to see. First, we pass under a pretty little triumphal arch, badly placed at the gate of the Palais des Tuileries; built according to the taste of the Emperor Napoleon and M. Fontaine his architect. They erected it for the purpose of placing on it the horses taken from Venice, noble steeds which Venice herself had stolen from Constantinople. After the invasion, Venice retook them, and, instead of the horses of the Emperor Constantine, Louis XVIII. had four race-horses put there, which are out of breath, pursuing I know not what phantom of glory and liberty. We are now in the court. The old palace looks at us through all its windows, or rather, all its windows are open, and we can see what passes within. Indeed, you would say that the King of the French lived in a palace of glass. You pass on under the vestibule. In the place of that narrow, mean staircase, which leads to the guard-room, there was formerly a truly royal staircase, which served admirably for all the pomp and etiquette of former times. Louis Philippe has banished the staircase, which he did not need, that he might build in its place an entrance-room, which was much wanted. This king is a man who prefers the ease of himself and his family to everything else. In his opinion, the accommodation of the citizen comes first, and royal exhibitions afterwards. He is not

displeased at being surrounded by a little etiquette, provided that etiquette does not interfere with the liberty of his movements. I do not know, or rather I do know well, how he would reply, if his architect came and said to him, "Sire, you must give up a throne-room or a dining-room." So much the worse for the throne-room; but, nevertheless, there is no citizen who loves comfort, who would not be frightened to think of all the money that Louis Philippe has spent in building dining-rooms, kitchens, and passages. Fifteen hundred thousand francs for the kitchens of the Château de Fontainebleau, where he gives dinners twice a year; a million for the kitchens of the Château d'Eu, where he hardly dines once in two years.

Thus when—compelled by Casimir Périer, who, in regard to kings, was said to recognize only the king living at the Tuileries—Louis Philippe established himself there, his first care was, to have this royal dwelling, which in many parts was exceedingly dirty, thoroughly cleaned. They repaired the planks, which had split open; changed the carpets, which had not been beaten for fifteen years; threw on a level, rooms which had been connected by wooden staircases; and admitted light and air into those corridors which had neither. One room was yet wanted, facing the garden; Louis Philippe boldly ordered a large one to be built upon the very façade, so that the old front was destroyed by it; but this front was the master-piece of Philibert Delorme. Imagine the outcry of the Parisian! To touch *his* Château des Tuileries! To spoil at pleasure the façade of *his* Philibert Delorme! To replace these two delighful balconies with heavy masonry! There was such an uproar throughout Paris, you could scarcely hear your own voice. Louis Philippe replied to all these clamours by making for his own special use a little garden, surrounded by a deep ditch, with a grassy embankment. He maintained that it was not right that he, the monarch living in the Tuileries, should be the only person who could not walk in his garden, and that he ought at least to have his share of it. Then the outcries recommenced! The Parisian was furious! Not only to take away his palace, but still more, *his* garden. And not contented with taking his garden, they must dig a ditch round it. The king was planting trees for himself only! flowers for himself only! erecting statues for himself only! They could no longer go close under the windows, to see the court pass on its way to mass! And then the greatest crime of all was, that they must go six steps further to reach the Pont Royal! The complaints were loud and fierce. Paris was on the point of a revolution.

The king replied to the complaints of Paris by refusing admission into the garden of the Tuileries to every man in a waistcoat or a helmet, and to every woman whose head was uncovered, or who wore only a cap. Thus was re-established the watchword of the ex-king Charles X.

The people lost that day the last of the rights which they had obtained from the monarchy, in the three days of the Revolution of July—their right to enter the garden of the Tuileries in a waistcoat and without a bonnet!*

* This prohibition is not now enforced, but no person carrying a parcel is allowed to enter the garden of the Tuileries.—E. T.

When once the king had proved that he was determined to make use of the Tuileries as he pleased, the complaints ceased. The Parisian, who was so tenacious of his garden, gave up the point, lest the king should insist upon having a larger share. When the winter came, Louis Philippe gave balls to all Paris, in the room which he had built upon the façade of the Tuileries, and Paris then discovered that he had been quite right in usurping this magnificent ball-room. Spring appeared, the trees blossomed, the flowers in the king's private garden burst forth, the formidable ditches were clothed with new verdure, and Paris found out that the king was quite right in having this pretty little garden, which everybody could see, and which its proprietor never entered. The fashionable ladies and gentlemen were very well pleased that they should not now mingle in the same walks with Abigails and workmen; people no longer talked of Vandalism, or rebelled against M. Fontaine in favour of Philibert Delorme, but every one was satisfied.

How many Parisian tumults the king, single-handed, and without striking a blow, might have brought to a favourable conclusion, if the police had only allowed him to act!

The Garden of the Tuileries is the most delightful place in the world. How often I have said to myself, as I walked there, that never, in all my travels, had I witnessed a more beautiful assemblage, under finer trees surrounded by richer edifices, or in a more superb city. Whoever you are, stranger, who have just arrived in Paris, without waiting to take your letters of introduction from your portfolio, go into the Garden of the Tuileries, and you will immediately find yourself in the centre of the largest and richest saloon in the world. A gravel, brilliant as gold, carpets these long alleys, which form a promenade throughout the year for the most beautiful women in the city; in the summer, because the garden abounds with shade and flowers; in the winter, because it is one of the places where the sun shows itself, pale and watery, it is true, but still it is the sun. In this sweet spot, at each season of the year, all ages of life have their favourite walks, where you are sure to meet them every day, at the same hour. A long terrace, bordered with young trees, runs parallel with the Rue de Rivoli. This terrace is the daily resort of the sun and the old men. The sun, banished from the garden by the large trees, or by the winter, takes possession of this terrace, which is still left to him; the old men, banished far from the large trees by the cold, come to this terrace, to enjoy the sun and the noisy street. At two o'clock, the street is a gay and animated scene. All the rich carriages of Paris stop, and put down—not their masters, they are still at business—but their elegant mistresses, in that careless half-dress for which the Parisian lady is so celebrated. On this terrace the old man walks slowly, with his friend the sun; amusing himself, at the same time, by looking at these young women, who glide before him, without deigning to bestow a glance upon him. A young girl dreads equally the sun, and old age; the sun, because of the blemishes he produces—the old man, because of his smile; she therefore flies, not under the shade of the limes, for Galathea chooses to be seen, but to the long alley, where all the young men pass and repass; this is called the great walk; it is the only part of this large and magnificent

garden which the young men and women will consent to visit. The ladies, carelessly seated upon straw chairs, talk about fashions and plays; they tell each other what is the newest material, what novel has made them weep, what play at the Gymnase they must witness this evening. The Parisian lady has at least two kinds of conversation; gossiping in the open air, and the rambling, sarcastic eloquence of the saloon. In the Garden of the Tuileries, for instance, or at the theatre, they say nothing but what all the world may hear. No slanders, no jokes, nothing bitter; it is a harmless discourse, in which no one is concerned, and in which all may join. This is the effect of a tact wholly Parisian. But the most beautiful women in Paris repair daily to this great walk in the Tuileries. They are constantly met, and saluted, en passant, by some gentleman of their acquaintance, but only for an instant, and this salutation is considered a visit. You would find it difficult to recognize these ladies, so simple, artless, and gracious are they in the Tuileries. At home, the Parisian is full of grace, but withal rather serious; when visiting at the house of a friend, she is cautious and demure; it is only in the great walk of the Tuileries that she is unreserved and artless. For this, she retains her most simple attire; her object in going there is not only to be seen, but also to see; not to be admired, but to please; it is her hour of freedom and repose, when her husband is absent. Here the Parisian has no rivals, she has only friends; she exhibits no luxury, but much taste. What a charming creature is the Parisian lady in the great walk of the Tuileries!

All, even the young men, appear to feel something of the happy influence of this delightful shade. I am no great admirer of the young men in Paris; I find them idle, self-conceited, full of vanity, and poor; they have too little time, and too little money, to bestow upon elegance and pleasure, to be either graceful or passionate in their excesses; besides this, they are brought up with very little care, and are perfectly undecided between good and evil, justice and injustice, passing easily from one extreme to the other; to-day prodigals, to-morrow misers—to-day republicans, to-morrow royalists. At the present time, the Parisian youth, usually so courteous to ladies, cares for nothing but horses and smoking. It is the height of French fashion not to speak to women, not to bow to them, and scarcely to make way for them when they pass. I except, however, from this censure, the young Parisians who resort to the great walk of the Tuileries; these will esteem women, that is, they still love them. They come here to see, in their careless morning dresses, the young ladies with whom they danced at the ball, in all the ornaments of beauty. They pass respectfully before them, for it is only here that the ladies have preserved their dominion; anywhere else you may consider them nothing, you may forget to bow to them, or to admire them; but you are compelled to admire them, to salute them, and to respect them, in the great walk of the Tuileries. This walk is inaccessible to the Lovelace of the Boulevard de Gand, the dandy of the Bois de Boulogne, and the frequenter of the gallery at the Opera; it is as positively closed against them, as against the waistcoats and helmets. Here the women protect and sustain each other; they only look complacently upon those who deserve it by the respect which they pay to them. Here match-making mothers bring

their daughters, and the young men come to see these very daughters. The wife is accompanied by her husband, but the gentlemen make their appearance even while he is with her ; in a word, what little there is left of chivalry and courteousness, of respect amongst men, and reserve amongst women, of innocence and youth, of simplicity and conjugal love, in the Parisian world, has taken refuge here. Every year the Académie Française has to decree a prize to virtue, in compliance with Montyon's will, and every year they are perplexed to know who is entitled to it. Let them give it to the great walk of the Tuileries !

Beyond this oasis of decorum and good taste, quite at the end of the garden, is a wood of large trees, melancholy in winter, and dark in summer. This distant forest forms, so to speak, the desert of the garden. Many diligent walkers do not even know that there exists such a cluster of austere and silent trees. You can hardly believe yourself in the centre of one of the most populous, and, above all, one of the noisiest cities in Europe, when you happen to find yourself concealed beneath the shade of this almost druidical forest. No one visits it, for the simple reason that there is no one to be seen. Occasionally you may meet a few solitary walkers, who bring with them their ennui, which is almost always caused by love. More than one statue of white marble rises amongst these plane-trees.

The garden is full of statues. Ancient and modern times, Greece, Rome, Paris, marble, stone, bronze, copies, and original statues, are all scattered here in profusion. Continue your course. Leave on one side the large basin, in which red-fish are playing, and after ascending a flight of steps, you will find yourself on the terrace, which runs by the side of the water, parallel with that of the Rue de Rivoli. This terrace is also appropriated ; it is the promenade of the philosophers, the resort of the thoughtful, in the happy moments when their thoughts are concentrated ; here the poet dreams of his verses, or prepares his drama ; how many poisons are distilled, how many harmless stabs have been given, upon these banks ! More than once, this walk has been paced by the statesman, while anticipating his attack and his consequent reply. This promenade is cheerless and solitary ; the Seine flows gently beneath it, while the noisy Rue de Rivoli forms a striking contrast, by the side of the opposite terrace. Such is the diversity of this delightful garden ; there noise, here silence ; there action, here thought ; and between this noise and silence, between this action and repose, between the Rue de Rivoli and the Seine, between the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile and the Château des Tuileries, you will find a melancholy, happy lover, who dreams and hopes. And what signifies to him, power and obscurity, glory and noise, the Arc de Triomphe and the palace ? He is the happiest and the wisest man in the world, or rather, he is the only happy one. He alone is wise, powerful, glorious—he loves !

But come to the end of the terrace by the water—listen ! Do you hear the joyous cries rising in the air ? Long may the happiness they betoken continue ! Here you behold the most beautiful children in Paris enjoying their sports. Come on—come on ; leave behind you your philosophical meditations, your oratorical reveries, your profound thoughts ; let the young lover even forget his attachment ; come and see these pretty

children dancing—the spring of the year in blossom. We are in *La Petite Provence*, on the borders of the lake, where the white swan spreads his snowy wings to the wind, not far from the little garden, designed by the Emperor Napoleon for the king of Rome, a diminutive kingdom of some square feet, which the imperial child lost, the same day that he lost Paris, and Rome, France, Italy, and the world.

There is nothing so delightful to see or hear as these little Parisian children. They come to the Tuileries, accompanied by their mothers, and immediately take their joyous flight to the daily rendezvous. You would see at once that they were of high parentage, so plainly visible is their noble blood in the dauntless looks, the rosy cheeks, and the skin radiant with health. The mothers of these happy children have exhausted all their ingenious maternal coquetry in adorning them; they lavish upon their persons lace, embroidery, or velvet; while the children themselves, careless, as is natural at their age, thinking only of pleasure, engage in a thousand games of skill, and a thousand trials of strength, in which they already show their dexterity and their courage. The boys challenge each other to run races, play tennis, or to wrestle; they clasp each other in their arms, they roll upon the gravel, like beautiful serpents interlaced, their arms, their legs, even their hair, can scarcely be distinguished—it is a delightful confusion. And in these honourable wrestlings there are no cries, no tears, no alarm; he who is beaten rises and recommences the fight. Others, less petulant, dispute already, in imitation of the philosophers in the gardens of Academus. All the instincts of these children are revealed at this time, and you do not need much observation to see, that already they are noble and honourable. Amongst the girls you will, in the same way, find all the preferences of the woman. This one, young as she is, is nevertheless a coquette, and delights in her little white frock, waving over two small feet, that can hardly be seen; that one, pensive and solitary, dreams of heaven, as she repeats, in a low voice, the beautiful verses of Lamartine; others, spirited and bold as the boys, mingle heedlessly in their games, and—tyrants at nine years old!—bend them to all their childish caprices. How many have I seen, who in ten years will be exquisitely beautiful, with their graceful figures, their luxuriant hair, and their small hands! The mothers watch them, with tears in the eyes, and joy in the heart. The Parisian mother is proud of her son; she is happy in her daughter. A young mother, who holds by the hand her boy of six years old, walks along as proud and as satisfied as if she had the arm of a marshal of France. A young mother, who sees her daughter of six years old seated at her side, is as uneasy as if that daughter was twenty. There is no city in the world where children are treated more like rational beings than in Paris. They themselves understand wonderfully all the dignity, I had almost said all the majesty, of childhood. Their servants speak to them respectfully, their parents tenderly; the boys are saluted just in the same way as if they were men. As many obsequious flatteries are lavished on little girls as on young women. The Parisian child dines with his father and mother; he passes the day in his mother's room, by her side; he walks with her; he sees her tears and her smiles; he is proud of his father's success; while yet young, he knows the history of his family, his fortune, his hopes, his reverses; he

Eugene Lami. J.B.Allen.

The Tuileries.

Une Revue aux Tuileries. *Revue in den Tuilerien.*

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But what has so suddenly [illegible] even the most quiet pedestrians are leaving in haste. [illegible] drums bursts upon the ear! military music is heard! [illegible] arms. There is a fête at the Carrousel. The king is [illegible] A review at the Carrousel? This was the custom of the [illegible] undertaking any new expedition, or framing any new law; he [illegible] of his palace, to receive the homage and respect of the old soldiers, [illegible] from battle, or of the young recruits, who were setting out for war. [illegible] to see them pass in their military accoutrements, to salute the standards [illegible] bullets, to recognise the soldiers by a smile—the officers by a look; to [illegible] "It is I who am reigning here, between the royal château, which is mine, [illegible] which I have conquered, the Arc de Triomphe, raised to my glory, the [illegible] taken by me at Venice; it is I who am seated upon this dazzling throne, [illegible] whom I have formed, belong to me—I am their emperor; and if I please, I [illegible] them against the world, and they will bring me back capitals and kingdoms, and [illegible] think themselves rewarded, far beyond their merit, when I have said to them, *Many thanks, brave friends!*"

Though less a warrior, the satisfaction of the present king of the Tuileries is quite as great, when he sees himself surrounded, saluted, and recognized by the soldiers and the standard of France. Although a peaceful king, Louis Philippe has been a soldier, and remembers it, too, perfectly well. From the way in which he watches the martial movements, you can see that he loves them, and [illegible] them with pride. If he is not embroiled with all Europe, the king of the French has, at least, within his reach an active, impassioned, constantly renewed war [illegible] enclosed the martial ardour of France, and keeps [illegible] year, battalions of the [illegible] assaults of that great [illegible] absent on service, press the [illegible] pride, as brave, skilful officers [illegible] Nemours, well versed in all [illegible] camp or in battle; look at him [illegible] before he will salute any one; [illegible] guards at the battle of Fontenoy [illegible] is animated, his head is raised; [illegible] men, would laugh at you, if you [illegible] the duke de Nemours is [illegible] are yet so fair and so thin [illegible] smelt gunpowder more than [illegible] is the duke d'Aumale, a fine young man, [illegible] wear a sword and epaulettes! He was [illegible] and success,

is grave, and yet what distinguishes him above all other children, is, that while in his very infancy a man, he remains, for a long time, completely a child.

But what has so suddenly reversed the scene?—the garden is deserted and silent; even the most quiet pedestrians are leaving in haste. Hark! the sound of clarion and drums bursts upon the ear! military music is heard! summoning every regiment to arms. There is a fête at the Carrousel. The king is just about to hold a review. A review at the Carrousel! This was the custom of the emperor Napoleon, before undertaking any new expedition, or framing any new law; he descended into the court of his palace, to receive the honour and respect of the old soldiers, who had just come from battle, or of the young recruits, who were setting out for war. It was his delight to see them pass in their military accoutrements, to salute the standard pierced with bullets, to recognize the soldiers by a smile—the officers by a look; to say to himself, "It is I who am reigning here, between the royal château, which is mine, the museum, which I have conquered, the Arc de Triomphe, raised to my glory, the marble horses, taken by me at Venice; it is I who am seated upon this dazzling throne, these soldiers, whom I have formed, belong to me—I am their emperor; and if I please, I will hurl them against the world, and they will bring me back capitals and kingdoms, and will think themselves rewarded, far beyond their merit, when I have said to them, *Many thanks, brave friends!*"

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ancient languages, history, all the fine arts; but no sooner had he escaped from his tutor's hands, than he gave himself up to dreams of wars and battles. *Forward, march,* is the motto of this noble young man. If the soldier has no better officer than the duke de Nemours, he has no better companion than the duke d'Aumale. Thus the review passes, as reviews always do in France. To see marching before you a crowd of soldiers, well clothed, well armed, very numerous, dressed with all their military accoutrements, cannon rolling over a pavement which trembles beneath them, proud standards, unfurled by the wind, waving in the air—to see the horses wheeling about, and to hear them neighing—to look at the cuirasses shining in the sun—what a fête! what enjoyment! The Parisian, in this solemn contemplation, forgets even his wife who calls him, and his dinner that waits for him.

CHAPTER VII.

The Chamber of Deputies—Mirabeau—His Eloquence—Napoleon an Enemy to Eloquence—M. Sauzet—French Orators—M. Thiers—M. Guizot—M. Berryer—His Eloquence—M. de Fitz-James—M. Dupin—Père la Chaise—M. Dulong—M. Sauzet—M. Mauguin—M. Odillon Barrot—M. de Cormenin—M. Royer Collard—M. Arago—M. de Lamartine—Various Politicians—M. Rothschild—M. Lafitte.

Nothing would please me better, than to walk still in these delightful gravelled alleys, in the midst of the elegant crowd, or to keep step with this military music, followed by the battalions which pass, presenting arms, into the Carrousel; if it was necessary, I would even consent again to walk round the château des Tuileries, or to count the muddy precipices in the court of the Louvre, without thinking it very fatiguing, or very painful; to see and observe, and then simply to tell you what I have seen and heard—this is the pleasure of travelling; but, alas! this is not all the duty which I have imposed upon myself. After pleasure comes business. If modern society presents sometimes a frivolous appearance, it has also its serious, and, occasionally, its cruelly serious aspect. If Paris is the city of the fine arts, it is also the city of politics. There are in Paris, at least, as many statesmen, as painters and sculptors; the French rostrum is not less worthy of attention and interest, than the French opera. By the side of the garden des Tuileries, where the fashionables are walking, there is the château des Tuileries, where the king works, night and day. Let us quit, then, the peaceful garden, the delightful shade, the joyous cries of these pretty children, wafted to us by the air, mingled with the perfume of the orange-trees, and cross, if it please you, the Place Louis XV., which saw Louis XVI. perish on the scaffold. At the corner of this place, you will find a bridge, ornamented by handsome chandeliers. This bridge connects the two rich quarters of the city, the Faubourg St. Germain and the Faubourg St. Honoré, the Madeleine and the Chamber of Deputies;—you have now the Chamber

of Deputies before you, on the ground, and close by the side of the ancient palace of the dukes of Bourbon. Pause an instant before this monument, raised on a vast colonnade, itself placed at the summit of a noble flight of stone steps. Contemplate this building with respect. It is founded on the constitutional charter of the French. Within these walls, the glorious echo of which has repeated so many brilliant and eloquent speeches, have been proposed, debated, and digested all the laws of the vast, intelligent, and powerful country of France. Within these walls all the brightest geniuses of the country have taken their places; on the noble seats of this noble house, every passion, good and bad, has been excited. What cruel and what honourable wrestlings! what violent attacks! what angry defences! All the principles which divide the world have reigned there, supreme, each in its turn. Every generous ambition has been revealed within this enclosure. Every great power has left it a conqueror, and has returned to it defeated; the royalty of Charles X. rested upon this immovable basis of the constitution. Imprudent men! they wished to touch these sacred foundations;—suddenly one stone is detached from the edifice, and it has crushed, with a single blow, a monarchy of fourteen centuries. *Et nunc reges intelligite; erudimini qui judicatis terram,* as Bossuet reiterates.

I went often to the Chamber of Deputies—that noble counterpoise to the château of the Tuileries—and I never returned from it, without having my admiration and respect excited for so many eloquent speakers, the honour of this rostrum, which occupies so prominent a position before the world. Parliamentary eloquence is one of the invaluable conquests of 1789. She is the daughter, the companion, the protector, the advanced guard of political liberty. Mirabeau, that fiery tribune, sprung from the nobility—that orator, inspired at once by past malice and present anger—that man who, with a word, a look, a gesture, overturned the throne, supposed to be the most firmly established in Europe; Mirabeau was the first to teach future orators how to ascend the rostrum, how to remain there, seated or standing, and how to speak, from this height, to the world, which listened in silence. It was an entire change in human speech, a revolution complete, active, incredible, skilful, unforeseen, as revolutions usually are. Strange event! The France of the sixteenth century, which had listened to such eager disputants for and against Luther;—the France of the seventeenth century, which had, for so long a time, marched to Catholic conquest, under the eloquent banner of Bossuet;—the France of the eighteenth century, which had listened, open-mouthed, to Jean Jacques Rousseau, Diderot, Montesquieu, those great orators; —all these generations;—blended and confounded in the same study of classic antiquity, who had sounded, in their most profound depths, the learned address, the well-tuned, harmonious, and all-powerful periods of Demosthenes, of Cicero, of St. Jean Chrysostôme, who had, from the very cradle, translated the histories of Titus Livy and of Tacitus; strewn with those oratorical masterpieces, which have raised ancient history to the dignity of eloquence—had yet failed to understand that eloquence could be anything but a brilliant flash of wit, and thought, at the bar, or in the Christian pulpit. Eloquence, with the French, before Mirabeau's time, was merely a brief, a sermon, or,

at most, an oration at the French academy, in honour of Lafontaine or Duguay-Trouin. Mirabeau appeared, and introduced into France an eloquence unknown to the ancients. He showed, by his example, that every man, who comes into the world, with a passion and a belief in his heart, is born an orator. He laid aside Cicero, Demosthenes, Titus, Livy, Tacitus, Chrysostom, Bossuet, Jean Jacques Rousseau, all models. He taught that art was not necessary to speak on business; that rhetoric was an idle and ridiculous resource, as applied to the government of a great people; that words spoken, ought not to resemble words written; and that the former, lively, passionate, bold, unbroken, partake but little of the periphrasis, circumlocution, and regular order of the latter. Mirabeau also taught future orators never to draw back before anger, never to sacrifice thought to metaphor, fact to periphrasis, strength to grace, or passion to art. He thus raised the French tribune higher than even the Christian pulpit had been raised, by the eminent orators who were the honour of the language; after which the great Mirabeau, having reached the extent of his abilities, fell under the edifice which he had built.

Mirabeau dead, the new art which he had inculcated, and demonstrated, in so powerful a manner, was rapidly developed. Everything served, at the same time, to fertilize this noble seed of parliamentary eloquence—the triumph of some, the defence of others, the death of all. All the orators, young and old, guilty or innocent, Camille Desmoulins, Saint Just, the two Robespierres, Danton, Collot-d'Herbois, Fabre d'Eglantine, all the Girondins, died satisfied;—they left behind them an eloquent word, an echoing voice, a bloody arrow thrown from the height of the scaffold. There were women who attained easily to eloquence, so great an influence has fear over the human faculties. Thus, eloquence overflowed in France, like one of those new torrents which the labourer, accidentally, causes to gush forth, by a blow of his spade—water at first fertilizing, but which soon becomes an inundation. Buonaparte arrested this inundation, as he did so many others. He made the five hundred orators who were troublesome to him, even by their silence, jump through the window. At the orders of the emperor, every independent voice became silent; eloquence was stopped, as well as thought. They dared no longer do anything but sing the Te Deum; oratory gave way to dithyrambus, prose to verse:—prose belongs to serious business, verse is the idleness of flatterers, who have nothing to say. People of spirit, who, under the empire, might have been orators or political writers, became soldiers, in order to have a good reason for neither speaking nor writing;—everything gave way, in republican France, to the passive obedience of the soldier to his chief. What the man of spirit would not have granted to the head of the nation, without blushing at his own weakness, the soldier would willingly yield to his captain. This accounts for the fact, that there were so many good soldiers and so few passable writers, under the empire. It was because, as long as Napoleon lived, such a captain contented himself with going to war, who was born, and made his appearance in the world, solely to be a great orator, or a great writer. Thus, Napoleon had misappropriated all the noble instincts, and had forced all the splendid intellects to the profit of his own power and supreme will. The proof of this is, that—Napoleon fallen—French eloquence, that forgotten power, suddenly made

its way through so many ravages. More than one eloquent voice made itself heard, from the wrecks of armies, which foreign cannon had overwhelmed in the dust. The charter of Louis XVIII. restored to France political liberty, and with it, eloquence. The first orator who presented himself in this noble arena, was a soldier, a companion, a friend of the emperor's! It was General Foy, he whom France has deplored, as she never deplores her kings, and whose wife and children she has pensioned.

However, thanks to me, you are now in the diplomatic tribune. Here you can see the whole Chamber of Deputies, a large circle, over which presides M. Sauzet. It is not yet one o'clock. The deputies arrive slowly, one after the other. Since the Revolution of July they are not obliged to wear the uniform, and you see before you, only honest citizens, for the most part, very carelessly dressed: as time advances, the seats are filled;—the first comers walked slowly, but now those who enter run. What is to happen, and what is to be said? It is very difficult, even for those best acquainted with the subject, to foresee; it must depend much upon the caprice, the talent, the skill of the orators. Sittings, which promised to be very stormy, have, more than once, terminated without striking a blow. Others, at first unimportant, have become so embroiled, between the most eager and the most eloquent, that the Chamber did not know to which to listen. Combats in speech are true combats, subject to the same chances, the same accidents, the same unforeseen reverses, the same unexpected victories, as real battles. It is a blank page, on which no one knows what he shall write; it is a drama, in which each is ignorant of the part he is about to play. What constitutes the principal interest in the sittings of the Chamber of Deputies, is, that all which you hear there is really and truly unpremeditated. Occasionally, however, they allow orators to deliver a speech committed to memory the day before; the Chamber then gains in good language what it loses in sudden thought. But this permission is rarely given; he who speaks must speak extempore, and must take up the point in question when he rises. Everything is clear, settled, precise, even in the incoherences of this Chamber. The stratagems of the profession are so well known as to be instantly discovered, and, as quickly, the speaker is called to order. In this way they gain much more time than they lose. Besides this, they usually speak here without emphasis, but not without elegance—without research, and without preparation; but not without a strong wish to convince, and to succeed. It is at once a conversation and a discourse: a conversation in its clearness, and precision; a discourse, in the arrangement of the words, and the extreme gracefulness of the delivery. One of the great characteristics of French wit, is ridicule; an appropriate joke may ruin a man. Now, at the Chamber of Deputies, ridicule is always ready to seize on its victim; irony incessantly watches for the slightest gesture, the least word, always ready to fasten on any absurdity:—this strongly excites the eloquence of the rostrum. The speaker knows very well, that he can extricate himself from a blunder; but provincial French, a doubtful connection, will never be forgiven him. What sad instances there are of popularity lost by a word mis-spoken in the rostrum! How many good men covered with indelible ridicule, for an expression, which they have innocently transplanted from their own province to the

Chamber! One says *nonante-cinq;*—he is hissed throughout Europe. Another is pointed at for having said, *important*, when he ought to have said, *illustrious*. One minister was ruined by calling the censorship *a law of justice and of love*. In France, it is wit which makes the orator; in Rome, it was courage. *Pectus est quod disertos facit*, as Cicero says.

But, silence! each is in his place. The president of the Chamber arrives, preceded by his ushers, with the noise of the drum, and the *portez armes* of the soldiers and national guards—the ministers are in their seats—all conversation is stopped—the bell rings—the sitting is open—the oratorical battle has commenced. But what does it signify to you, who have only come here from curiosity, and wish rather to see than to hear? Your first astonishment over, you will endeavour to find among the crowd some of those well-known names, which form in themselves a whole creed—names overlooked in peace, but grown great in war, and which have so much influence over the destinies of men. Whom will you seek? The first, I am sure, will be M. Thiers, and M. Guizot, heads of two parties, men eminent in this country; to whom nothing is wanting necessary for success—neither words, nor style, nor history, nor plebeian origin, nor suspicion, nor belief, nor public hatred or sympathy. Both of them, after having followed with unwearied steps—M. Guizot, the monarchy of Charles X.—M. Thiers, the France of 1789, now meet in the same victory. They are the two children of their works, they are two new-comers; as M. de Talleyrand said, two glorious and powerful new-comers. Friends to-day, enemies to-morrow, France follows and abandons them by turns—Europe attends and listens to them always. The future belongs to them, but under different titles. M. Guizot is the director of peace; he commands the tempest, he calms Europe with a look; he has already pronounced twice, not without being obeyed, the political *quos ego*. M. Thiers is the man for riots, times of insurrection, menacing wars; you will see him galloping on horseback upon the balance of Europe, in the midst of every kind of destruction, heaped up by his caprice and his genius. M. Guizot has a stern, calm will; M. Thiers, a young and fiery inspiration. The one, with a sure step, advances to his point, which is the voluntary obedience of the people; the other pursues his object by fits and starts—it is the obedience of kings to their ministers; the former does not hate a king who reigns and governs, the latter wishes to govern alone. Take from these two men, royalty, which forms their counterpoise and their security; make them strong and powerful—not by words and convictions, but by power and the sword—and you will have something as much resembling the struggle between Sylla and Caius Marius as the Chamber of Deputies resembles the Capitol.

The sight of all these men, the representatives of such a country as France, assembled under the same roof, causes feelings which it is impossible to describe; what passions, what wants, what prejudices, what fortunes, what miseries they represent! As a stranger, I knew but little of the Chamber of Deputies; it then presented to me only a confused and noisy scene; nevertheless, such as it was, its appearance was imposing; above all is this the case, now that distance, and the contemplation of other

interests, give it all the importance of a luminous back-ground. I therefore shall not bring this outline before you, chapter by chapter, although it would be a very curious one; but, as far as I can, man by man, in order that you may have—not a portrait, but—a faithful sketch of all these parliamentary heads, amongst which are some capable of leading the world.

Look, for instance, at that man with the quick dauntless glance, the capacious bold forehead, the animated and loyal gestures; he stands almost alone in the Chamber, but is the object of general attention. Admire the beauty of this head, so easily carried, although so full of facts and ideas, of courage and generosity; it belongs to, perhaps, the greatest orator of modern times—the conquered, but not the discouraged, Cicero of legitimate loyalty; it is M. Berryer. He is a model of fidelity and courage: he was born a royalist—he remains one, in spite of the revolution—he will die in his belief. Obstinate, if you will, but obstinate from conviction, his perseverance is the more to be admired, from the fact of his being a royalist from instinct and duty, and not from necessity and origin. M. Berryer sprang from the people; he was born at a time of revolution; he was brought up at the bar, in the midst of those eloquent plebeians, who will acknowledge no superiority amongst men, except that of the toga and square cap. While a child, Berryer discovered his talent for speaking, without knowing whence he had derived it: he was soon struck with the pomps and misfortunes of the old royalty of France, passing from the scaffold to banishment, from the throne to exile, from exile to the throne, and then again exchanging the crown for banishment. As he saw that each served the legitimate king with the powers which heaven had given him—this one with his poetry, that one with his sword, another by his nobility—Berryer promised to serve him in a way more powerful and useful than all the others united—by his eloquence; and he has kept his promise. When he left the bar for the rostrum, private for public business, Charles X. was still the most powerful king in Europe; and, as is the custom with powerful kings, he interested himself very little in this new defender, who came to him in the midst of his prosperity. What was Berrier under Charles X.? A young avocat, full of talent, it is true, but who wished for advancement, in order that he might one day become powerful. But when Charles X. had fallen, and the royalty of France had been re-conducted to Cherbourg by a Parisian avocat, M. Odillon Barrot; then legitimate royalty learnt to appreciate Berryer—its advocate in exile—the last defender of its misfortunes. M. Berryer perhaps owes more gratitude to the revolution of July than even M. Thiers. It made M. Thiers a minister of state; it made M. Berryer the head of a party, a noble party; but one which was dejected, conquered, crushed—unfortunate on all sides, as respects courage, public opinion, and devotedness. Was not this a touching, a noble action of Berryer's? When everybody abandoned the legitimate king—when the royalists of France could do little but vent their dissatisfaction in useless puns—when each royalist landed-proprietor, a royalist in his very nature, thought of nothing but increasing his revenues, and renewing the leases of his farmers—when M. de Chateaubriand himself, fatigued with a struggle of sixty years, bade adieu to the political world—when egotism was met everywhere, in the

France of the royalists, Berryer, Berryer alone, presents himself, and mounts the breach; alone he undertakes the defence of these annihilated interests; alone he dares to raise his voice in favour of this discarded opinion; alone, when the duchess de Berri doubly compromises her son's cause, by her courage and by her weaknesses, Berryer appears, and covers this noble woman with his pardon and his esteem. This is what the revolution of July did for M. Berryer, the avocat. It made him the defender of the widow and the orphan; but it was a royal widow, it was an orphan who was the king of France, the grandson of St. Louis and of Louis XIV. Thus, the eyes of all royalist Europe were fixed upon M. Berryer; every word of his resounds to the very heart of thrones; kings invoked him in their anguish, as the mariner in the shipwreck invokes *Notre Dame de bon Secours*. But he pursues his own path, and follows, without any deviation, the line which he has marked out for himself; he accuses, he attacks, he condemns, with all his power, what he calls, the thunderbolt of July. He takes a bitter and malignant joy in gathering up all the deceptions, all the falsehoods, all the impostures, all the paradoxes of the revolution which overturned the throne of Charles X. He attacks it on every side, he gives it no quarter; he turns often to the new powers, and when they complain bitterly, that all authority is broken, that royalty itself is despised, and that the people of France have entirely lost the principle of obedience and duty, Berryer rises in the midst of the Chamber, and darting around him that ironical and fiery glance, so perfectly irresistible, "*It is you,*" says he, "*you who have first broken authority, degraded royalty, destroyed obedience; do not then complain of reaping what you have yourselves sown!*" At the same time, and with perfect grace, he returns affectionately to the good days of the Restoration, and speaks of them as Ovid spoke of Rome, and the golden age. Attentive to his least words, without believing them, moved and delighted, and yet mistrusting itself, the Chamber listens to this man who speaks so well; it feasts on the sweet honey, which hangs on the edge of the vase, while it carefully abstains from swallowing the liqueur with which it is filled. This Berryer is such a great and eloquent counter-revolutionary! His voice is deep and thrilling, as was the voice of Mlle. Mars; his action is noble and elegant, often he is impassioned even to delirium; but it is a well-ordered delirium—he is himself moved to tears, and these tears are almost shared by those around him. He gives himself up in good conscience —that is to say, in perfect liberty, to the intoxication, the audacity of his position, which is superior to all others in this Chamber; he invokes to his aid all the powers of the past, all the illusions of time vanished; and not one of the principles he invokes fails him. His passion is wise, and well regulated — his very confusion is logical. Although admirably concealed, his powers are great and dauntless. Excellent improvisator as he is, he yet knows, very well, at the first word of his speech, what he seeks, and by what means he will attain the end he proposes to himself. His reasoning is governed by laws, from which he never swerves. He commences in a calm and simple manner—he lays, here and there, the first foundations of his dilemma; by degrees, but without letting it appear, he draws the circle of Popilius, in which he intends to stifle his adversary; then, at last, summoning all his strength, as a powerful wrestler

would do, he crushes his adversary under the redoubled blows of this eloquence, so calm in its exordium, so formidable and so immovable in its peroration. The crushed man struggles in vain under this eloquent passion, the approach of which he did not feel.

At other times, M. Berrier, who forms the greatest amusement of the Chamber, plays with his audience as the cat does with the mouse. He leads the attentive assembly through a thousand flowery paths, showing them half his thought under a thousand different aspects, all full of interest. The Chamber soon yields itself to the delight of listening at its ease; but, suddenly, Berryer stops, and breaks off the sentence he had just commenced;—he returns, as if he had forgotten his duty, to follow pleasure—he challenges the minister, who just now hung upon his words open-mouthed, like any simple mortal; and as his is a memory which retains everything, without suffering one point to escape him, the orator now seizes his prey, tears him to pieces, and throws the shreds amongst the deputies who listen to him; and the same deputies, led away by so much eloquence, conquered by so much boldness, have, more than once, forgotten that they were the majority, that they were the friends of the minister, and have applauded this implacable enemy of the revolution of July.

However, he is a man to be pitied, and we Americans, above all, pity him sincerely, for we do not understand how there can be even one useless person among all the eminent men who are in the service of such a country. We do not understand how an enlightened country can say to a man—"You will never think as I do; and I shall never think as you do! It is impossible for you and I to be of the same opinion—our obstinacy is equally great. If you were a more eminent orator than Demosthenes, all your eloquence would not change my opinion by the hundred-thousandth part of a line. Consequently, you are good for nothing to me, you are perfectly useless to me; I can dispense with your speech, as I can with your concurrence. My business will be transacted without you, and in spite of you. However, you speak like a great orator, and it is delightful to me when I can lend to your futile discourses an attentive ear; your speech, without influence over me, is far from being without charms. Speak, then, I will listen to you; speak, I will applaud you; speak, and, during the whole time, I will share your indignation, your enthusiasm, your hatred, your anger; speak, there is no danger of your swaying my opinion: but you please and enchant me a hundred times more than my own orators!" And do you not think, my Yankee brothers, that so great a man as Berryer is to be pitied, when to such an address he replies—*J'accepte?*

Not far from M. Berryer, there was but lately another royalist, of a good family, but who had all the right in the world to be a royalist. He had, I was told, a noble head, a serene look, an appearance of mingled dignity and sincerity. He was indeed a nobleman, and, in his generous veins, flowed some drops of the royal blood of England. With much intellect, an enlightened mind, an easy elocution, a simple, natural courage, he was called the Duc de Fitz-James. Only to see him—his head raised, his undecided step, at once haughty and easy—you would recognize one of the types of the old French nobility, which are disappearing, never to return. The duke is called James, after that king of England who reigned in the château of St. Germain,

by permission of Louis XIV.; and, indeed, King James was his ancestor. He was, by birth, a duke and peer of France, under the legitimate king; but when royalty had passed, the duke thought there was no longer a peerage in the country, that these two inheritances sustained each other; and that, the legitimate king exiled, it was necessary that the peer of the kingdom should, at least, leave the palace of the Luxembourg. He then became a citizen and a landlord. However, after a little reflexion, M. de Fitz-James changed his mind, came to the conclusion that it was granting the enemy too great an advantage to abandon his party, and entered the Chamber of Deputies. Thus placed among the newly-made masters who governed France, M. de Fitz-James represented, alone, the ancient aristocracy, which is vanishing day by day; he had its elegance, its wit, its irony, its generosity, its good sense, full of ingenuity, its exquisite manners, its diction, somewhat heavy, but yet clear and lucid. In the midst of this hall, filled with citizens of all classes, he had preserved that exquisite politeness, which forms such an impassable barrier between a nobleman and his inferiors; in the Chamber he acted like a well-educated man, who did not wish to annoy any one, but who, at the same time, would not be annoyed himself. When he did the Chamber the honour of addressing it, M. de Fitz-James was quite at his ease, and spoke with the most delightful freedom. He showed a grace, exceedingly careless, but, at the same time, so delicate, that his hearers must have been very badly educated, not to be pleased with it. In a word, when in a slow, quiet voice, he repeated to the Chamber a speech made beforehand, and learned by heart, the great fear of M. de Fitz-James was, to pass for an orator; thus, when he was eloquent, and this happened often, it was always without knowing it, and, above all, without wishing it.

Whoever wished for a striking contrast with the Duc de Fitz-James, would certainly have chosen M. Dupin. M. Dupin! he is the rough, obstinate, violent, haughty citizen. He is so happy to have attained the point of teaching the world! He is so proud of his power, so proud to see the highest heads bowing before him! He is so filled with his own importance! He is called Dupin *l'ainé*. Speak to him respectfully—as for him, he respects no one; speak to him with trepidation—he fears no one. He is familiar, even to insolence. I am told that one day, when he was with the king, he struck Louis Philippe's shoulder; upon which the king, who is almost as great a lord as M. de Talleyrand, said, pointing to the door, *Sortez!* M. Dupin did go out, but the next day he was at the king's *petit lever*, humbly asking after *his Majesty's health.*

This man, who is one of the most eminent men in France, is full of contradictions. He possesses every kind of courage, and every kind of weakness. He is an orator, he is a buffoon; to-day Cicero, to-morrow Odry; he passes from the *quousque tandem*, to punning, with admirable facility. He is prouder of his old lawyer's gown, than the Duc de Fitz-James was of his mantle, ornamented with fleurs-de-lis, as a peer of France. He has a common, ordinary appearance—the small-pox has literally ploughed his face. The peasant of the Danube was not worse dressed; nevertheless, thus built and covered, the *procureur-général de la Cour de Cassation* carries his head high, and, more than

once, has asked, in a low voice, if M. d'Aguesseau had as good manners as he. Finally, he has his fits of devotedness and courage, he has his days of true and sincere modesty, his moments of self-denial. His life is strict, studious, quiet, and creditable. To see him, you would recognize a man of probity. He has all the virtues of the family, and all its fanaticism.

By an unusual happiness, the two brothers of M. Dupin l'ainé are eminent for their science and for their talent. He who is called the Baron Charles Dupin, is, so to speak, the inventor of a science quite new in France—that of statistics: M. Charles Dupin is, decidedly, one of the eloquent *avocats* of the Parisian bar. He gives himself up completely to his work of each day, in the Chamber of Deputies, at the bar, in the world; full of ideas, mind, eloquence, bons mots, fine repartees—above all, an avocat. Thus, the mother of these three justly popular and celebrated men—a woman happy and proud above all other women—chooses that this inscription shall be written upon her tomb, containing all the encomiums of her children—*Here lies the mother of the three Dupins.*

To return to M. Dupin l'ainé, he has had the happiness of lending his aid to noble causes; he was the generous defender of Marshal Ney, and that itself is an honour. His very trifling has served to make him popular; he engages and animates his audience, not, like M. Berryer, by the beauty of his speech, but by its drollery; he has an excellent judgment, sound and correct powers of reasoning; he is a man of good sense, of common sense, and therefore a man of business; a worthy person in the main, full of vanity, but incapable of a bad action; passionate, but easy to appease; despising revolutions, as excesses which cost too much; honouring gentlemen with his hatred, having but little affection for soldiers, and despising money-hunters. A secret instinct makes him love power, even when it is not he, M. Dupin, who is the power. A man equally hated and loved; he is loved with hatred, if I may be allowed to say so —it is, at least, thus that he is loved by the king, Louis Philippe, whom he calls his friend, and who is afraid of his clownishness. When at the palace, he makes a thousand blunders, that he may appear to be at home; he is not at his ease, and, in order to conceal this, he is bearish. He is the animal in the fable giving his paw. The queen has much difficulty in behaving herself with this ill-bred man, who will neither be a citizen nor a nobleman. In business he is a troublesome man, but one with whose assistance you cannot always dispense. He is wilful, headstrong, obstinate, passionate, illiberal, to-day triumphing in his insolence, to-morrow prostrate in his fear. In order that people may say he is impartial, he suddenly abandons his friends, and passes to the opposite side. At the Chamber of Deputies, he resembles Harpagon's servant, who changed his dress by turns—now a cook, now a coachman. He leaves his president's chair to mount the rostrum, and then speaks in such a way, that he is called to order! When he wishes to speak seriously, the man of business shines. He would have been an excellent orator, if he had not been so clever an avocat; and would have been an excellent avocat, if he had not possessed so many qualities necessary to form an orator.

He is a member of the Academie Française, and writes French like an attorney's clerk.

"Monsieur," said I, to my left-hand neighbour, "can you point out to me a man who played an important part in your last revolution, M. Dupont de l'Eure? Is he here? Show him to me, that I may be able to say I have seen him." As I spoke, I tried to discover that austere gray head. "Monsieur," replied my neighbour, "do not seek Dupont de l'Eure in this assembly? M. Dupont de l'Eure no longer forms part of the Chamber of Deputies, he has left it since the day the unfortunate Dulong, whom he loved as a son, was killed in a duel. In that place, below, was Dulong seated, when he pronounced, loud enough to be heard, the imprudent words.—Unhappy youth! He had attacked a soldier; honour required blood; twenty-four hours after this sad meeting, Dulong was dead, struck by a ball in the forehead. And I, sir, I, who speak to you, followed the funeral train, I mounted the sad heights of the cemetery of Père la Chaise. What a collection of unhonoured tombs, of splendid mausoleums, of foreign inscriptions! You are a stranger, sir? well! do not leave Paris without having visited this immense Campo-santo, so pitilessly opened, to devour all Parisian grandeur. Picture to yourself a boundless city, of which each house is still, gloomy, and closed; there nothing is wanting, neither bronze, nor marble, nor turf, nor flowers, nor statues erect upon their pedestals, nor anything which constitutes grace, ornament, and beauty—nothing is wanting, except life and motion. Poor Dulong! so young to reach this last asylum! Thus we conducted him to the appointed spot, and once there, the funeral oration took possession of this melancholy booty. Adieu, Dulong! adieu, young man! adieu, joy of thine aged father! adieu, energetic defender of compromised liberty! Sir, you may take my word for it, public interest has sustained some severe losses within ten years—Benjamin Constant, Lamarque, Dulong, Casimir Périer himself, and, finally, Armand Carrel."

So said my neighbour; and as his grief was real, and deeply felt, I respected it, and contented myself with my own feeble resources, for studying the physiognomy of the Chamber of Deputies.

That tall man, who is half bald, and yet whose hair hangs loose, (reconcile that if you can,) whom you see seated in the president's chair, with a look of good-natured self-satisfaction, is M. Sauzet. M. Sauzet is the exact prototype of a provincial avocat. I am quite sure that in court, at Lyons, he has often heard himself compared to Cicero and Demosthenes—and who knows? perhaps even to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox? and that he has allowed these comparisons. He is a man of considerable mind, but thoroughly imbued with that vulgar oratory, which foams and ferments in him with so much glitter and noise, throwing out less fire than smoke, and producing more froth than alcohol. That he has entered the world with many great oratorical thoughts, and, above all, with a thorough mastery of the French language, no one can doubt. But for eloquence of such magnitude, space was wanted. Fancy the column of the Place Vendôme transplanted into the centre of a Norman farmer's poultry yard, and you will have some idea of the eloquence of M. Sauzet, condemned to the petty quarrels and party walls of

He is a member of the Académie Française, and writes French like an attorney's clerk.

"Monsieur," said I to my left-hand neighbour, "can you point out to me a man [illegible] consolation, M. Dupont de l'Eure? Is he [illegible] say I have seen him." As I spoke, I [illegible] "Monsieur," replied my neighbour, "do [illegible] M. Dupont de l'Eure no longer forms part of the [illegible] since the day the unfortunate Dulong, [illegible] that place, below, was Dulong seated, [illegible] the imprudent words.—Unhappy youth! [illegible] blood; twenty-four hours after [illegible] in the forehead. And I, sir, I, who [illegible] the sad heights of the cemetery of [illegible] tombs, of splendid mausoleums, of [illegible] and still I do not leave Paris without [illegible] opened, to devour all Parisian [illegible] which each house is still, gloomy, [illegible] nor marble, nor turf, nor [illegible] anything which constitutes grace, [illegible] life and motion. Poor Dulong! so [illegible] him to the appointed spot, and [illegible] of this melancholy booty. Adieu, [illegible] father! adieu, energetic defender [illegible] word for it, public interest has [illegible] Benjamin Constant, Lamarque, Dulong, [illegible]"

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Eugene Lami. R. Wallis

Funeral Oration at Père-la-Chaise.

Cimetière du Père-la-Chaise. *Leichenrede im Père-la-Chaise.*

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON. — H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

the city of Lyons. You will see that M. Sauzet would soon have been spoilt by the citizens, the most cruel of all passionate admirers. Nothing but principle has restrained him, and he passed easily, and by an imperceptible transition, from the school-benches to the bar. He found every path open, and every ear ready, to listen to him. Above all, he is a happy man; happy to live, to breathe, to walk; and so happy to be called Sauzet. He reached Paris, from the seclusion of his province, to take at once an important part in the greatest drama which has been played in France, since the eighteenth of Brumaire. I refer to the trial of the ministers of his ex-majesty Charles X., in 1830; a memorable and solemn proceeding, in which all the dignity of justice was displayed, at the very time when all the popular fury was fearfully roused. Imagine the Chamber of Peers—that last support of legitimate royalty, that still lively image of proscribed legitimacy—assembling to judge, first and finally, the last ministers, and consequently the last will, of Charles X., who had been the favourite monarch of the peerage. At the same time, imagine the people of Paris, after their triumph and exultation of three days, surrounding the Chamber of Peers, well armed, and seeming to dictate, by their menacing attitude, sentence of death. For the Chamber of Peers, this was a terrible alternative; it was judge in its own case, and, wo be to it if it did not decide justly! It was the same Chamber which had put Marshal Ney to death, the hero of the campaign of 1812, the friend of the emperor, *the bravest of the brave:* by what right, then, could they save this unpopular ministry, who had laid violent hands upon the charter, and upon the people? On the other hand, how could the peerage—which had been the support of the now subverted throne, and which, perhaps, had secretly shared its hopes and its delirium—how could it escape public disgrace, if, too obedient to popular malice, a malice which had been accumulating since 1815, it sent to the scaffold the king's ministers, deputies, peers of France, men of their own rank and standard? The dilemma was terrible—death or dishonour; but we must render this justice to the French peerage, that between these two difficulties, it remained calm. In vain the people gathered at the Luxembourg, in vain the national guard, the dictatorship of the revolution of 1830, talked loudly of exigency—the Chamber of Peers listened, deliberated, and weighed. When M. de Polignac appeared in the seats of the accused, that great lord, who had defied, with a contempt which almost amounted to insolence, all the hatred of the French nation, the Chamber of Peers was neither abashed, nor did it lose its composure. It neither leaned to the people, who were crying under its windows for blood, nor to the accused, whom, a few days previously, it had called brother. It was at this awful moment, that, making his way, with much difficulty, through the furious crowd that opposed his passage, a provincial avocat—who had never pleaded anything but provincial causes, before provincial judges, and at provincial bars—found himself suddenly transplanted into the first court in the kingdom, a supreme court, and called to speak in a cause, in which the whole revolution was concerned. The ministers of Charles X.—did they exceed their powers, in signing the ordinances? Acquit them! but then observe what follows: *the revolution of* 1830 *is a felony!* It was well for M. Sauzet that he was born the most

courageous of men, and that he had such an excellent opinion of himself, as not to draw back, even had he been in the presence of Mirabeau. At this time, his ignorance of what was fitting in the society around him, his profound contempt for all that was not M. Sauzet, was of great service to him. Nothing astonished him—neither the people so agitated, nor the assembly so calm, nor the judges, who were the judges of their own honour, nor the vanquished ministers, whose heads were demanded; a party-wall, or a water-course, or a question upon mortgage, would not have found M. Sauzet more calm, or more at his ease. Thus, whilst his colleagues hesitated, whilst one of them, instead of defending his learned client, found it more simple and natural to faint, like a coquette who knows not how to reply, M. Sauzet took up the discourse, and calling to his aid a brilliant train of high-sounding words, dazzling periphrases, and antitheses, lavishing here and there, in rich confusion, the newly-blown flowers of his provincial rhetoric, M. Sauzet astonished and confounded his audience. The judges, so pre-occupied with the sentence to be passed, were amazed at the copiousness and composure of this new-comer; and the longer he spoke, the better were they pleased with his speaking. Indeed, this long discourse, in such circumstances, was something more than a discourse, it was a respite, a temporary cessation of the storm, a shelter during the tempest. The judges of M. de Polignac, while M. Sauzet addressed them, had time to look at each other; and the longer he spoke, the more apparent was it, that a cause which could be defended for so long a time, and with so many reasons, was not so desperate as had at first been imagined. Thus the verbose sang-froid of the avocat, rendered an eminent service to the Chamber of Peers, and the revolution of July. To the Chamber of Peers M. Sauzet gave time to recover, and to save itself by a sentence, which was neither a cowardice nor a subterfuge. The revolution of July, in sparing the lives of the accused ministers, deprived itself for ever—and what a triumph was this, for a revolution which had been guilty of so few excesses!—of the disgrace of political executions. French society, seeing that in this great struggle no one was killed, and, better yet, no one was dishonoured, breathed more freely, and began to hope for better fortune. As for M. Sauzet—incapable of understanding what was passing around him, and not knowing very exactly either what he had said, or what he had done—he rubbed his hands with pleasure, and said to himself, that since he had spoken so well on behalf of ministers, he should some day become a minister himself. Which has not failed to happen.

Do you see, on the seats of the moderate opposition, that man, who more frequently wears an old hat than a new one? He looks very proud, very witty, and very sarcastic, and his mind keeps all the promises made by his appearance; that man is M. Mauguin. He also is an avocat; but he is a fluent, eager, generous—nay, more, he speaks from conviction. What does he wish? No one knows; he does not know himself. Where is he going? He is as ignorant on this point as the other. Whence comes he? The question would be foolish—he cannot tell you. He is chimerical and capricious, but resolute and generous. Like any man who understands it, he loves political strife; he finds nothing but pleasure in oratorical battles—he gives himself up to them with

delight; he has studied much, and learned but little. However, he is less ignorant upon all points, than the greater part of his fellow-members; he has made ministers, and yet has not wished to be one himself—this is a great point of difference between him and M. Sauzet.

Thus left to himself, floating between the two extremes of his opinion—a republican this evening, a royalist to-morrow—eager and idle—sometimes speaking like an orator, sometimes like an avocat—a man of the world in reality, but not in appearance; M. Mauguin seems to be placed by the side of M. Odillon Barrot, to show off the faults and virtues of the latter. You can see at once, that M. Odillon Barrot is not of the same school as M. Mauguin. He has a quiet, severe, almost imposing look. He possesses some of the finest qualities of an orator—the power of enchaining his audience, the courage, the conviction, the strict and sound principles, the integrity, and disinterestedness, and, withal, but little wish for the exercise of power. His voice is one of those most listened to, and most loved in the Chamber, for it is honest and sincere. If the United States were in want of an orator, and had permission to choose one from the whole Chamber, I would advise them to take M. Barrot. He is the prototype of real orators. His logic is earnest and hurried; he is the most hardy tilter in the world; his indignation bursts and thunders; but always with a certain measure, which persuades you the more easily, because this very indignation has taught you something. The warmest partizans of M. Odillon Barrot reproach him with this one fault only—his eloquence has too much grace, too much clearness, too much learning, and is too much studied.

Among orators who speak but little, and whom very few have heard, you have M. de Cormenin. The enemies of M. de Cormenin gravely reproach him with having been a viscount; and, honestly, a serious man, an American, smiles with pity, when he hears a man reproached with having been a viscount. Reproach a man, if you will, with his bad actions, his cowardice, his perfidy; but to reproach him with being, or having been a viscount, is perfectly ridiculous. Nevertheless, this is the policy of France at the present time. However this may be—whether M. de Cormenin has been, or has not been a viscount, or whether he is one no longer—one thing is certain, that he is, and long will be, an insidious and dangerous writer. He was brought up in the school of a terrible pamphleteer, Paul Louis Courrier, who much injured the Restoration; and he copies wonderfully his tone, his turns, his style, his manners, his indignation. Not but that such a style would be wearisome, for any length of time, but in their novelty, pamphlets thus written, quickly produce an irritating impression in the mind. M. de Cormenin knows this better than any one; and as he is incapable of pronouncing four consecutive sentences in the rostrum, he makes himself amends for this forced silence, by a succession of little pamphlets, very bitterly written, which have their popularity, and their dreaded influence. M. de Cormenin is, above all, the sworn enemy of the king, Louis Philippe, and the princes, his children. He reckons in livres, sous, and deniers, their revenues, their public and private expenses; he disputes the civil list, inch by inch; he does not choose that the king should be better dressed,

better lodged, or better fed, than M. de Cormenin. He is terrified when any one says, *the children of France;* and is as thorough a republican, as if he had never been a viscount. He is, without contradiction, a man of lively and ingenious, but malicious disposition; one of those men who can hurt, who can never serve, and who are good for nothing but evil: men whom Plato would certainly have banished from his republic, but without giving them crowns of flowers, as he did to the poets.

We must not forget—in his corner, his obscurity, and his silence—one of the most dangerous malcontents in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Royer-Collard, the originator of the *doctrinaires;* unhappy father! so cruelly outreached and conquered by his children. People talk of the ingratitude of republics, but I do not see that, under a monarchy, the ingratitude shown to public men is much less. This man, of rare wit, of strong virtue, has been, by his merit alone, one of the most imposing men in France. Seven electoral colleges appointed him deputy the same day—an almost incredible, and a distinguished honour. He was, at once, the head of the new philosophy, and the modern politics—he first united those two words, on which still rests the whole future of France. A *constitutional royalist,* he fought, for a long time, under this double standard—*the Charter and the King!* It may be believed, that when, at last, the charter had superseded the king, M. Royer-Collard was not a little astonished and nnhappy at finding one of the two objects of his worship broken and overthrown. Thus, since all equilibrium has been lost, between the constitution and royalty M. Royer-Collard is ill at ease, and miserable; he has lost the double passion of his life. He does not know whether to rejoice at the triumph of the constitution, or to be afflicted at the fall of royalty. He loved the royalty of the Bourbons; he loved their ancient origin; their great actions in peace and in war; their chivalrous disinterestedness; their loyalty, which had passed into a proverb—and even now he cannot understand, how Charles X. could have violated the charter, which he had recognized by his oath. Sometimes M. Royer-Collard reproaches himself, in a low voice, for having perhaps driven to the last extremity this feeble and obstinate monarch; and says to himself, that perhaps, with a little less rigour, the old royalty of France would still be erect, and that thus the constitution might have gained the point, of not being violently separated, as it had been, from the royal principle. What a sad and venerable position is that of this man, who s a royalist in his heart, who believes in legitimacy with all the powers of his mind, and who yet sees himself carried away by a revolution which he has brought about without wishing it.

This sketch of the Chamber of Deputies, incomplete as it must necessarily be when taken by a man like myself—but little acquainted with the very complicated and confused affairs of a country in revolution, which has not yet had time to recover itself—nevertheless interested me highly. I trembled to think, that all these men, so different in manners, opinions, and fortunes, agitated by so many opposite feelings, were destined to make the laws which govern such a country as France. I was alarmed at this interesting confusion. Here, M. Arago, the most learned man in Europe, who descends from the observatory and the sky, to mingle in all the troubles of earth;

there, M. de Lamartine, the Christian poet, thinking and speaking, marvellously like a very clever economist, of taxes, of agriculture, and of railroads. A little farther, M. Bugeaud, the soldier, the inexorable, mounting the rostrum as if he were about to storm a fortress, and menacing his adversaries, at the same time, with his pistols and his opinions, his sword and his speech. M. Dubois, a gloomy spirit, full of pedantry, who, because he was, for six months, a writer in a journal but little read, and an obscure philosopher, fancies that he is always an author and a philosopher. M. Duvergier de Hauranne, one of those men who are born grumblers, of a gloomy temper, deadly anger, friendship little to be depended upon, unyielding logic, and surly speech, the worthy great-grand-nephew of that severe Abbé de St. Cyran, the tyrant of Port Royal. M. Hennequin, an avocat, but an avocat of elegant language and good manners, who has read Cicero, and remembers it. M. Humann, a German from Strasbourg, speaking German in French, but with a voice so powerful, that the shields move at the sound of it, and range themselves in order, as formerly the Theban walls did, when Amphion played upon his lyre. M. Isambert, one of the most noisy and least active ministers of the Chamber, a man who much needed legitimate royalty, that his opposition might have some appearance of valour;—such men as he have been buried—themselves and their importance—under the wrecks of the throne of Charles X. M. Jaubert, a sort of vanguard orator, who throws himself headlong into every question, where his courage urges him on. M. Theodore Jouffray, a fine head, and a noble heart. He is dead, overwhelmed by work and a pitiless disease, which gently led him to the tomb. M. Theodore Jouffray was the best pupil in Plato's school—he had the sweet gravity, the charming unction, of his master: a man wrapped up in modesty, who concealed, with the most original care, his science, his ideas, his eloquence, all, except his melancholy and his good nature. M. de Keratry, a rough gentleman from Bretagne, who looks exactly like a well-educated blacksmith. The opposition has acknowledged M. de Keratry for one of its heroes. And, whom else do you see in the crowd? A man who has been the master of France and of opinion, who has doubly reigned, by the power of speech and of money. He walked through France, more envied, and, above all, more loved, more honoured than a king. When he happened to pass through the streets, the crowd was silent, and pointed him out with a respectful look, saying, in a low voice, "There he is!" Rothschild is, they say, the banker of kings; but they are wrong to say that he is the king of bankers. The king of bankers was M. Lafitte, when he was the banker and the business-man of the whole opposition. M. Lafitte made himself the avowed Mecænas of all the talents which were formidable, or which promised to be formidable, to power. He had furnished the first capital for creating the *Constitutionnel*, that old catapult—rather ruinous at present—so powerful fifteen years ago. He entertained at his house a certain finance-officer, called Béranger, who has since made singular havoc in men's minds. This house of M. Lafitte's was a sort of harbour, whence they started, with all sails set, for battle, and to which they returned, after the contest, loaded with crowns. One day landed at M. Lafitte's, full of hope, and light of purse, a new-comer from the southern provinces. He had the proudest

look, the boldest speech, the most easy and animated gestures, the most lively eloquence, the most brilliant style, the best-informed intellect, the happiest hope, that can easily be seen. This new-comer was M. Thiers. He installed himself at M. Lafitte's, as in a great inn, open to all restless minds, and the éclat of which could only be paid at the price of a revolution.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Chamber of Deputies—Its Power—The Revolution of July—The King of the French—When Duke of Orleans—His Accession to the Throne—His Mode of Life—His Accessibility—Louis Philippe the Restorer of Palaces—The Réunions at the Tuileries—Louis Philippe as a Father—The Queen—The Royal Family—The Prince Royal—His Acquirements—His Private Character—The Prince as a Soldier—His Love for Antiquities—Contrast between the King and the Prince—The Prince at College—In 1830—At Antwerp—At Lyons—In the Hospitals—In Africa—His Death.

The palace of the Tuileries is not far from the Chamber of Deputies; these two monuments are, by turns, friends and rivals, who look at each other, sometimes with hatred, sometimes with love. There was a time when the Chamber of Deputies rose proud and menacing against the palace of the Tuileries. It was a strange struggle of stone with stone, column with column, the results of which a by-stander might have studied hour by hour. The palace of the king—proudly enveloped in its majesty, surrounded by its statues, its guards, its old chesnut-trees, and its forest of blossoming orange-trees—covered with its contempt, and its disdainful shadow, the Chamber of Deputies, exposed to the sun, and guarded only by some pitiful stone statues, which adorned the Pont de la Concorde. At the first glance an inexperienced man would have believed that the humble house, sad and naked—without exterior defence, without guards, without shade—would never have dared to struggle with these royal and magnificent dwellings, surrounded by ditches, yeomen, and body-guards. What could these four or five dozen of chattering avocats do against the king of France—the legitimate king—the master of thirty-two millions of subjects—the head of the state—the restorer of authority and belief? So thought frivolous observers, those who see nothing of strength but its appearances, and who think a man is a Hercules, because he has the height and the countenance of one. But it is not only strength of muscles which makes a Hercules, it is courage. It is not cannon, soldiers, guards, ditches, all the framework of majesty, which protect palaces most successfully, it is the will of the people. That Chamber of Deputies, which looks so pale on the opposite shore—that house, pitiful even in its size—that silent façade, that great wall, pierced by a little door—those large staircases, up which six thousand soldiers might mount to the assault; all this appears very feeble, and as if it would offer very little resistance; all this,

nevertheless, is strength, it is power, it is authority, it is France. This humble house—in which all the laws are passed, in which are discussed, one by one, all the crowns of the annual thousand-million—looks without fear at this palace of the Tuileries which faces it; one single fragment of stone falling from this humble house upon the king's palace, would suffice to crush it. The Chamber of Deputies knows very well that it protects, and feeds, and shelters the palace against storm and tempest. It is not, then, without certain interest, that, placed on one of the numerous bridges which unite the palace of the Tuileries to the Chamber of Deputies, you compare these two monuments —the one, so large, so grand, so formidable, so royal, and nevertheless so feeble, compared with this house of legislators.

Well, then, in July, 1830, some discontented orators raised their voices within this enclosure of the Chamber of Deputies, apparently so peaceful. These few voices, already menacing, demanded that royalty, led astray by fatal counsels, should rest in the constitution. Royalty replied by a *coup d'état*. The château des Tuileries would impose silence on the Chamber of Deputies; immediately the Chamber of Deputies opened its doors; or, rather, it half opened that wretched little door, through which the lowest gentlemen in waiting on Charles X. would not have deigned to pass; and through this half-opened door a revolution escaped. Scarcely had this terrible revolution left the Chamber of Deputies, before it threw itself on the palace of the Tuileries; but already the palace of the Tuileries was deserted. After its first moment of insolence, the old royalty had fled, never to return. Immediately the saturnalia commenced. The people took possession of the palace—they reigned a second time in the same places where they had formerly sought king Louis XVI., the martyr-king, that they might carry him to a detestable scaffold, on which fear and cowardice each day heaped victims upon victims. The people recognized *their* Tuileries, and treated it according to their custom and their right; they broke, they spoiled, they tarnished all they met. They seated themselves on the venerable throne amid shouts of laughter; they called to their aid the king's cellar, and very soon the ground was strewed with empty bottles and intoxicated heroes. The palace was filled, for three days, with this monarch, of such awful majesty; the third day, when there was no longer a fleur-de-lis to efface, nor a bottle to empty, two or three men drove the sovereign people out of the walls, and these terrible conquerors of three days returned home, trembling with fright lest they should be scolded by their wives. The French people, even in their greatest disorders, always preserve a marvellous sense of propriety. They remained in the Tuileries just long enough to recognize the places they had visited forty years before:—and may France willingly accept this bargain; forty years of authority and obedience, for three days of delirium and fury!

But how, then, can we describe Paris, without speaking of the King of the French? It is a difficult task, full of uncertainty and peril, and yet we will attempt the enterprise, in order that this rapid coup d'œil, thrown upon the Parisian world, may be as complete as possible. You have already seen, that ever and anon, at every turn, in the city and out of the city, everywhere the King of the French has presented himself to our

notice, to our remembrance, to our study;—let us, then, give him a section to himself; it will not be the one the least read in this sketch of Paris.

The king, of whom we speak, has been tried by every kind of fortune—exile has passed over his head without bending it. Like all the French, he has been the very devoted subject of his majesty Louis XVIII., and his majesty Charles X., of august and sainted memory. He has acted like a man in the opposition; but his opposition was calm, austere, patient—for, in these days, it is by patience that crowns are gained and saved. But what courage and what composure are necessary, thus to wait for forty years, until the hour of royalty has struck for you! Thus his majesty, King Louis Philippe, has been more than patient, he has been an honest man. This part, of first prince of the blood royal, of first subject of the King of France, suited him admirably; it suited his manners, his tastes, his wish to re-make a ruined fortune, and to bring up, as he thought proper, the young and numerous family reserved for this illustrious destiny. You would deceive yourself, then, if you fancied the Duke of Orleans dreaming of the crown worn by the king, his cousin. He neither waited for it, nor hoped for it, and, more still, he did not desire it. This throne attacked, but attacked by other means than legal opposition, would have found, in the Duke of Orleans, a loyal defender. Was he not, in fact, the worthy grandson of the Regent of Orleans, that loyal trustee of the crown of France, an honest gentleman, prouder to preserve the throne to its rightful heir, than to place upon it a prince of his own house?

It is impossible, then, to say that the royalty of the Duke of Orleans was foreseen by him. Three days before the "three days," no one knew—not even M. de Lafayette—that he was about to ascend the throne of France. However, in his moments of humiliation and anger—for he was often ill-treated at that court, so full of power and caprice—the Duke of Orleans must have said to himself, "God protects France, but He also protects me. He has brought back from exile myself and my children, but He has brought me back in the retinue of the king; to the king God has restored his crown, but to me He has given a numerous family, full of life, strength, courage, and the future; I have near me, to draw all hearts to me, a wife loved and honoured by all; in this country, where fortune is everything in the estimation of men, I am the richest landholder; I belong to the old liberals, by the remembrances of '89; I belong to *la jeune France*, by my five sons, whose honoured names resound each year in the collegiate struggles; I belong to the most ancient houses of Europe, by my name of Bourbon; I am a master in the painter's *atelier*, on the bricklayer's scaffolding, in the poet's study; and if a man of talent is crushed in his ambition or his glory, that man of talent I take under my protection. I am as strong a sceptic as my wife is a Christian; and now let me wait, like a man of honour, like a good father of a family, like a faithful subject, for whatever the future reserves for me."

You know the thunderbolt of the three days of July, 1830, and how, with one blow, fell that benevolent, devoted, inoffensive monarch, to whom ungrateful France had been indebted for fifteen years of glory, of liberty, of repose, of almost incredible fortune. It was broken with the senseless delight of children who break a plaything,

which pleases and charms them. However, it was necessary to replace this king of France, who had returned into exile. These hours of interregnum are grievous and terrible for a people who need order and authority. Whom shall they obey? How can it be arranged, so that among these thirty-two millions of kings, which France contains, each shall be contented to abdicate, in favour of one? Between the dynasty which leaves, and that which arrives—between the noble vanquished of Cherbourg, this king, so great in defeat, so calm, so touching, who returns into exile, with a step as firm as if the château of the Tuileries had been at the end of his voyage—between the king crowned at Rheims, and the king of the revolution of July—what an abyss! However, people cry, *Vive le roi!* from necessity, from remembrance, from habit, from the instinct of a fellowship which is imperishable. *Vive le roi!*—say what you will, this will always be a saving cry, in France. At this conquering sound the France of 1830 is appeased, Europe is quieted, the old monarchies feel less unstable; the citizens, proud and happy with their victory, shut themselves up in their entrenchments; the people, satisfied with themselves, returned to their daily labours. In this France, so thoroughly overturned, everything recommences at the cry of *Vive le roi!* And certainly France ought to consider itself very happy, to have met, at this terrible and awful moment, this popular king, who comes through torn-up pavements and the anger of a whole city, to put everything in its place, after the revolution of three days.

It is not that this gentleman-king, in spite of the revolution which crowned him, has not in his mind and heart all the instincts of royalty. On the contrary, he loves royalty like a man who knows how to hold a sceptre and to wear a crown; he loves its pomps, its fêtes, its ceremonies, and its privileges. He seems never to have enough grandeur and enough éclat around him. His delight would be, to surround himself with a brilliant court, to which crowd all the great monarchical names. He knows exactly how much warmth and deference is due to new men and new virtues. He has the two-fold instinct of the gentleman and the Parisian citizen, the grandson of St. Louis and the king of the revolution of July. His life is grave, industrious, and serious. He often rises before daybreak; as soon as he awakes his work begins. He reads the despatches of his ambassadors—he prepares the labour of the day; you see that he acts from a knowledge of the importance of one additional day in his reign. He reads very few newspapers, except the English ones; but he tolerates them all. You would find in the king's antechamber, by the side of the sheets which defend his government with the greatest amount of conscience and courage, the vilest and most atrocious pamphlets against his person. He says, that everyone must live; that a pamphlet never killed any but dead men, and that he accepted the inconveniences of the liberty of the press, in accepting its advantages. His breakfast is soon finished, after which it is his ministers' turn: with these he lives in the greatest familiarity. The man whom he adopts has at once, at all times, a free admission to the king; he is received at any hour of the day or night. The king espouses the cause of his minister as he would his own: he takes an interest in his success in the rostrum, in his success of every kind; he defends him warmly and sincerely; and when he is obliged to

displace him, he never says, *Adieu,* but *Au revoir.* These gone, he adopts those who come as he had adopted their predecessors, so accustomed is this constitutional king to the complicated and difficult mechanism of a representative government.

The king prefers this chatting without ceremony, but not without advantage, with each of his ministers, to the imposing discussion of a cabinet council; when he is tête-à-tête with a man, he is almost always irresistible. He is eloquent, he conquers, he takes captive every will; if the king wishes to gain a man, he accosts him in the way most likely to suit him, and when once he wins him over, he succeeds in his end. It is incredible what he did with M. Lafitte, in the first days of the revolution of July. *Follow us, gentlemen!* Thus spoke he to the members of the Chamber of Deputies, while holding M. Lafitte by the arm: *Follow us!* This was making M. Lafitte a partaker of the throne of France. Thus General Lafayette knew him well. More than once he repaired to the new king, quite ready to show some of those puerile discontents, which have formed a large part of the popularity of General Lafayette; he returned from him, overwhelmed and astounded.

Thus the life of the king is spent—in studying, in the morning;—in reflecting, during the night, upon the feelings of the day;—in defending himself, during the day, or in making new friendships, for he does not disdain one friendship in his kingdom. The workman who passes him, or the peer of France who salutes him, must go away satisfied with the king. His familiarity is, at once, dignified and frank. His good sense is exquisite; even its severity is tempered by a grace, only to be found in him. He detests the smoke of tobacco, and thinks that, in a royal château, the smell of it is abominable; but as every one smokes at the present day, he has found a way of complaining of it which offends no one. One day, Marshal Loban came, his clothes being impregnated with the smoke of a whole corps. "Stop," said the king, "they say that I have a will, and yet I cannot prevent my footmen from smoking in my antechamber, which annoys me." He likes to see himself surrounded by visitors, solicitors, people who are departing for, or returning from, a distance; and it is very rarely that he does not speak to them, fluently, in their own language, or that he has not himself seen the countries which they visit.

From noon to three o'clock, he receives those who wish to speak to him. He has for all a word of encouragement, of precedent, of advice. As he has sustained the greatest reverses of fortune, he also can say, *Nihil humani a me alienum;* and he speaks to each appropriately;—to the artist, of paintings and statues; to the manufacturer, of workmen and machines; to politicians, of M. de Metternich, of the Emperor of Russia, of all those men who lead the world; and he affects, when he speaks of them, to be full of courtesy, for he is well acquainted with all the hard speeches which are made against him at the courts of Europe, but he consoles himself with the thought, that, but for him, the courts of Europe would have had other occupations than slander and calumny. His learning is extensive, his memory tenacious, his look imposing; he is easy of access; whoever wishes to see him has only to repair to the Tuileries on public reception days. You may enter by giving your name at the door, and putting a little

embroidery on your dress. At first his Majesty walks round the saloon, saying something polite to each of the invited ladies, speaking to each in her own language, and sometimes, at every step, he is obliged to change the question and the language! Then, in their turn, the gentlemen pass before the king, when he raises his head, fixes his looks upon you, and awes you by the dignity of his manner.

Around him everything is naturally arranged, with a view to future history. He has discovered an admirable method of doing several great things; it is to save from their ruin the monuments which are crumbling to dust, it is to finish those which are begun. Thus he saved Versailles; thus he placed the last stone on the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.

France would entreat him to commence the Louvre, but the king hesitates to undertake this immense work at his own expense; but when the sad day comes, that he is taken ill, a sure method of giving him ten years more of life, would be to vote him the twenty millions which he asks, to add to the sixty, which he himself is willing to spend in finishing the Louvre. What he has done with his private houses is admirable. At the château d'Eu, where he goes once a year, he has repaired and rebuilt everything, from the chapel, in which the old Guises are buried, to the kitchens, which, one would fancy, were dug for some Charlemagne, accompanied by his knights of the Round Table. He has just sent a marble statue of the good Henry to the château de Pau, one of the cradles of the house of Bourbon. And the château de Fontainebleau, what a wonder! The brilliant art of the sixteenth century, aided by the magnificence and gallantry of King Francis I., had produced nothing more ingenious and more magnificent: but time and the emperor Napoleon passed that way; time had destroyed—the emperor Napoleon had arranged everything according to his own fancy—and in its repairs, still more than in its ruins, the palace of Fontainebleau could not be recognized. The king has saved it; he has brought out, from under this rubbish and this daubing, Richelieu and Jean Goujon. In this way he is always thorough in his repairs, just as he is in those things which form the luxury and the comfort of his life: the king is the most finished of men. He gives a dinner every day, at which he receives all the great people of Europe. He chooses that his table should be handsomely served: people quote, as models, his cellar, his dining-room, his kitchens, his plate. He loves to receive visitors, as well as to give dinners; his rooms must be lighted with as much brilliancy as the rooms in old times at Versailles: he never thinks enough wood and wax candles are burnt in his house. His guests must be surrounded with profusion, and served with unwearied attention. Enter his abode, and were you the most obscure of his visitors, the hundred vallets in the antechamber would rise suddenly, as one man.

In the numerous *réunions* of the Tuileries, when business prospers, when his ministry, at the longest computation, is safe for five or six weeks, the king is a happy man. He has a natural love for all superior men, of whatever kind; he seeks them, he draws them to himself, he gives them good places by his side; he is never at a loss; his speech is easy, his memory prompt. He has seen and studied much, and, better

still, he has learnt much; he has been tried by good and bad fortune; a prince of the blood, a soldier, an outlaw, an exile, a schoolmaster, a king—he has been on a level with all these various conditions. The movement and the variety of his life, Louis Philippe caries in his thoughts and conversation. He has friends, true friends, in all parts of the world, in the United States, in Italy, in Germany, above all, in England, where he has recently received a large inheritance, called the Stanfield Museum; and he is the host of all these friendships. A politician, attentive to the least murmurs of men and parties, he understands, with wonderful precision, what this man, who enters the palace with a smile on his lips, thought yesterday—what that one, who leaves, will think to-morrow. Finally, he is accessible, prepossessing, and gracious, never forcing his politeness upon any one, but, on the contrary, waiting until he can be affable, without losing anything of his dignity; he is never more at his ease, than when surrounded by all these passions and rival ambitions: then, he is truly a king. To calm one, to excite another; to restrain this one by the remembrance of the past, to stimulate that one in view of the future; to extol youth to the young men, and age to the old ones; to defend, at once, both the Empire and the Restoration, to exalt Napoleon, to pity and protect King Charles X., and to re-unite all these opposite sympathies round the revolution of July, of which he always speaks with an exalted gratitude—these are the happy moments of the king. In his palace of the Tuileries, when the whole city is there, pressing and pushing, when his large saloons sparkle with a thousand fires, when Parisian conversation shoots, and is lost, in the boundless fields of French wit, grace, and imagination, it is an interesting sight to see the king passing from one to the other, moving in all directions among these groups so attentive to his words, persuading, convincing, laughing, praising, blaming, talking, and even thinking aloud. You have then, and only then, the highest possible idea of France, such as it is in all its meridian glory; the zenith of authority, of aristocracy, of fortune, of wit, and of art.

Above all, this man, so surrounded with labour and dangers, is the father of a family. His peculiar province seems to be, to bring up, instruct, and enrich his children. He early understood that a large family, in our days, is, for princes, the most excellent, the least ruinous, and the most easily pardoned of all luxuries. Not long since he had no less than five sons, the pride and support of his throne. They were all brought up at college among other children of their age; they followed the same courses, contended for the same prizes; and of these prizes, so envied and so disputed, they have had their share, but not without great difficulty and hard study. All these children have been, for the king, a delightful subject of paternal diligence and zeal: he has followed them, step by step, in their studies; he has directed them one after the other: these children have been his joy and his pride; he has loved them, at the same time, with passion and prudence. Those who are dead he has mourned in such a way as to draw tears from the most insensible. Amidst these unexpected griefs—the death of his daughter, the princess Marie; the death of his son, the duke of Orleans, the prince-royal—the courage of the king has not failed him; but how touching has he been in his tears, how great in his grief!

By the side of the king, looking like the guardian angel of this royal family, is the Queen; that modest, amiable, clever woman, who has contributed, not a little, to the popularity of her family. The queen, a daughter of kings, married the Duke of Orleans when he was only a fugitive. At that time the house of Bourbon had but little prospect of re-ascending the throne of France. It had fallen from too great a height to hope to rise again from such a depth. The marriage of the Duke of Orleans and his wife was founded, then, much more upon mutual esteem and affection than upon interested motives. The Duchess of Orleans loved her husband, at first, because he was unhappy, because he was poor, a wanderer, an exile—exposed even to the reproaches of those relations among whom he emigrated. She loved him next, for the fortitude with which he supported his ill fortune, for his patience, for the noble life which he led in the enjoyment of domestic happiness. These two distinguished persons were admirably suited to be always supporting each other a little above their position, whatever that position might be.

Once upon the throne, the Duchess of Orleans acted and thought like a queen. She had been consulted by her husband in all the important speculations of their life, as landholders and capitalists; she is equally consulted in the management of political affairs. She is queen, as she has been mother of a family, without ostentation; on the contrary, though very laborious and devoted, she has taken care to conceal her labours.

But, alas! what are we about? Of what use is it to speak with so much pleasure of the happiness of the royal family of France? At the very moment that my pen rapidly traces these remembrances, something has occurred to interrupt this felicity. Twice has mourning spread through this house—the princess Marie of Wurtemberg is no longer an inhabitant of this world. She has carried with her to the tomb, all that great art and genius which had made her so popular an artist. And now suddenly resounds throughout Europe, the mournful cry, "The Duke of Orleans is dead!" But we will speak of the prince royal as though he were still alive. This is what we should have said of him before July 13, 1842.

The prince, on whose head rests so many hopes, and whose life is reserved for so many difficult struggles—the prince royal—is a fine young man, with a tall, good figure, of that style of English beauty which is so much admired; he has the appearance of a well-educated man. The Duke of Orleans, the eldest of the royal family, has been brought up with almost unnecessary care; and, strange to say, what he is most reproached with, is, the having attempted too many kinds of knowledge at once. The prince royal has followed, with zeal and scrupulous exactness, all the courses of the Parisian colleges; there has been nothing superficial in his classical studies. He reads Homer in the original; he is a very good Latinist; he has learned history as a scholar ought to learn it, before studying it as a prince ought to know it. His exact and judicious mind early led him to turn his attention to arithmetic, geometry, algebra, and similar sciences, every branch of which he readily embraced. He has studied chemistry under the first masters, and has no fear either of a furnace or an alembic.

He speaks fluently several of the living languages; he draws, with the greatest ease, the drollest little figures and the most humorous sketches, worthy of Cruikshank. At the same time, he is a bold and elegant horseman; understands the use of a foil, a fusee, or a sword; manœuvres an army like an old general; and enters into all the details of war, infantry, cavalry, sieges, and artillery; he is no stranger to political affairs; he often goes to the Chamber of Deputies, to the tribune reserved for the king's family—often to the Chamber of Peers, where he shares the labours of the Committees: you see that he must have much readiness and intelligence to suffice, at one and the same time, for all these different pursuits. He is an excellent young man, full of kindness, whom you are always sure of finding in case of need; who never forgot the slightest friendship he had formed, but who knows very well how to forget an injury; he is obliging and polite, as the worthy son of his parents; urged onwards by a natural love for courage and greatness, he is modest, grave, retired in his habits of life, and has never given rise to any of those scandals which are so easily pardoned in young men and princes; full of respect and devotion for his father, he has taken his place as the natural protector of his brothers, who respect and obey him, although he would willingly dispense with their deference. He has always been the assiduous attendant upon his sisters, on whom he lavishes the most affectionate kindness. He loves the life of a soldier from instinct, but without daring to yield himself to this passion for arms, lest he should pass for an imperial counterfeit; in a word, I do not think it is possible to find more good sense, more science, more maturity of mind, without pedantry, in a prince of thirty years old.

It is more difficult to accost the Duke of Orleans than the king himself; and even when with him, it is not every one who can discover all his concealed virtues. He neither gives himself up to you, nor does he try to surprise you. There is, in all his intercourse with those who approach him, so much apparent honesty, that the clever cannot believe that there is so little art in it. Like a well-bred young man, he knows how to render to old men all the respect due to age. He speaks deferentially of the old generals of the empire, the glorious remnant of so many victories. He has a great esteem for old politicians, and used to accost M. de Talleyrand, that Nestor of the European diplomacy, with so much respect, that he suffered himself to be moved by the good manners of this young man. At the same time, youth has great charms for him. He understands that the present is his father's, and that if anything belongs to him it is the future. Thus, he loves, and seeks from preference, every promising person and thing; he wishes for the spring of the year; he is the prince of youth.

Those who knew that he was educated in the midst of a turbulent college, by numerous masters, and among familiar school-fellows, never would have suspected that the Duke of Orleans was so skilful in commanding and in making himself obeyed; this is, nevertheless, one of the great talents of the prince. He has a strong, decided will, gives positive orders, and has a great facility in swaying the minds of men—an excellent quality in a prince who wishes to accomplish great things! He has already, several times, sustained the fire of the enemy with much courage. At the siege of Antwerp he

prince of thirty years old.

Eugene Lami. Charles Rolls.

A Soirée at the Duke of Orleans.

Une Soirée chez le Duc d'Orléans. *Abendgesellschaft beim Herzog von Orleans*

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was in the trenches, and the shells passed very near his head. He was nearly killed in Africa by a ball which touched him, and by several other blows from Arabian fusees, through which he passed without disquieting himself as to what might happen. On one occasion, when stopping, with two others, at a spring, to quench their burning thirst, they were surrounded by a band of Arabs, and closely pursued, but soon boldly made their way through the horde. If the Arabs had known, however, that it was the son of the French king who was in their power, most certainly they would not have suffered so goodly a prey to have escaped them so easily. In the same campaign he was brought to the verge of the grave by the fever, the fatigue, and the privations of every kind which he endured; but the approach of death drew from him no repinings. On his return, his father was astonished to see him with a volume, written entirely by his own hand, in the tent; in which he gives an account of the expedition, in the same style as the *Commentaries*. This account has been read by some of the king's friends, and they consider it written in a clear, natural, penetrating style, and that, without any other person's assuming the office of an historian, it relates all that is necessary to be told.

The great passion of the Duke of Orleans, if he has a passion, is the modern one, which has seized the French, for old furniture, old remnants, and old relics of past ages. I could here recount to you—in the frivolous part of this book, which will have its frivolous part, depend upon it—the history of this singular passion, which agitates millions, and at the head of which marches one of the most eager and most skilful antiquarians, the Duke of Orleans. He has arranged, with much luxury and taste, the pavilion which the Duchess de Berri formerly inhabited, in the Tuileries. He has profited by the contempt which the king exhibits for these brilliant toys, by having the garde meuble of the crown, and the royal castles well searched, and worm-eaten woods, broken cornices, faded gildings, laces in holes, discoloured tapestry, and relics of the ages which are no more, are brought to him whenever they can be found. He, however, with an indefatigable perseverance, repairs, restores, and regilds all these old things; and when they have attained the desired brilliancy, he gives them an honourable place in his palace, and is enraptured before these porcelains, bronzes, and marbles, which have, with so much trouble, survived a whole revolution. If the king delights in stone, plaster, masons, and their retinue of noise and dust, just as eager is the Duke of Orleans for antiquities, curiosities, old pitchers, polished iron, and china. They both restore; the father, palaces—the son, movables. The king smiles as he sees this antiquarian propensity — the Duke of Orleans, who never laughs at his father, cannot understand the paternal taste for scaffoldings and house-painters. They are no less divided in their manner of judging arts and artists. The king loves nothing in the arts but the Italian school, Italian paintings, and Italian architecture—the severe works of the beautiful school of the seventeenth century; he is just formed for the noble and pure taste of Louis XIV.—Versailles appears to him the chef-d'œuvre; and, except the regent and the French revolution, he sees nothing before or after the reign of Louis the Great. The Duke of Orleans, on the contrary, recognizes and admires

sincerely every age of his country's history; but with respect to art, he prefers Francis I. to Louis XIV.; and I am not quite sure whether to Francis I. he does not prefer Charlemagne. The Gothic appears to him the most beautiful of all the arts, and he would give ten palaces, such as that of Versailles, for the powerful cathedral of *Notre Dame de Paris*. In this the father and son are equally exclusive: both have made their choice among contemporary artists, but each according to his idea of the beautiful. The king has adopted for his painter, M. Horace Vernet, the beautiful colourist, the ready inprovisator; the Duke of Orleans has given all his sympathies to an admirable disciple of Raphael's, M. Ingres, who has always been a great draughtsman. Such contrasts might be found for ever, between the king and his son, if it was our business here to draw a parallel.

But, alas! what is the use of this easy parallel? We need no parallel, no historical portrait; the Duke of Orleans claims, now, only our homage and our tears. Since the prince royal is dead, it seems to me that we ought to grant more complete praise to the noble prince, whom all Europe has wept. To write the history of the prince royal would be to write the history of Paris for the last twelve years. The Duke of Orleans represented the Parisian youth better than any other young man of his age. From all the pages which have been written upon him, during the month of July, I gather the following as the sincere expression of a unanimous regret. A writer contemporary with the Duke of Orleans speaks thus :—

He was the fellow-student of many among us. In the college wrestlings, his presence and his name were found to be a great encouragement, and more than one has been excited to perseverance, by beholding the grandson of so many kings carrying, so lightly, the heavy burden of study. From only seeing him at first, lively, animated, happy, simple in his mode of life, full of grace, artlessness, and intelligence, his companions began to love the young prince; neither he, nor they, could foresee the great destiny which was before him. He was, like all of us, the subject of King Charles X., and he was his first subject, and therefore exposed to all the suspicions of ill-established royalties. He left the college, and became a soldier; his fellow-students, dispersed here and there, to gain their livelihood, each in his own way. To-day the companions of a prince of the blood royal, and sometimes his happy rivals; to-morrow exposed to all the chances of the world—such is the course of events in constitutional kingdoms.

On one of the three days of 1830, in the midst of torn-up pavements, wrathful spirits, and exasperated minds, suddenly appeared the young Duke of Chartres, at the head of a regiment, preceded by the tricoloured flag. When the people heard the name of this new-comer, into the battle of July, and that he had been the first to plant the triumphant colours, they began to cry *vivat!* In the streets, the conquerors of the day recognized their old fellow-student, and made room for him by their side; thus they went altogether to the Palais Royal, where the Duke of Orleans received his eldest son as calmly as though he had returned loaded with college honours. Ah! those college days were happy days! Sweet and peaceful crowns, which could honestly be applauded,

without groans and without tears! At this hour, the laurels gained by her son, form one of the most precious ornaments of the queen's house at Neuilly!

Thus the prince royal became suddenly the prince of the French youth. He was our prince, even before his noble father became the King of the French. The prince royal knew all the names of *la jeune France*, just as Julius Cæsar knew the names of all the soldiers in his army. He was well acquainted with its vows and its hopes, its fears and its ambitions; the strictest friendship united him with the young intelligences of the nineteenth century; like them, he was innocent of all past crimes, of all the voluntary slavery, of all the acts of cowardice, which had been accomplished; in his quick, hopeful sight, everything shone like the lightning shot from heaven. Do you remember what he was in 1830? What fire! what courage! How his great mind showed itself on every side! How calmly and tranquilly he looked at the new honours of his house! How his father was always his father, and not the king! Never was the prince royal more amiable or more excellent, than in those first days of a royalty which saved France; and each might have said of him, in the language of Virgil, with which he was so familiar, *Tu Marcellus eris!*

Very soon there came a war, or at least a citadel to take. The citadel was strong and bravely defended: now the prince was happy. He was one of the first to arrive under the walls of Antwerp, he opened the trenches, he waited for the bullets and shells, he learned, under a good master, the difficult trade of war; at the same time, he made himself beloved by the soldiers for his courage, his presence of mind, his art of saying everything, of encouraging, blaming, rewarding, consoling, and comforting. Under the walls of Antwerp he showed himself to be at once a bold and modest soldier. Marshal Gérard, in his admirable despatches, hardly named the prince royal; and it caused much joy to the Duke of Orleans, that he was not more praised than if he had been a simple soldier in the army, or if he had been Marshal Gérard himself. Thus his first military beginnings were serious: a citadel to overthrow, a revolution to support, a new throne to raise, and all these labours at the very gates of France, without taking any part in the struggles of parties, which were already murmuring in the distance.

But if he has had his days of glory, he has also had his share in the days of misery. When the city of Lyons rose, as if it had been a capital city, when it was necessary to defend himself in these revolted walls, when there was civil war in the midst of that France which so much needed concord, the prince royal was sent there by his father, that he might watch closely how the terrible anger of the people rises, and that he might early learn how it is calmed by means of firmness and compassion. He was humane, charitable, serious, patient, modest, moderate; he already understood all his duties, which were immense; he returned to Paris, peace re-established, order secured, and even the conquered blessing him. A difficult and painful victory; but he accepted all victories, and even that. This kind of victory over a tumultuous population was in the destiny of his father and himself.

At the time of the cholera—when the hospitals were encumbered with the sick,

when the passer-by dropped in the street, struck with a sudden, inexplicable death; when the physicians fell by the beds of the infected—the first who dared run to these hospitals of despair was the prince royal. He touched the sick with his own hands, he had all kinds of consolation and hope for them; thus he showed himself on a level with his fortune. *Morituri te salutant;* those who are dying salute you, from the bottom of their souls, Monseigneur. Death—which respected him in these melancholy days of plague and misery, when he was but a very young man, when the paternal hopes for him were scarcely raised—why was it that it took him thus suddenly when married to the noblest daughter of Germany, the father of a family, with so many brilliant qualities of a captain and statesman, at the very moment when France had learned to look upon him as her future king.

Africa, subdued at last by the French, will always remember the prince royal as a conqueror. On this barbarous spot he gave himself up entirely to the courage which urged him on, the military instinct which he possessed, the noble chances which he loved—the chances of a war, in which all paid personally, a war full of dangers, and in which each risked his head.

By him the Portes-de-Fer were crossed. The army of Africa alone can tell how many of the virtues of great captains the prince royal possessed. He had won all hearts by the vivacity and energy of a natural eloquence, which suggested to him, at the right moment, the best thing to say. As for danger, he sought it like a man who has not much time to give to the lively joys of gun-shots, surprises, sieges, and all the excitement of battle. More than once he was nearly killed upon this desolate earth. Cruel death! But France would have preferred even this, could she have foreseen that her beloved prince would fall within two steps of the paternal mansion, and that his father and mother, in despair, and all those young men who so loved their brother, would only have an insensible body to remove from the dust of this avenue of Revolt, through which the body of King Louis XV. passed, when it was carried, in such haste, and with so much fear, to the tombs of St. Denis. But as Louis XV. passed, the people clapped their hands in token of joy, and hailed the aurora of a new reign, which was about to deliver them from the dominion of a tyrant, worn out by luxury and vice. On the contrary, if we now cross the avenue of Revolt, we shall behold silence, grief, alarm, remembrances of the past—the workmen removing the grocer's shop, by the queen's orders, as carefully as though it belonged to the dead body of her son. . . . . Melancholy details! but at least they prove that there are public sorrows, unanimous griefs, against which even French gaiety cannot prevail.

CHAPTER IX.

The Princess Marie—As an Artist—Her Love for Novelty—M. Edgar Quinet—His Prometheus—His interview with the Princess—His Legend of Ahasuerus—Present of the Princess to M. Quinet—Statue of Joan of Arc on Horseback—The Statue at Versailles—Marriage of the Princess—Her Death—The Opera—The Singers—A Difficult Task—The Green Room—The Danseuses—The Newspaper—The two Great Parisian Games—*Lundi Gras*—Fancy Ball at the Opera—Its Absurdities—Its Characters—A Stranger's Amazement—The first Masked Ball under Louis XV.

To you who are distracted from the business of the world, and who occupy yourselves exclusively with poetry and art, there is no occasion to describe the Princess Marie. In the high position in which heaven had placed her, she remained the most simple, natural, and honest of artists. You, only, can tell all the worth of this young mind, so skilful in understanding everything, all the genius concealed under a royal name, all the energy of that white hand, before which the proudest bowed, and which, more than once, even in the evening receptions, still bore the rude and glorious mark of the sculptor's chisel.

For you early learned to acknowledge, in this young girl, your rival, your equal, your superior. In this world of power which she inhabited, few knew all her value. She was never at ease, except in that other kingdom of the arts, for which she was born. There she lived, there she reigned, there she was eloquent, there she could say, as she struck her foot, "The ground, on which I tread, is my own." But when she remembered that she inhabited the Tuileries, that she was the daughter of the busiest king in Europe, that her brothers were princes of the blood, and that she herself must follow the trade of a princess—smile on all, accept as authorities these miserable nullities, listen to the vain talk of idle courtiers, hold out her hand to bewildered citizens in the saloon of the marshals—then her pure white forehead was dimmed by a slight cloud; then the look, just now proudly turned towards the free sky, was sadly bent upon the ground; her eloquent thoughts were arrested, her smiling lip assumed an expression of involuntary contempt. The courtiers, or, if you prefer it, those who are called courtiers, said that the Princess Marie was proud. Proud of what? Alas! she had the noble pride of pre-occupied thoughts, the ambition of great minds. But these things are beyond the comprehension of the vulgar. No, she was not proud to the courtiers, but she was annoyed with them. And will you tell me what they could say to her? She spoke a language unknown in the strange world of the Tuileries.

This young woman, who will always be regretted, had all the feelings necessary to form a great artist; above all, she had the feeling of independence; she had a decided preference for familiar conversation, study, silence, obscurity. In the palace which she inhabited, she had made for herself a profound retreat, which no one would have discovered, if the very entrance to this distant apartment had not revealed a higher

taste than the rest of the château. Like a great artist as she was, the princess had fitted up, for her own use, a handsome atelier, which might have been taken for the atelier of some unknown Michael Angelo, so skilfully had she concealed the heavy masonry of this unnatural palace of Philibert Delorme's. There, provided they left her in peace, and did not send for her to do honour to the strange politicians who thought to govern France, the princess was happy. There she laid aside all restraint, and all inconvenient ornaments; she realized, in the clay before her, her brilliant dreams. When she was thus engaged—in imparting to clay life, motion, and thought —you might sound drums and clarions under her windows, you might march, before the palace of her father, armed squadrons, you might fill it with peers of France, deputies, ministers, and representatives of all the European kings;—the royal sculptress would not bestow one thought upon you.

Her life was thus passed in the laborious and innocent contemplation of the fine arts. To the praise of the great talent which France has lost, it must be said, that no one in the country, not even the most illustrious, has brought more intelligence and more perseverance to these rude studies of the fine arts, without which the greatest abilities are almost always thrown away. She had silently dared all the difficulties of her art, she had felt all its thorns one by one, she had plunged her hand, and that a firm one, into this earth, which must be thoroughly kneaded if you would do anything with it. She did not even spare her self-love some severe lessons; and when she had attained her place among the masters, she would take pleasure in relating how, more than once, she had sent anonymous works to the *Exposition* at the Louvre, and how the public had coldly passed before these first attempts, and not only the public, who never flatter, but the courtiers, who always flatter. She would tell, also, the just severity of the criticisms upon her, for, unlike the greater part of her competitors, who incessantly attack criticism, the Princess Marie paid deference to it, saying that truth was not so painful to hear as might be supposed. And with how much enjoyment would she repeat, that at one of these *Expositions,* to which she had sent an anonymous painting, much valued by her—when she passed before the despised work, and stopped, complacently, to look at it—a flatterer, who accompanied her, said, "Ah, princess! you, who understand such matters, how can you stop before such baboons?"

It was by degrees, then, without any other protection than her talent, any other recommendation than her genius, that she reached that popularity, which is the sweetest of all rewards; she acquired renown as it ought to be acquired, by her works, and without any extraneous recommendation. By her advanced mind, by her some-what German taste, by the poetical instincts which so characterized her life, the Princess Marie was a disciple of that young school, which formed part of the school of David. She had early learned, that the pitiful imitation which attaches itself to costume and armour was a miserable thing, quite unworthy of any real talent; she understood all the compass of those great names, Michael Angelo and Dante; for, in her imagination, she never separated the poet from the artist, thought from form, or the inspirator from the inspiration. She was devoted to all that was young and new; she preferred inspi-

ration, and even wandering inspiration, to anything formal;—every new attempt was sure to please her; she was the first to examine it, and by no means the last to praise it. Thus she saluted, with transport, young poets and young artists, and there was some merit in this, for she was the daughter of a king, who had also his literary system, and who, when he had time, occupied himself with art and poetry; and, more than once, I fancy there must have been, between the father and his beloved daughter, a long dispute; the former defending his idea like a man who was acquainted with revolutions, and who felt that revolutions depend upon each other, the latter proclaiming progress to be the most invincible necessity of mind, and dreading nothing in the arts but the *statu quo;* the one satisfied with art as it was, the other thinking only of what was to come.

Thus this beautiful, noble mind, now immortalized, had made herself an animated, energetic, and benevolent mediator between the throne and the young poetical school; she taught her father the names of the new-comers into the arena; she accustomed his rebellious ear to new verses, new prose, the modern drama; she showed—with the proofs in her hand—that the France which has produced Lamartine and Eugène Delacroix, M. de Lamennais (yes, M. de Lamennais himself), and Madame George Sand (for she even spoke to the king of Madame Sand), was not without honour, as respects literature and the arts. And you imagined that the father, proud of his daughter and his kingdom, would easily suffer himself to be convinced by the former in favour of the latter. Nevertheless, who but the Princess Marie would have dared thus to sustain the poetry, the literature, and the fine arts of this century, compared with the French eighteenth century, so dear, on so many accounts, to the men of 1789? Of this valuable encouragement, given from so great a height to the contemporary school, by the Princess Marie, I shall give but one instance, which is, however, exceedingly honourable and touching. You are doubtless acquainted with the books of Edgar Quinet, that German who, without exactly knowing how, writes some of the most beautiful language of the time. This man is a young enthusiastic dreamer, full of passion without aim, and ill-regulated enthusiasm; he walks alone in the narrow path he has marked out for himself, between Herder and Klopstock; at certain periods of his life he appears with a poem in his hand; then he retires, to return after a long interval. One day he happened to be at the château des Tuileries; he had come to visit one of the queen's maids of honour, and was, on this occasion, more than usually melancholy. He had just produced a philosophical epopee, that strange poem of Prometheus, enlarged and developed in such a way as to form the history of humanity; for, in these days, humanity does not need histories, from Prometheus to the fall of an angel. Suddenly, as Edgar Quinet was telling the maid of honour his agonies and his martyrdom—saying, that he also had a vulture at his heart, the poetical vulture, more furious and more inexorable than the other—a young person entered, so simple, so fair, so candid, so naturally elegant, that our poet ought immediately to have recognized her. But we must pardon M. Edgar Quinet; he was so absorbed in his grief, that he could see nothing. However, the new-comer took pity on his sufferings, and began to

talk to the poet of his new book, with much elegance and feeling, and told him—what is always said of poems which do not succeed, but which she, nevertheless, believed—that it was an excellent work, perhaps the best the author had ever written; and she even knew, by heart, several of the rustic verses, extemporized, as bards extemporized before the mead.

Imagine the delight of our poet at hearing her thus speak! She seemed like an apparition in white from the other side of the Rhine. Seeing that her conversation pleased him, she suffered the healing balm to fall, drop by drop, upon the wounded heart. By degrees she proceeded; and she was quite right, from the poem in verse to the poem in prose; she passed from Prometheus to the touching legend of Ahasuerus, that masterpiece of poetical legends. "Stay," said she to Quinet, "follow me, and you will see whether I love this poem." Immediately the two ladies arose, and the poet followed them, with the same melancholy respect, as though he had been following the white lady of Avenel; and thus they entered the Gothic atelier, filled with incomplete drawings and unfinished sketches. The Bible, Homer, and Dante were her only companions in this cell. And imagine the joy of the poet, when four admirable bas-reliefs, taken from his poem, were pointed out to him! Yes, his heroes themselves, in the very attitude, and exhibiting the very passions which his poetry had given them! Here, then, is the giant giving himself up to revelling at the instant of his return, while, at the gate of his tower, knocks old Ocean most imperatively—the king offers to his importunate guest his purple mantle, but Ocean prefers his mantle of froth. Farther on, Christ comes into the world, and the wise men, led by the star, go to the stable at Bethlehem—while on their route the redbreasts sing their morning song. Then appears the wandering Jew—he who has neither seat to sit down upon, nor fountain to quench his thirst; as he passes, Babylon and Thebes take a stone from their ruins to throw at him. Following him come Attila and the barbarians, those other wanderers, who chasten Rome and revenge the world. On the shores of the Rhine the watcher sings, under the tower of King Dagobert. In a little cabin old Mab torments young Rachael; Rachael personifies vengeance, Mab hesitation. And thus his history is unfolded, through the labours and the lamentations of men; and thus you arrive at Christian Rome, when the eternal city is finished and filled with living souls. Then only does Christ pardon Ahasuerus, and grant him that repose of an eternity which he so much needs.

To describe to you all the delight of the poet, when he saw his ideas thus understood, thus re-produced—to tell you all his emotion, when he saw, one after the other, his dreams pass thus before him, in their natural and mystic attitudes, would be quite impossible. And, then, what happiness! to trace his own poems, to touch, with the finger and the look, the wandering works of his imagination; to see them thus clothed in the mantle spun for them with the gold and silken thread of imagination! To say to himself, "*There they are walking!*" and to see them, in fact, acting and thinking, was delightful! such was the admiration of the poet. But what were his feelings when the young artist said to him, with her sweet vibrating voice, *This is your work,*

[illegible] elegance and [illegible] is [illegible] he had expressed, but which the [illegible] the best the author had [illegible] of the [illegible] accompanied, [illegible]

[illegible] the wounded heart. [illegible] from the grave is rose to [illegible] legend of Ahasuerus, [illegible] "follow me, and you will [illegible] the two Indian [illegible] and the poet [illegible] as though he had been following [illegible] the Gothic atelier, filled with incomplete drawings [illegible] Homer, and Dante were her only companions in this cell. [illegible] the joy of the poet, when four admirable bas-reliefs, [illegible] Yes, his heroes themselves, in [illegible] which his poetry had given them! [illegible] swelling at the [illegible] most imperatively [illegible] Ocean prefers [illegible] the wise men, led by the star [illegible] redbreasts sing [illegible] has neither sent to [illegible] Babylon and Thebes [illegible] Attila and the barbarians [illegible] through the world. On the shores of the Rhine the [illegible] King Dagobert. In a little [illegible] old Mab torments young [illegible] vengeance, Mab hesitation. And thus his history is unfolded, through the [illegible] and the lamentations of [illegible] and thus you arrive at Christian Rome, when the eternal city is finished and filled with living souls. Then only does Christ pardon Ahasuerus, and grant him that repose of an eternity which he so much needs.

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Eugene Lami

Charles Heath

A Parisian Family

Intérieur de Famille.

Ein pariser Familien-Zirkel.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON.— H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

take it with you? and when he could read, at the bottom of these exquisite bas-reliefs, the royal name, *Marie d'Orléans?*

In point of royal rewards, I do not think there is a greater than this to be found in the history of the arts. We have heard of a great prince, who held the ladder for Albert Durer—of a powerful monarch, who picked up the pencils of Titian—we know that the sister of a king of France kissed the lips of Alain Charlier, while he slept; but this great surprise given to a poet, the re-production of his poem—this unhoped-for and consolatory gift, the infinite grace of the young girl, the princess, the great artist—this is certainly a thing which cannot be too much admired.

If you remember at what age the princess Marie died—if you recollect that she shared all the agonies and all the anxieties of this new throne, so cruelly tried, you will be confounded with the number and variety of her labours. After having drawn for some time, under the direction of a skilful master, whom she had herself chosen, she began to paint. To her the French are indebted for several of the beautiful church-windows executed at Sèvres; and, amongst others, the windows of the chapel at Fontainebleau, which you would suppose to have been stolen from some Italian dome, in the sixteenth century. But her greatest love was for sculpture—she had divined all its secrets, she modelled with unequalled firmness; under her fingers the obedient clay took every form. She understood thoroughly the science of details, and knew exactly how the queen and her page were dressed, how the knight and the squire were armed. In compliance with her will, the clay thus modelled became armour or velvet, sword or lace. Her first attempt in this style was the statue of Joan of Arc on horseback. The horse is a very fine Norman one, calmly and vigorously placed; the young warrior, armed cap-a-pie, holds in her hand the terrible sword, which she had just used for the first time. There is here an exquisite idea, which would not have occurred to any sculptor of our time—it could only enter a young mind filled with the softest feelings. When Joan of Arc, leaning from her saddle, has cut off the head of the first Englishman who presents himself, suddenly the warrior disappears—the young shepherdess is seen under her cuirass; the terrible sword nearly falls from the trembling hand; astonishment, mingled with alarm, is seen on her lovely countenance. It is not she who has killed the man, it is her sword. I know nothing more animated or more ingenious than this little group, which is concealed in one of the minor apartments of the château des Tuileries.

She adopted Joan of Arc, then, as her hero. When she played, as a young child, upon the green turf of that château d'Eu which has received her mortal remains, she might have seen, among the portraits of her family, Joan of Arc herself, shut up for a moment in the château d'Eu, when the English took her to the city of Rouen, where they burnt her. She early learned this fatal and glorious history, and acquired a strong love for the young heroine, whose misfortunes equalled her courage. Thus, when the king, her father, undertook to raise from its ruins the palace of Versailles, which had been the tomb of a monarchy, after having been its most illustrious theatre, the princess Marie wished to assist. In these galleries, consecrated to French virtue, she has

chosen her place and her heroine. This statue of Joan of Arc has already made the tour of the world.

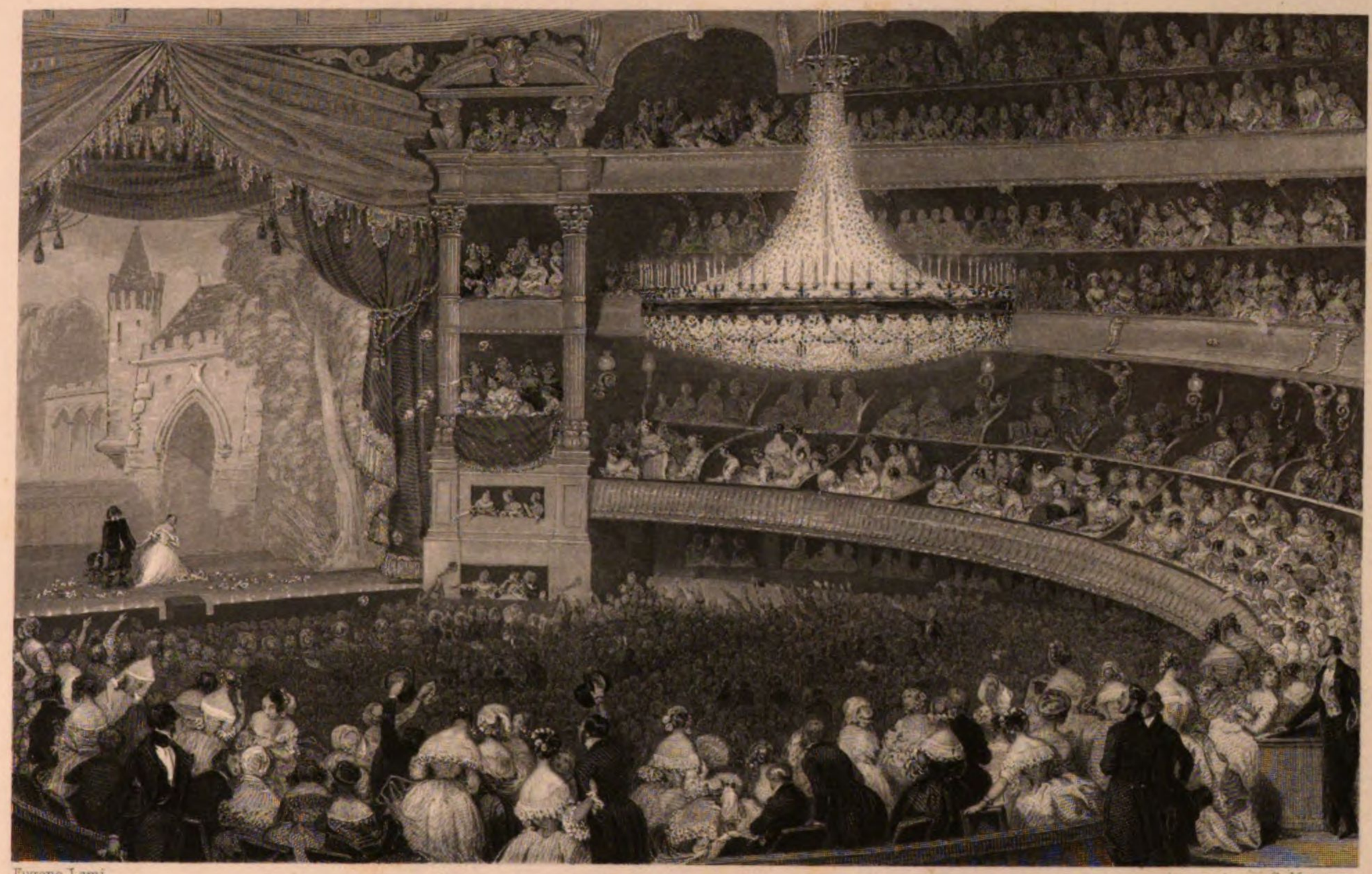
The maid is standing in an easy, natural posture; she is simply dressed, and under her warrior's garb you may even detect that of the shepherdess; her beautifully pensive oval head is bent under her long hair; her two hands are exquisite—so delicate, and yet strong—there seem to be iron muscles in these small, slim fingers! She holds her sword so boldly and so positively! But its point is turned towards the ground! The heroine is evidently recollecting herself—she is expecting the enemy—she is waiting for the oriflamme to be unfurled. It is impossible to describe the powerful effect of this simple marble in the midst of so many furious and declamatory ones!

But she is dead! Far from her beloved country—far from her father, her mother, her brothers, and her sisters! Pisa will long remember the great artist who died within her walls; the old dome will recall that pale and beautiful creature, kneeling on the cold marble; the leaning tower will weep over her; the Campo Santo, motionless, will be moved with pity; all the centuries interred there will be melted at this sad loss. And, doubtless, if France had not claimed the illustrious body, the Countess Beatrice would have risen from the borrowed urn, which she had occupied for three centuries, to make room for the grand-daughter of Andrew of Pisa, of Michael Angelo, and of Orcagna.

Had not pitiless Death spoiled all, she would have bequeathed to France a statue of Bayard. You cannot say, that she did not know how to choose her heroes!

But she is dead! She has fallen in all the strength—not of her age, for she had hardly begun life, but in all the strength of her talents. It seemed as though all her happiness was in France, and that every other sky, even that of Italy, was fatal to her. She had scarcely followed her young husband into Germany—that Germany so charmed and delighted to hear its language so well spoken, to see its poets so well understood—before she was driven from her house by fire; and in this fire, what was it she lamented? She wept her lost albums, beautiful drawings brought from France, as a remembrance of her absent country; she wept her favourite books, which she knew by heart; she regretted the letters of her much-loved family. It was the first time in such a fire, that no mention was made of pearls or diamonds, or ornaments. And therefore the French artists were much more affected at the news than if a crown had been left among the rubbish; and, with an honourable eagerness, they set themselves to make a new album for the noble fellow-student who understood them so well.

As she felt ill, and suffered more than she ever owned, she returned to Paris, where some happy days yet awaited her. She again saw all those whom she loved; again she felt around her that active motion of mind so necessary to her; once more she assisted at the daily production of those ideas, which raise, enlighten, agitate, and disturb Europe; again she found her favourite artists, and I leave you to guess with what a charming smile she recognized them all. Once more she took the road to her atelier, and saw, not without tears, the works she had commenced; how many times did her anxious mother take from her hands the sculptor's chisel! for, without any pity for



Eugene Lami. C. Mottram.

Italian Opera House, Paris.

Le Théâtre Italien. *Italiänisches Opernhaus Paris.*

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON.—H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

herself, the young princess still moulded the damp clay with her poor emaciated hands. She wished also to visit the château de Fontainebleau, which she loved, and in which she sought less the kings who had inhabited it, than the artists who had left their names in and upon the walls: once more she would ride, on horseback, through this beautiful forest; and when on horseback, you know how unwilling she was ever to dismount. Poor woman! who that saw her still so happy, taking such an amiable interest in those who were dear to her, would have supposed that she was about to die?

But I forget that I did not come to Paris, to penetrate into the mysteries of politics. Others will tell you what is passing in the palaces of kings; my object is to instruct you in the manners, the elegancies, the comely joys of the great Parisian city. Nor must I forget the good and faithful companions of my journey, the painter who draws, and the engraver who re-produces the work of the artist; let us try then, all three of us, to dive into some of the mysteries of this immense capital of taste, art, form, mind, and good sense. There is one place in Paris, into which, when evening comes, the crowd pours itself—I mean the beautiful and well-dressed crowd, the world of the happy and the rich, the idle world, which does not know how to kill life, and whom the evening surprises like an unforeseen accident. This rendezvous of the Parisian fashionables, this resort of every evening, is the Opera, the Italian theatre. Let us go there immediately. It is a great monument, to which nothing is wanting but a front; it is a theatre lost among three or four passages, which surround it with all kinds of merchandise, of great display, and little worth. The Opera-house is immense—gold and light, those two indispensable foundations of all public fêtes, dazzle and sparkle on every side. Hardly have they arrived in this rich enclosure before the first care of the spectatresses is, to take the position which will best display their beauty. Each one exhibits what she has—her arm, her hand, her white shoulder; and while the women show themselves, and the men look at them, suddenly rises from the midst of a formidable orchestra, one of those pieces of music, which I need not describe to you; for, once adopted in France, they make the tour of all Europe, as if it were only a new fashion or a new dress. Indeed, you know the names of these musical works, some of which are masterpieces: *Robert le Diable*, an opera which has silenced Rossini, and subdued even to the necessity of writing nothing but romances for churches; *La Juive*, *Guillaume Tell*, the opera which caused so much grief to its author, and which killed Nourrit, the greatest singer France could boast; and occasionally, from time to time, but rarely—for anything that admits of some [illegible] you see re-appearing on all the possible regions of the [illegible] of Mozart, or the *Freischütz* of Weber. This [illegible] to five or six pieces of the [illegible] wonders of art is [illegible] united, and all these [illegible] object in coming here is not to [illegible] airy a voice; as with the [illegible] strength and his [illegible] who pass and

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re-pass, without ever stopping—stars of a day, throwing their brilliant phosphorus from these musical heights, that they may acquire the right, for some future time, of illuminating the province. You may love singing, and the musical drama, and magical conjurations, and the movements of triumphant armies, as much as you will; for it is the custom, in the modern opera, to show some kind of movement, a whole army passing in review; but, for the stranger who spends but a few days in Paris, there is an object of interest a hundred times greater than chanted dramas; there are other heroes besides the singers and the songstresses; the great interest is the dance, it is those who compose the ballet, not the *danseurs*, who are hardly looked at, who jump in the most awkward way, and throw themselves about most sadly in their corners; but the *danseuses*, the airy, flying group, that nameless thing, which plays so conspicuous a part in the romances of every country. To see, from a distance, the flying squadron in gauze dresses, and as naked as they can be, you ask yourself, if this is really a public institution, and if these naked arms and legs, these unveiled bosoms and shoulders, are not an optical delusion? Then you are seized with an abominable wish to have a nearer view of the gauze, the silk, the satin shoes, the artificial flowers, the long hair, the endless smiles: but this is not so easy; it is not every one who can enter the dreaded sanctuary. The entrance is defended—not by a rose, as might be imagined, but by a horrible thorn, under the appearance of a vulgar porter. Those only are welcome to knock at this door who belong either to diplomacy, the press, or finance, the three great powers of this century; to be admitted, it is necessary to be the bearer (what almost rural innocence!) of an ivory counter covered with allegorical emblems—crooks, shepherds, bagpipes, sheep. Florian could not have done better. You ascend a dirty staircase, you pass through a greasy door, and find yourself tête-à-tête with an old bald *figurant;* or, worse still, with a fantastically-harnessed horse. After so much labour you think you have attained your object, and you promise yourself to hold your heart with both hands—useless trouble! you have many other dangers yet to encounter. First, you must cross the theatre; and this is a most perilous journey, for abysses yawn at your feet, and over your head are suspended, ready to fall, seas, whole cities, edifices of marble and gold; you must go quickly, and yet softly; the machinist is there, scolding his people, and cursing you from the bottom of his heart. At last, here you are, in the green-room of the Opera: you have only to descend five or six steps—enter then. This green-room, which still bears the rich remains of former painting and gilding, was once the saloon of the Duke de Choiseul; it has seen more serious magnificence, before becoming the asylum of these chorographical splendours. On entering, your first care must be to uncover yourself, and to keep your hat in your hand; for, by an ingenious fiction, once in the green-room, you are in the house of the king—not the constitutional king of the French, but, better still, in that of his Majesty Louis XV., a king who, of all his dynasty, has preserved nothing but the etiquette with which he pensioned the green-room; thus, any ill-bred Frenchman has a right, not to salute his Majesty Louis Philippe as he passes, and to refuse the queen a bow, but no one may keep on his hat before these Opera-ladies, who, however, will take care not to

The Green Room of the Opera

Eugene Lami. R. Staines.

The Green-Room of the Opera.

Foyer des Acteurs à l'Opéra. *Garderobe-Zimmer des Opernhauses.*

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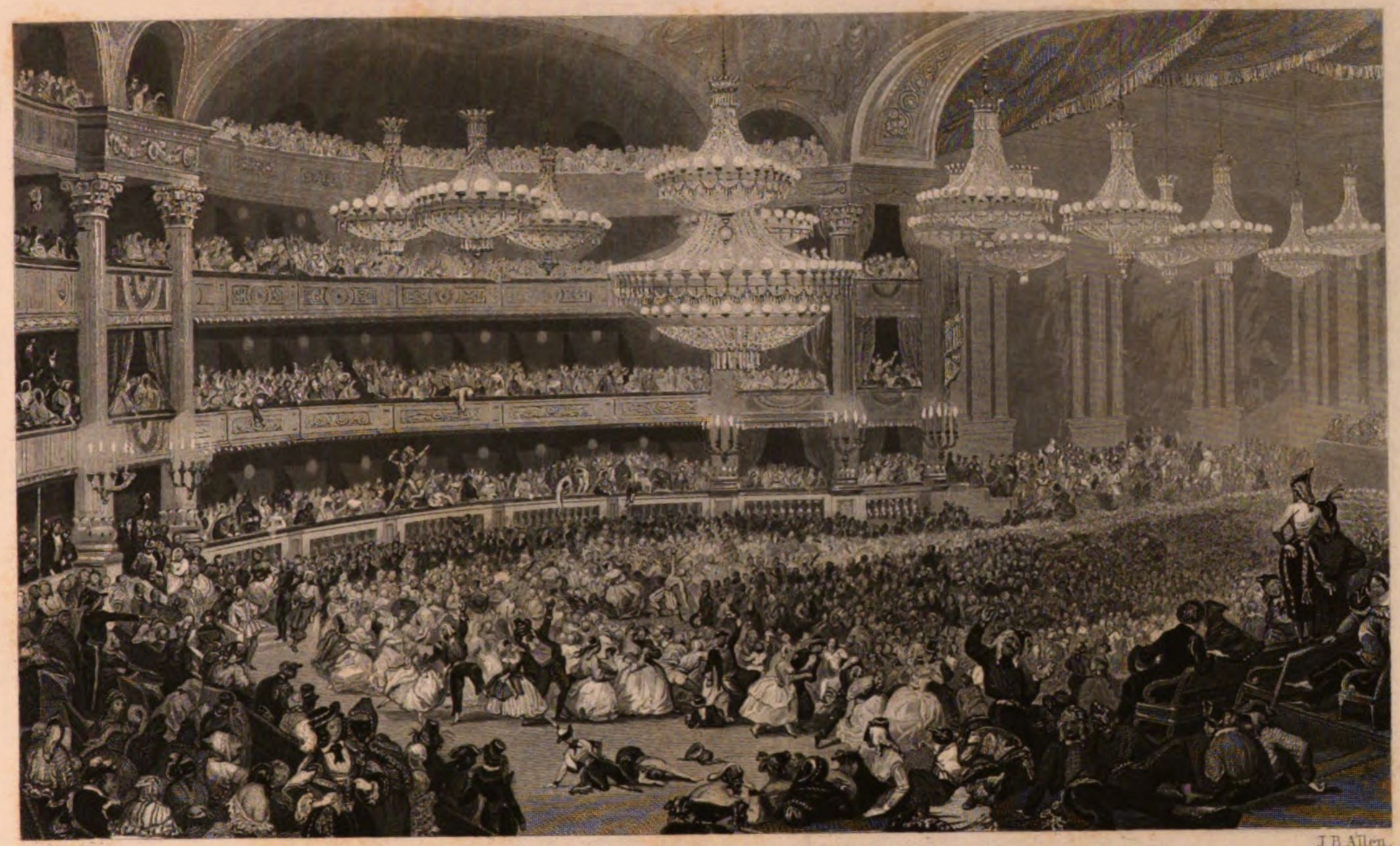
acknowledge your civility. They will scarcely bestow a side-glance upon the stranger who presents himself in the comic kingdom; you, however, who are wise, when you see these ladies so occupied with their *jetés battus*, will forget your intended conquests; and, indeed, you are quite right, for all of them—the ugliest and the most beautiful, she for whom the public waits to throw at her feet its delight and its homage, and she whose name it will never know—are fully engaged, without asking you who you are. At this moment they belong to the public—he is their only master; they think of no one but him; they would give all their love, past, present, and to come, for a round of applause, or, even less than that, for a favourable murmur; so that if, in the green-room, you fancy yourself in the presence of simple anacreontic divinities, you are in great error —you are in the presence of women who sing, or who dance. However, your choice is soon made, you return to what you were a short time since, an attentive spectator, but a spectator in the first boxes; and now your amusement is, to recognize them one after another; the elegant Fanny Elssler, in her Spanish costume, half silk, half lace, without speaking of the brown skin which is seen through this light dress; Pauline Leroux, calm and pensive; Carlotta Grisi, light and active; the two Noblets; the beautiful Dumilâtre; with the subalterns, who are not the least pretty; and, around these stars, the wandering satellites: this one obtains a smile, that one a look, another is acknowledged, aloud, as a conqueror;—but, silence! The dance is called for, the public waits, and is impatient; at this signal, these birds with brilliant plumage fly off, uttering a little cry of joy—they fly light as air; and in this saloon, recently so full, nothing remains, unless it is a flower fallen from the figure—a ringlet unfastened from the long hair—a pinion which was broken off—all sorts of appointments, jokes, love-pledges, and nothings; but they, the sylphids, what are they now doing? They accompany the sylphs into the air, they repose in the old palace of the sleeping Beauty in the wood, they swim into the azure grottos of the Daughter of the Danube; they have introduced revolt into the seraglio of the Grand Seignior, disordered revelling into the ruined monastery of Robert le Diable; wherever they go they carry, with a bird's flight, every passion and every love. Oh, these Frenchmen, and these Frenchwomen, how they can make much out of little! a great singer out of a cooper, a *danseuse* out of a piece of gauze, a lyric poet out of M. Scribe, and a *danseur* out of the first comer.

The Opera is not only the temple consecrated to music and dancing, a profane and noisy temple, to which repairs every soft Parisian passion; it is, besides, on certain days, marked out by human folly, the most frightful pandemonium which has ever appeared in the dreams of foolish youth; certainly, Paris is, above all others, the city of thought and labour—she is the head of France—she is the heart of Europe. In this supreme city are manufactured, in one day, more revolutions and more ideas than in all the rest of the world in a month. Every morning this terrible city is in need of an immense number of facts and ideas to live upon; the most distinguished writers are occupied, night and day, in discussing politics and literature, in shaking monarchies, in ruining poets, in manufacturing systems of philosophy, in founding new, or ruining or defending old systems of religion. The expenditure of wit, rapture, imagination, and style,

each morning, in order seriously to amuse this great city, is incredible. All the kingdoms and all the kings of Europe, all the soldiers, all the legislators, all the poets, are called upon to play their part in this human comedy called the *Newspaper;* and, in order that the show may be interesting, and somewhat amuse the Parisian—that satiated and weary spectator—this comedy is seasoned, as much as possible, with calumines, hatreds, and injuries. Parties attack each other, fight, and slander desperately; every reputation is torn in pieces, every glory is annihilated; it is like the cry which resounded through the city of Jerusalem: *Woe to you! woe to you! and, finally, woe to myself!* Such is, each morning, the Parisian's first pleasure. At the bottom of these said newspapers have been placed, for some time, all kinds of romances and histories, filled with the most tender and most touching turns of love. It is a strange, incredible medley; a black line suffices to separate, in the same sheet, political anger and languishing love, the Chamber of Deputies and the boudoir of the coquette; here they declaim against the oppressors of the people, a little lower down they tell you of the doings of fine gentlemen and beautiful ladies. In the columns above they defend the throne and the altar, in the columns below they teach you the paths of vice. There is a supply for every taste and for every age, without reckoning great crimes, full of mysteries and paradoxes, when they happen; and such occasions always afford much pleasure to this immense city. Witness that pretty poetical poisoner, who has, alone, done more to amuse it than all its poets and artists united. After this first relaxation Paris amuses itself with a solemn and awful game—the game of coquetry and money. The women are occupied in making themselves beautiful, the men in making themselves rich; the former go to their milliners, the latter to the Bourse: the two desperate and delightful games of fortune and beauty.

On the part of the players the joy is great. To turn over the marvellous finery, the laces, the ribands, the rich velvets; or, to know that, with one word, all the money in the kingdom will lessen or increase; to return home, laden with flowers, hopes, fresh tissues, with a new bonnet, or an Eastern shawl; or, to return, after having gained a million, and to know that that million is there, following you, trembling, obeying like a slave, ready to serve the slightest caprices of its master—this is, certainly, enjoyment. Well, the men and women of Paris amuse themselves all in the same way, each in his sphere; to be beautiful and well-dressed, this is the delight of the women; to be rich, and consequently honoured, is that of the men. The Parisians are busy beings; they raise themselves, they push themselves forward, they take care of themselves, as a French poet says. To see them from noon till five o'clock, in the Chamber, at the bar, on their seats at the tribunal, in their studies, in their countinghouses, you would never believe that they are the same men you saw yesterday evening, so calm and so happy amidst trifling conversation; thus, life is twofold with this people; pleasure and toil, coquetry and ambition, the improvidence which throws away its money and its time at random, and the foresight which provides for bad days: thus, if you were to be told to what delirium, to what revelling the great Parisian city abandons itself, from time to time, you would hardly believe it; for, usually, revelling is reserved for people who have but



Eugene Lami. J.B.Allen.

The Grand Bal Masqué at the Opera

Bal Masqué à l'Opéra *Maskenball im Opernhaus*

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON.—H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

little amusement; but let the privileged strangers [illegible]
fêtes are passed—till the month of May has [illegible]
villa has lost its sweet repose, the returning [illegible]
of the world have returned from their journey to [illegible]
of Switzerland; let the month of December and its [illegible]
see, everywhere, dissipation, balls, festivals, and joy; [illegible]
busy city; you will have only the *ennuyeux* city before [illegible]
believed, but I know it, I who speak to you, have seen it.

It was *Lundi gras*, the last but one of those days of folly; the [illegible]
sky was blue and brilliant, the stars shone in the heavens, and I saw [illegible]
disappear from the magic circle, like a fairy who has spelled her [illegible]
almost midnight; the whole city slept, or rather pretended to sleep; [illegible]
waiting for twelve o'clock, the hour for spectres. [illegible]
calls up so many wandering souls, in the old cradle of [illegible]
of folly in the Parisian city; and now it awakes, [illegible]
suddenly the darkness is illuminated; sleep is replaced by [illegible]
motionless houses escape, with bursts of laughter, [illegible]
beings, covered with tinsels and false [illegible]
harlequin's and clown's dresses? where are they going, [illegible] dressed like a shepherdess, that one covered with rags? [illegible]
Opera, to the great general festival. The [illegible]
patient are they, that they cannot wait to reach the [illegible]
through the galleries of the Opera, and watch those [illegible]
calm and sedate they are! how quietly they walk, [illegible]
they were honest people going to their business? But, by degrees [illegible]
—from top to bottom it is one blaze of light, as though you were [illegible]
this hour all is still and calm; the ladies are gravely seated at their [illegible]
at, and try to recognize each other—what silence! When [illegible]
like thunder; it is a thunderbolt, a tempest, an overwhelming uproar; [illegible]
hearts begin to beat, with [illegible] delirium; fury, enthusiasm, [illegible]
every mind; these [illegible] beings, just now so calm, begin to [illegible]
another, and to shove themselves into the giddy pell-mell of the [illegible]
dance; they cling to each other, they press one against the [illegible]
they bound through the intoxicated crowd that shares all their [illegible]
the saloon the folly is the same; those who cannot dance, [illegible]
strength, look with all their eyes, and with all their souls [illegible]
Ah! who could count all the different persons in this [illegible]
all its positions, all its contrasts, all its shrieks! [illegible]
imagination, if it were not up at once all that a [illegible]
and most hideous, could form an idea of the [illegible]
the pollutions, the dresses [illegible] and the frightful [illegible]
which the bagnio would not accept. [illegible] every costume is

little amusement; but let the privileged evenings of winter arrive—wait till the Easter fêtes are passed—till the month of May has cast its white flowers—till the Parisian villa has lost its sweet repose, its refreshing shades, its clear waters; wait till the happy of the world have returned from their journey to Italy, through the picturesque scenery of Switzerland; let the month of December and its saturnalia arrive, then you will see, everywhere, dissipation, balls, delirium, and joy; you will no longer recognize the *busy* city; you will have only the *enamoured* city before your eyes; it is hardly to be believed, but I know it, I, who speak to you, have seen it.

It was *Lundi gras*, the last but one of these days of folly; the cold was intense, the sky was blue and brilliant, the stars danced in the heaven, and I saw more than one disappear from the magic circle, like a *danseuse* who has sprained her ankle; it was almost midnight; the whole city slept, or rather pretended to sleep, it was silently waiting for twelve o'clock, the hour for spectres. Midnight—the awful moment which calls up so many wandering souls, in the old castles of Germany—is the delirious hour of folly in the Parisian city; and now it strikes, there is the signal; oh, happiness! suddenly the darkness is illuminated; silence is replaced by noise—from all these motionless houses escape, with bursts of laughter, not men, not women, but nameless beings, covered with tinsels and false countenances: where are they going, in their harlequin's and clown's dresses? where are they going, this one dressed like a shepherdess, that one covered with rags? Follow them; all of them are hastening to the Opera, to the great general festival. The festival commences in the very street; so impatient are they, that they cannot wait to reach the dancing pandemonium. Walk slowly through the galleries of the Opera, and watch these masks, passing one by one; how calm and sedate they are! how quietly they walk, arm in arm! would you not say, they were honest people going to their business? But, by degrees, the saloon is filled —from top to bottom it is one blaze of light, as though you were in the open day. At this hour all is still and calm; the ladies are gravely seated at their posts, the men look at, and try to recognize each other—what silence! When suddenly you hear a noise like thunder; it is a thunderbolt, a tempest, an overwhelming uproar; at once all these hearts begin to beat, with unanimous delirium; fury, enthusiasm, takes possession of every mind; these men, these beings, just now so calm, begin to caper, one carrying another, and to throw themselves into the giddy pell-mell of the unrestrained and formless dance; they cling to each other, they press one against the other; with one consent they bound through the intoxicated crowd that shares all their friskings. Throughout the saloon the folly is the same; those who cannot dance, who want both space and strength, look with all their eyes, and with all their souls, at this indecent skipping. Ah! who could count all the different persons in this obstinate dance? who could tell all its positions, all its costumes, all its shriekings, all its appearances? The human imagination, if it summoned up at once all that it possesses, most fantastic, most elegant, and most hideous, could form no idea of the embroideries, the rags, the golden mantles, the pollutions, the dresses borrowed from the greatest men, and the frightful cassocks which the bagnio would not accept. Every epoch, every place, every costume is

employed on these days of carnival; the twelve peers of Charlemagne and the courtezans of Louis XV., the market ladies, and the red heels of the Œil-de-Bœuf, elbow and push each other, without form or ceremony, in this excited mass: and if you could take off the masks from these men and women, how amazed would you be, at the distances which separate them! here, girls of twenty years old, who would die of fright if they could be recognized; there, old women, outcasts from society, who are as happy to assume the mask, as though they could, with it, assume their former beauty.

The magistrate, under a harlequin's dress, struggles with one who has been more than once in confinement, but now wears a magistrate's robe; the peer of France dances opposite the liberated galley-slave. Oh! how ashamed these men would be, if they knew who their partners had been; what polluted hands had been held out to them. Above all, in the midst of these groups, in the thickest of this festival, which has not its fellow in the world, you see move, from time to time, two frightful rascals, whom French gaiety has adopted as its most accurate type, two bandits, covered with blood, two thieves, Robert Macquire and his companion Bertrand; without these two there is no good fête in Paris; their hideous tatters, their abominable puns, are as necessary, at a masked ball, as the music and the wax candles; they are welcome everywhere—they are loved, received, admired, waited upon. They have replaced the Sganarelle, the Gros Jean, and the Gros René of Molière; Robert Macquire and Bertrand have marvellously assisted in the secondary and terrible justice of French wit; but, after all, the laugh of these two bandits is a laugh without gaiety; their pitiless sarcasms breathe the fetid air of the bagnio;—I can imagine, taking everthing into consideration, that Paris, satiated with all the emotions of art, good taste, and good sense, can sometimes be amused with these frightful paradoxes in flesh and blood; but you must grant, that to the stranger who has long studied, with love, and passion, and respect, all the greatest beauties of so beautiful a language—that to him who arrives in Paris, knowing, by heart, the Gil Blas of Lesage, and the Comedies of Molière, the delightful drolleries of Hamilton, nay, even the fables of La Fontaine, to him it is, doubtless, a melancholy subject of astonishment, to see the whole French nation, so renowned for its atticism, amusing itself with the puns of escaped galley-slaves; then you perceive that you do not know one single word of this beautiful French language, so well spoken and so well written. It is no longer a language, it is an abominable patois, it is pedlar-French, worthy of the markets and public places; the French society, which you have come so far to seek, is thoroughly metamorphosed. I compare French society to a great masked ball; for it is impossible for a nation, any more than for an individual, to disguise itself so completely that it cannot be recognized, under its borrowed dress and countenance. Let us wander back, in thought then, if it please you, to the first masked ball at the Opera; it was under Louis XV., there was, at that time most distinctly, what are called the city and the court, that is to say, citizens and great lords, clowns and duchesses. Until then, Paris and Versailles had been completely separated; the masked ball was to unite them for an hour; it was an excellent opportunity for the marquises and the duchesses to learn how a financier and a lawyer

Eugene Lami. Chas Heath.

Dressed for the Opera Ball

Parée pour le Bal de l'Opéra. *Für den Opernball gekleidet.*

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON. H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

were made, and vice versâ. The idea seemed good and new; it was accepted with enthusiasm by both parties, for the curiosity of each was equal; and to such an excess was it carried, that the queen herself, yes, the queen of France, was willing to show herself in this crowd, where every one recognized her less by the haughtiness of her step than by the respect which surrounded her. Yes, but at that time the Opera ball was, at most, only a promenade, filled with chatting and whispering; each came to the fête in a grave, sedate costume; intrigue walked formally, and threw into her walk, if not much decency, at least, much good taste and reserve. In a word, you would have said, at that time, that Versailles had absorbed Paris, that the city had remained subject to the court; yes—but now go to the Opera—throw yourself into this pell-mell, any description of which is utterly powerless; see the great Chicard enter, followed by his demoniacal band; listen to the noise, the cries, the yells, the insults, the hoarse words of love, and tell us now if it is the court which absorbs the city, if it is Versailles which absorbs Paris. Where are you, ye elegant young lords, princes of the blood? where are you, regent of France, whom the Abbé Dubois masqueraded? and you, above all, the beautiful queen, the all-powerful majesty—you, the sainted Marie Antoinette of Austria—where are you?

CHAPTER X.

Religious Ceremonies — Roman Catholic Service — The Singers — Thoughts of Reform—Parisian Marriage—Pope Pius VII. in Paris—The Church of France—Its Pulpit—M. de Lamennais—His Zeal—His Reception at Rome—The Lounger—Paris the Lounger's City—The Lounger a Busy Man—His Resolution—The Way he Keeps it—His Saloon—His opinion of the Railroad—His Dinner—His Evening—Paris at Night.

After the Opera, which enters more or less into the life of every Parisian, what the fashionables of Paris prefer, above all things—though you will doubtless think it most unlikely—is a religious ceremony; but it must be a beautiful ceremony, full of pomp and dramatic effect; for instance, a burial, a marriage, or, better still, a sermon. There is, in Paris, more than one church which is quoted to you for the brilliancy of its lights, the perfume of its incense, the beautiful voices of its singers, and the number of its choristers. They tell you of the curate's laces, of the richness of his ornaments, and the embroidery of his surplice, just in the same way as they would speak of the shawls and dresses of some great coquette. What would you have? The church does not choose to be abandoned for the theatre; she therefore defends herself in the best way she can, and even with worldly arms. You wish for singing, music, beautiful ladies, fine dresses, good authors; here you will find them all. The church will become a theatre, the chapel a boudoir; they will build profane little temples, expressly for the use of the frivolous, affected women, in the neighbourhood of the Chaussée d'Antin.

Oh my American brothers, so pedantic and so stiff; oh my English cousins-german, you who pride yourselves upon the austerity with which you celebrate the holy sabbath, do me the kindness to enter one of these places of worship, where everything is arranged to please the eye. It is a high day: the bells have been ringing since morning. The porters have put on their fine liveries, the ushers have decked their proud necks with the silver chain, the whole church is loaded with hangings, and chandeliers filled with wax candles; the choristers are dressed in white, the Levites have assumed their most beautiful robes: by degrees arrive the most amiable devotees of the neighbourhood, who are but little accustomed to devotion. The street is filled with carriages and horses, the Church with the prettiest and handsomest Catholics; and wherever there are ladies, men, as a matter of course, make their appearance. For the Church, the costume is not the same as for the Opera; the dress is less striking, the figure less shown; you do not see the head uncovered, to be sure; but, then, what new bonnets, what velvets, what embroidery! They do not look full at each other, but only side-ways; they speak in a low voice, and hardly dare to bow to each other. They are the same people, but at this moment they are playing a different part. They are playing at the game of hearing mass, or chanting vespers. In what atmosphere are you? You yourself do not know. The thousand perfumes which fill the sacred spot have no resemblance to the incense which the priests are burning. The patchouli, the eau de Portugal, the sweet smells, exhale a thousand odours, which are of themselves sufficient to distract you from any idea of God. But, silence! they are about to sing—not to sing the psalms which contain so much Christian austerity—not to recite the lamentations of the awful prophets; they have wisely suppressed all these terrors; or, at least, if they still sing them, it is to new airs, little melodies, full of grace and brilliancy. That the illusion may be more complete, it is the Opera-singers, who become the Church-singers. The evening before, they were exclaiming, in their loudest voice, *I love you, I adore you! return my affection, my beloved!* In the morning they sing the *Dies iræ, dies illa!* or the *Super flumina Babylonis, illic flevimus!* &c. And, wonderful to relate! if they were entirely occupied with love while in their amorous ecstasy, they are now equally taken up with melancholy and mourning, in their chanted lamentations. At these delicate sounds, our young catechumens suddenly beat time by a charming little nod. If, unfortunately, one of the invisible singers happen to insert a note which is not in the scale, suddenly you see all the brows knitted; and, with a little more, the house of the Lord would resound with those sharp sounds of which artists have so much fear! . . . . This is what is called, by courtesy, a religious ceremony! Then, when divine service is finished, each leaves, looking meantime very curiously at his neighbour. Immediately the conversation becomes louder and more animated. People ask each other, if Mr. Such-a-one did not sing well? or if he did not sing better at the Opera the other day? If the curate is well? The curate passes, and is saluted with a smile which seems to say, The mass has been very fine! They tell me, that one of the curates in Paris had become celebrated for the magnificence of the ceremonies at his church, and the good grace with which he did the honours of it. Unfortunately,

Eugene Lami.

Charles Heath.

A French Marriage at St. Roch, Paris.

Eine Hochzeit zu St. Roch, Paris.

Mariage à St. Roch.

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this curate was made a bishop, and the church has again become grave, serious, and Christian, so that it is no more frequented than the other churches in Paris.

At the bottom of these frivolities, however, you will find not only religious ideas, but religious influence, such as it is. This man, who has lived a graceless life, wishes to die well, and he calls *dying well*, having at his death-bed a priest who will close his eyes, and say to his soul, "*Depart, Christian soul! Prifisciscere, anima Christiana.*" Another, who has led the wildest life, throwing to the winds his contrary passions—his soul, his mind, the past, the future, all that he is, all that he may be—suddenly, some fine morning, discovers that this is not life—that life is a serious thing, and that he must become honourable and devout; then he recalls, with transport, his father's house—the domestic roof—the white hairs of his grandfather—the smile of his mother—the happy darlings of his father, and his own joyous infantile cries, when he was but a spoiled child. Sweet and holy visions of domestic happiness and glory! At first he repulses these remembrances, as a man repulses the first approach of remorse. He says to himself—"It is impossible! I am too old, it is too late; the life which I have adopted is too agreeable for me to renounce it, a life of festivals, of enchantment, of love and passion, and delirium of every kind; it is too late!" But this said, the sweet domestic vision reappears, showing him, in the distance, a young and pretty wife, and lively, charming children. It is done, our man is half conquered; he does not yet acknowledge his defeat, but he does better than acknowledge it—he loves it—he is proud of it. For, in the midst of his reform, he has already discovered the beautiful young girl of whom he dreamed—the pure and innocent youth, which will shed upon his name the sweet eclat of her beauties and her virtues. Oh happiness! the task is much easier than you first imagined, young man. Society has not repulsed you for ever—on the contrary, she returns to you with joy, she holds out her hands to you at the same time that you extend yours to her; she rejoices over your victory, while you rejoice over your defeat. And now, the altar is decorated, the Church is filled with incense and harmony—the organ bursts forth in a triumphal hymn sounds—the wax-lights diffuse their uncertain clearness; a crowd of curious have run to gaze at this marriage, of which the whole city is full—at last, here is the young couple, here comes the bride! what grace in her modesty! what taste in her dress! how becoming to her her defects look! [illegible] the blessing of the priest! [illegible] stopped—every one kneels down, folds his hands and prays. Even the [illegible] who has learned in the school of the world to ridicule and [illegible] is moved, from the bottom of his soul; the fact is, that on the [illegible] the united prayer, the brilliancy of the altar, the voice of the priest, [illegible] the display, the young and the majority of the Catholic Church [illegible] their influence on the elections and the future [illegible] said religious laws, every night [illegible] country it has always been so. When at the height of its power and its glory, Napoleon Bonaparte [illegible] Pius VII. from Rome itself, and from the heights of the Vatican [illegible] received a unanimous enthusiasm

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The whole of France, the France of Voltaire and of Diderot, of Robespierre and St. Just, prostrated itself before the steps of the holy old man. The pontiff melted, even to tears, no longer recognized the awful kingdom of unbelief and storms. He asked himself if these were the same Frenchmen who had caused a woman of infamous character to ascend the high altar of the Church of Notre Dame de Paris—the same Frenchmen who had, by the hand of the executioner, put to death the grandson of St. Louis, the king of France; and not only the king of France, but his wife, and almost his whole family? Yes, it is the same France, revolutionary and Christian France; the France of Marat and M. de Chateaubriand; the same country which published the Rights of Man, and the *Génie du Christianisme.*

The farther he advanced into this strange kingdom, the more Pope Pius VII. recovered his courage and his moderation, so that his entrance into Paris was a real triumph. No conquering and all-powerful king, returning to his capital city, was ever received with more unanimous transport. In the long succession of Christians prostrate to receive the blessing of the holy father, there was only one young man ill-judged enough not to receive it respectfully. Then our holy father the pope, an austere and energetic Italian, who felt himself at least equal to Napoleon Buonaparte, advancing towards the imprudent being who had braved him—"Young man," said he, "learn that the blessing of an old man injures no one!" *Of an old man* was excellent. But I think the young one did well to disappear in the crowd; for, at that time, the master of France would not have submitted patiently to any failure of respect for his royal guest.

It is thus that in France the Church mingles with everything. In vain would a man of some courage evade this common obligation, he is obliged to submit to it. The less the Church is written in the laws of the country, the more is it indicated in its manners. *Bow thy head, proud Sicambrian!* said the bishop, when baptizing Clovis, King of France; *Bow thy head, proud Sicambrian!* is still said by the Church, to each one, as he enters or quits life. The Church has her share in all the joys and all the griefs of this singular people. Like the Opera, she has her fashions, her customs, her dresses, and her favourites; and in these later times, the Church of France has mingled more than ever in the excitements, the wants, and the exigences of every-day life. Beyond the Church, there is the Bible, there are the two Chambers, there are books, speeches, conversations, various interests, Voltairians, philosophers, the careless, the sceptics; there are those who say, with M. Dupin, *That law is atheistical,* a horrible maxim, which makes atheism the foundation of all society; but also, in the Church itself, you will find forces which can be opposed to all these united powers. What is it you say about the two Chambers and the newspapers? Where is the moral authority of the Chamber submitted to election? or where is the power of that other Chamber, into which no one enters except with white hair, without having even the hope of leaving to one's son the title of the peerage during life? What do you think of books which no one will read, and newspapers subject to general refutation? The Church has a much better defence than newspapers and books. For tribune, she has the

pulpit. From its height, the Church speaks not only of human interests, (vile and perishing things,) but she speaks to men of their conscience, of their liberty, of their holy belief, of the gospel! Thus, in the shadow of the pulpit, have arisen illustrious and bold young orators, already powerful by their speech, and by their thoughts austere and eloquent, to whom the crowd listens with admiration, with eagerness and attention. Who would have supposed, that in the midst of this Paris—so occupied with canals, railroads, the budget, colonial questions, and also with milliners, jewellers, old laces, women's bonnets, ribands, velvets, music, pictures, gilding, paintings, the fine arts;—ah! what do we say?—so occupied with Parisian calumny and slander, with actors and actresses, horses and carriages, intrigues and ambitions, danseurs and danseuses; who, I repeat, would have supposed that people so engaged, would yet find time to spend a great part of their leisure among religious things? Thus, the Church, forced in her last entrenchments, has raised, not throne against throne, not altar against altar, but tribune against tribune. The Church remembers that she has subdued the world by speech. You wish for eloquence at any price—at the price even of your good sense and your reputation; well, the Church will be eloquent in her turn—all that you have in point of orators, the Church will have in her turn; she will have her demoniac, full of passion and anger; she will have her old man, who remembers the past; her young man, who reaches forth to the future; the orator who must be excited, and the orator who must be restrained. It is thus that the Church of France has never wanted that generous courage ready to undertake everything, when the point is to resist the passions and the madness of the multitude.

Turn to the history of the fine arts, of poetry, of Christian eloquence in the French Church, and what a number of great names, what grace, what power, what strength, what brilliancy and dignity will you behold! At the name only of Bossuet, everything bows in France; Bossuet has replaced Voltaire in general admiration; the least religious have compared him to Mirabeau, whom Bossuet overtops, by the whole head, for oratorical power, and the faculty of swaying men's minds. At the simple name of Fenelon, every heart is touched, sympathy takes possession of every mind; he is the apostle, he is the poet of France. It is not quite twenty years since the Church of France heard, suddenly—you may imagine with what joy and pride—of a certain disciple of J. J. Rousseau's, who spoke, in father Bridaine's fashion, of the sin of carelessness in matters of religion. His voice was melodious, his words were abundant, his eloquence was luminous and full of good sense; never did the citizen of Geneva, from the top of that mountain, where he placed himself between Cato and the Savoyard-Vicar, give utterance to more eloquent language. Whence was this new-comer? He came from the country of M. de Chateaubriand; he was, like him, a Breton, but a fierce, inflexible Breton, bending to none; who struck at random, brutally, without disturbing himself as to the terror and alarm which he accumulated by his language. What was the name of this new apostle, about whom the Church was uneasy, from I know not what fatal presentiment, and as if she could foresee the trouble and affliction into which he was about to throw her? This new-comer was the Abbé de Lamennais.

He came into the world twenty centuries too late; he was made for a tribune of the time of Caius Gracchus; he had the gait, the dauntless arrogance, the fierce pride, the contemptuous self-denial, of a tribune; he walked amidst soft and enervated French society, armed with his iron *veto*, and when once he had launched his *veto*, woe be to him who was touched by it. M. de Lamennais played the part of excommunicator in the present century. It was he who, through the kingdom of France, cried *Raca* to all the vanities of the age; but, alas! vanity has, in its turn, been the ruin of him. He did not find that the world as it was, agreed with the ideas of his genius, and he wished thoroughly to overturn it. The authority, by which he had been so eloquent, soon became an insupportable weight. While he was proclaiming that obedience was assuredly the safeguard of the future, he found that this obedience was refused to himself; and of the Holy See, whose missionary he had made himself, he had become the dread and the scourge. Poor man! how I pity him; the part which he was destined to play in the Church, had been played before him—the part of Luther, of Calvin, of Zwingle, of Melancthon; or, at least, the imposing part of Savonarola, who perished on the funeral pile on which he had heaped the pearls, the jewels, the poetry, the rich dresses, the precious paintings, all the vanities of Florence; he died upon this pile, the flame of which he ought to have resisted, so lively and powerful was his faith. For twenty years the French Church placed all its hope upon the head of this bold writer, who could raise mountains; but, at last, when, by dint of audacity, this rebellious Chrysostom began to appeal to the people, when he had written that terrible gospel, in which insurrection is preached as the most sacred of duties, then it was necessary to find some worthy who could resist the torrent. The court of Rome was disturbed by this revolutionary, who lent it so strange and dangerous a subserviency; M. de Lamennais incurred the blame of the successor of St. Peter. Immediately the French priest undertook a pilgrimage to Rome. He would go and defend himself in person; he would explain what he understood by the propagation of the gospel. Vain explanations! Useless pleading! if he had spoken like Bossuet, they would not have listened to him. Rome is more alarmed than ever at revolutions, tempests, storms, the great tumults which traverse space. M. de Lamennais returned from his pilgrimage with even more bitterness and anger than he took with him. On his arrival in Paris, he recommenced the war against the rich, and the proprietors of the world; in Paris he found a prison, as in Rome he had found a prohibition. But against such courage, against such a well-tempered mind, of what use were the denunciations of the king's attorney, or the thunders of the Vatican?

The French writers of the modern school very often use a word, which is quite new, the word *type*. Whoever speaks of *type*, speaks of a complete character, a model-man, a curious thing. Paris is full of types, or rather of singular minds, of original characters, out of which a good book might easily be made. The passing stranger is not very ready in seizing these shadows, these differences, these eccentric singularities. It is necessary to walk the streets of this great city, for some time, to be able to trace, with a sure hand, one of these brilliant meteors; they appear and disappear, like the cloud

or the smoke; and to overtake them, and seize their fugitive forms, or say to them, Stop, and pass before me! is only to be done by a bird's flight. Take, for example, from all these types, the following: the *Flaneur*,—a word quite Parisian, to represent a passion which is quite Parisian. Not, certainly, but what the Englishman or the Russian, (for we would condemn no one,) might, with much time and trouble, make an admirable *flaneur*, (or lounger,) but no one really lounges, except in Paris. Paris is the principal city of loungers; it is laid out, built, arranged expressly for lounging. The broad quays, the monuments, the boulevards, the public places, the flowing water, the domes, the pointed spires, the noise, the movement, the dust, the carriages, which pass like lightning, the active, restless, foolish crowd, the schools, the temples, the great men, who elbow you at every corner of the street, the beautiful gardens, the water, the statues, the Emperor Napoleon, whom you meet everywhere, the soldiers, who march to the sound of all kinds of music; the Palais-Royal, the most immense shop in the world, where everything may be bought, from the diamond of the finest water, to the pearl at twenty-five centimes; the mob, the motion, the engravings, the old books, the caricatures, living histories of the absurdities of every day; and the permission to do everything, to see everything, with your hands in your pockets, and a cigar in your mouth, and the readiness with which you can immediately, and for very little money, procure all that you wish; the libraries open to every comer, and the museums, where centuries of the fine arts have heaped up all their splendours, and the academies, and the colleges, and the fêtes, and the ceremonies, without reckoning what we purposely forget. I hope this is a sufficiently extensive theatre for lounging! The Pont Neuf, yes, the Pont Neuf alone, would supply the lounging of a thorough lounger, for twenty years. The Pont Neuf in Paris! why, for the lounger, it is the Eldorado, the universe, it is the ever-changing and varied fête; the Pont Neuf! the Pont Neuf!

Remember that the lounger does not acknowledge that he is a lounger; on the contrary, he considers himself—happy man!—the busiest and most laborious person in the world. He a lounger! how can you imagine such a thing; he has a perfect horror of idleness; he is hardly risen in the morning, before he betakes himself to his favourite work: if an artist, he is at his painting; a poet, at his poem; a statesman, at his correspondence. You shall see how he will work to-day, for, it must be confessed, he is not quite satisfied with yesterday. Yesterday he went out, to look for a document which he wants, some advice of which he is in need, a little colour for his sky, blue or black; but now, he will do without it, he will not stir out all day, time is too precious; it is the thread of which the life of man is spun. Now, says he, for work! Our hero heaves a sigh, and, at last, his resolution is taken; the colour is on the pallet, the inspiration has come; or the white paper is waiting for the laborious writer; yes, but there is a provoking ray of the sun shedding its bright light below in the street;—or else, here is a tiresome cloud, throwing darkness into my room;—and then, it is cold, it is warm, my head is heavy..... If I were to profit by this moment, to go and see my friend Theodore, says the lounger to himself, Theodore lives not far from here, he is

always at home till six o'clock, he gives good advice, and he really loves me; I will go, it is only a moment's affair. On my word of honour, I shall be back in an hour. Madame Julien, says he, to the portress, I shall be back immediately; if any one calls upon me, tell him to wait; and take care of my fire, and get my dinner for me, for I mean to work all day and part of the night. So saying to Madame Julien, who laughs in her sleeve, he goes out into the street. He is no longer the same man. His head is raised, his chest dilates, his legs feel lighter, life re-ascends to his cheek, hope to his heart. He looks at everything with as much astonishment, as our first father Adam could have felt, when he awoke in the midst of the works of creation. At this moment he has forgotten everything; his wife, if he has a wife, (but more often the lounger is not married,) his creditors, his work, his ambition, his genius, everything, even himself. If he were ill, he would forget his malady while lounging. There he is; make room for him. While the crowd respectfully gives place to him, he sees it not; he mingles in it, without knowing it, without intending it, as wave mingles with wave. The crowd draws and pushes him wherever he wishes to go.

One day, while lounging, the lounger found himself seated on the throne of King Charles X., in the midst of the palace of the Tuileries. Under the fire of the Swiss, he was looking at the works of Jean Goujon; and the revolution, en passant, carried him into the throne-room. Another day, while lounging in the Rue St. Merry, he found himself placed before the first fire of a barricade, and he was much astonished, when, from one lounging to another, he found himself on the roof of the houses, amongst heroes and victims, so that he had been all but killed on one side, and had nearly received the croix d'honneur on the other. Better still, his ruling passion, lounging, led our hero one day—when he had been watching, with much surprise, how a gate was forced—into the court of assizes; but the king's attorney gave up the suit, when they told him—He is a lounger! The lounger is the most innocent, and the most artless person, in this great city. He spends his life, in looking without seeing, in listening without hearing, in walking without making any progress; he admires everything; he is like the man who cried, *Ah! oh!* and *Oh! ah!* On his road, he notices a number of little mysteries, quite unperceived by any one else. Why that pot of flowers on the fifth story? Why that white curtain half drawn? Why that little song so early? Why that sharp cry at midnight? He knows whence comes that billet-doux, and from which side the reply will be sent; he could tell you, but he is discreet. He observes, that on passing the door of a certain house, at three o'clock, you will see there a black cabriolet, drawn by a bay horse. Will you follow the lounger? you have courage, and yet it is an enterprise beyond you. The lounger is everywhere, and nowhere. He is in the garden of the Palais Royal, to regulate his watch by the cannon which fires off, discharged by the first ray of the mid-day sun. He is on the Quay Voltaire, occupied in contemplating the antiquities of the curiosity-vendors, or looking at the celebrated men of Madame Delpech. He is in the Rue Richelieu, formerly the great centre of Parisian lounging, but now conquered and surpassed by the Place de la Bourse and the Rue Vivienne; however, in the Rue Richelieu, the lounger amuses

himself by looking at the site, on which the fountain dedicated to Molière is raised. But, above all, we shall find our man in the Passage de l'Opera, at the hour when the rehearsal commences, and there he sees passing, in every kind of dress, in satin shoes, in slippers down at the heel, and even without any shoes at all, the pretty little danseuses, to whom glory has not yet held out her hand, filled with laces and cachemires. Lounger! that word implies everything. He will go to the Morgue, to salute, with a melancholy glance, the corpses of the previous evening; he will go to the Champs Elysées, to assist at the exercises of the learned dogs; to the Jardin des Plantes, to throw a piece of cake to the bear Martin. At the Jardin des Plantes, he wishes to know how the giraffe is, whether the great turtle has laid any more eggs, if the little serpents have eaten their white mice; he wishes to salute, by turns, all the monkeys, who grin with joy, as though they recognized a brother lounger. The Passage des Panoramas is his abode, there he is under shelter, there he is at home, there he receives his friends, and makes his appointments, and there you are sure to meet him. And what finer saloon can he have than this Passage des Panoramas? Where will you find more numerous visitors, and more liberty? Where will you find prettier faces in the morning, and more brilliant gas in the evening? Never was a saloon better filled with masterpieces, music, refreshments of every kind. There, never did tobacco, never did beer, never did the newspaper, never did the grisette, disappoint their constant admirers. But the lounger loves all these things, he loves them without restraint, without folly, gravely, like a wise man, who is without wants, without passions, without vanity, without fancies; who can dispense with everything, except lounging. Good, worthy man! Never melancholy, never morose, never distressing himself about anything, but, on the contrary, turning everything to the profit of his ruling passion. If there is a tumult, he is by no means displeased, he will know how the scuffle ends; if it is a burial, so much the better, he will ascend the black carriages; if it is a marriage, better still, he will go very near to see the bride, and will shower blessings upon her. He also ventures upon baptisms, and public fêtes; the Chamber of Deputies does not displease him, but he only goes there on those days when the Chamber is full of eloquence and anger; he loves the opposition, because it draws things out to a great length. To the Chamber of Peers, the lounger prefers the Court of Peers. There you see the accused, you hear the avocats, it is the court of assizes, raised to its highest degree of power. Once he went to Versailles, to see the Museum, but he swore that he would never go again by the railroad; a carriage which takes you up and conveys you to your destination, without once crying, Take care! You are no sooner started than you arrive! Pshaw! What is the use of setting out, unless it is to feel yourself go? Talk to me of the cuckoos of the time, says the lounger; in them you are always starting, and you never arrive.

It is well understood, that the lounger orders his dinner at home every day, and that it is never prepared for him. He dines wherever he happens to find himself when hungry; when he has discovered some choice fish, something just come into season, some pleasant spot where he can freely give himself up to his wishes. Those who have

never seen one of the beautiful dining-rooms, of which Paris is justly proud, can form no idea of the eclat and luxury with which you may eat a beef-steak. All around are crystals, precious bronzes, columns, glasses, gildings—every part shines; eager servants are there, ready to obey your slightest wishes—the kitchen is excellent—the cellar is full—the wine is in the ice: at the counter is seated a well-dressed and often handsome woman; and here the lounger enters, impelled more by his instinct than by his hunger. He is alone, like a true dreamer; he throws himself into a little corner, and there he sees all the diners enter, one after the other; he recognizes them by their accent, their dress, their manner. He says, This one is a Norman, and that one a Picardine. Very soon, without intending it, he understands their best-concealed desires, their most modest ambitions; he knows that this one has obtained such an inheritance, that another has just asked the croix d'honneur for his father, and that a third is in search of his wife, who has come to Paris, under a man's name, to write comedies and romances like George Sand. Thus the human comedy is unrolled before this man, thus he profits by the conversations and thoughts of other people. His dinner finished, he walks in the rich galleries of the Palais Royal; this is his summer saloon, just as the Passage des Panoramas is his winter saloon. From merely running over the brilliant windows of these magnificent bazars he knows what sales have been made during the day; a bracelet has been bought; a false tuft has disappeared; what has become of the little woman who sold stocks? Then he stops before the large pillar, to which are pasted all the notices of Paris, loaded with the grotesque and awful names which the public seeks. Where shall he go? Where shall he not go? To the Théâtre Français? It is very old. To the Porte St. Martin? It is a long way off. The Opera pleases the lounger, for, at the Opera, people lounge more than they listen. And the Café Lemblin, why is it open then? And the Café de la Régence, of what use would the Café de la Regence be, if you were not at liberty to go in and see what is passing there? For instance, why should he not assist at one of those beautiful games of chess, which call into action all the intelligent powers of the two players? Chess, draughts, even the game of dominos, are delightful to the lounger. Not that he plays at any of these games; it is true that he knows them thoroughly, he understands them, he prejudges them; but he leaves to others all the trouble of the game, all its dis-quietude and its humming; he keeps for himself all the curiosity and pleasure of it. He loves public places; you enter when you will—you leave according to your inclination—you are silent, or you speak—you are at home, or at the house of your friends—you are your own master, and owe to no one either a bow, a visit, or a smile. Not that the lounger is difficult of access; on the contrary, he talks willingly—he is within the reach of any and all—he does the honours of his beloved city with ease—he knows, better than an Edile, the streets to be cut, the rising neighbourhoods, the islands which are bring surrounded with powerful dikes. At the very thought of the fortifications, which the two Chambers have just voted expressly for him, he rubs his hands with joy; and, in fact, what a splendid field for lounging—a rampart fifteen leagues round! The evening is thus passed in listening to the noises of his dear city. But, by degrees, the

Eugene Lami

Frederick Heath

Leaving the Opera.

Sortie de l'Opéra.

Aus der Kommen.

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sounds diminish and cease; silence is gently spread through the streets. If you still wish to hear noise, and to find life, motion, and the brilliancy of lights, you must return were you were this morning—to Tortoni's. At eleven o'clock in the evening, the Café Tortoni is no longer a place for eating, it is a saloon for sherbet and ices. If this morning you heard only of money and stock-jobbing within these walls, this evening the conversation turns, with equal earnestness, upon love and pleasure. The most elegant beauties, and the most agreeable young men, hasten to this last rendezvous of the evening; for Tortoni's they abandon the unfinished Opera; they leave the theatre before the last stab: Paris chooses to see itself in its beautiful dress, before retiring to rest. What are all these Parisians about, pray? They are exhibiting and looking at themselves: they look only at themselves; and when this object is attained, they are satisfied, and are ready to act the same part over again to-morrow.

Our lounger then also repairs to the Café Tortoni. He passes and repasses; he listens and hears; he watches the ladies and gentlemen as they ascend their carriages and drive off, one after the other: and when, at last, fashionable Paris has quite disappeared from his sight, then sighing, he resolves to return home; but—as the French fabulist did, to go to the academy—the lounger takes the longest way. There are, in Paris, places which *he* only knows; frightful passages, labyrinths, ruins, courts, inhabited by all the thieves of the city—this is the road he chooses: he goes, with his hands in his pockets, through these dark passages. Ah, this certainly is not a pleasant sight! this is the reverse of the brilliant medal! Paris, at night, is frightful; t is the time when the subterranean nation begins its course. Darkness is all around; but, by degrees, this darkness is enlightened by the trembling lantern of the rag-hunter, who goes, with a scuttle on his back, seeking his fortune amongst the hideous rubbish, which has no longer a name in any language. At the corner of the darkest streets, burns with a funereal light, the lamp of the wine-shop, through curtains red as blood. Along the walls glide—uttering, from time to time, the cry of some night-bird—thieves, pursuing their object: women go and come, seeking the cellar where they shall pass the night; for these degraded people sleep in cellars. Thus, the danger you incur is great and terrible! the steps which are heard slightly resounding on the muddy streets, are those of the gray patrol who commences his eager chase. The farther you advance into these awful neighbourhoods, into the cut-throat places which surround the Palais de Justice and the Place de Grève, the more imminent the danger becomes. Certainly, to expose one's self to so many perils, in these scandalous streets, one must be either a great philanthropist, or a great lounger.

CHAPTER XI.

A Yankee's Opinion of the Book—The Author's Defence—The French Institute—Buonaparte's Love for it—M. de Chateaubriand—M. Victor Hugo—M. Villemain—M. Scribe—M. de Tocqueville—M. Charles Nodier—M Viennet—Speech of the New Member—The Pont Neuf—Former Times—The Flower-Market—The Old Lady's Last Love—The Young Girl's First Love—The Failure of her Hopes—Paris under a Grave Aspect—Pupil of the Polytechnic School — Students of Medicine and Law — Palace of the Luxembourg — Its Garden — Only Old Authors admitted — The Bowl-Players — M. de Turenne — Anecdotes of him — Henry IV. — Death of Marshal Ney.

I WAS reading my book to a neighbour of mine, a Yankee, who had never quitted his native mountains. He is a man of much wit—half wolf and half fox—who rarely leaves home, and he said to me—"Acknowledge that you are very difficult to follow; you go on at random, like an unbroken horse; scarcely have you entered this great Parisian city, of which you give us a pretty good idea, before you suddenly alight upon the palace of the Tuileries; and once there, it is impossible to make you leave it. My dear sir, this is not what is called knowing how to travel. Since you are telling me of your visit, it is necessary that you should lead me, so to speak, by the hand, through this immense city. I wish—thanks to you—without leaving my chair, to cross its bridges, its streets, its magnificent quays, its abominable alleys, to learn something of its luxury and its vice, and, finally, to have some idea of its mysteries. Take pity, then, upon my ignorance, and, since you are in Paris, tell me about Paris."

To which I replied,—not without checking myself, lest I should be too warm in my defence,—But, my dear friend, Paris is not merely an assemblage of houses, palaces, temples, and fountains—it is also a world of passions and ideas; the time is past for the traveller to think his task accomplished when he has told his reader—*The Bourse is a fine building, situated at the end of the Rue Vivienne.* Now-a-days one must—apropos of the Bourse, for instance—tell, not only of what the walls are composed, but what passions inhabit these walls, and how these evanescent fortunes are made and lost. Your description! what would you have me do? The painter and the engraver will always be more successful in that than myself. What I describe, they show you; what I speak in your ears, they place before your eyes. This perambulation is divided into two parts—the exterior and the interior city, the walls and the inhabitants, the house and the manners. Leave me then, my dear sir, to tell you, in my own fashion, what I have seen, and heard, and understood, in this immense city. I have no idea of being so thorough in my description as to take from you the wish of some day seeing Paris for yourself.

At the same moment I took my neighbour to a spot of which he had never before heard—I led him to the French Institute. At first he was astonished at the Louvre, which seems about to join the garden of the Tuileries, and the Arc de Triomphe. He

admired the vast panorama, which spreads to the right and left when once you have placed your foot upon the Pont des Arts; here, the statue of Henry IV., proudly presiding over the Pont Neuf—there, when your delighted glance has crossed the Pont du Carrousel and the Pont Royal, extends even to the Bourbon palace, that immense horizon, of which the dome of the Invalides is the culminating point. Continue your course, and cross slowly the iron bridge; you are now very near the Institute, sir. The old bronze lions, from their open mouths, throw a stream of water into a stone basin. . . . It is one o'clock. It is fête-day at the palace of the Four Nations, as it was formerly called, in the time of Cardinal Mazarin. What rare good fortune! follow the eager crowd. When two o'clock strikes, the gates of the monument will be closed, and the French Academy, in full uniform, will proceed to the reception of some new genius.

I have not come so far, to ridicule the most serious institutions of France. In my opinion it is a poor return for the hospitality of a nation, to traduce it in its government, its literature, or its manners. Let us leave to the French themselves, the excellent amusement of covering each other with insults and outrages.. . . We will do better; we will speak of everything, and even of the French Institute, with all humility and respect.

I will suppose that, on the road, some kind person has given you a ticket of admission. You enter. Porters in full dress, with swords at their sides, and lace on their cuffs and the bosoms of their shirts, walk before you, and place you not far from the amphitheatre, which contains the members of four or five academies. Already there is a numerous assembly. It is composed of aspirants to this difficult honour—the most beautiful ladies in Paris, who take care to show themselves within this learned enclosure —strangers, like you and me—and a dozen merry fellows, who have come expressly to make fun of everything, and then to laugh aloud in the world at what they have laughed at, in an under tone, at the Institute. At the appointed hour—for the Academy is well aware that punctuality is the politeness of kings and academies—a large folding door opens. Suddenly you see passing before you the members of the different academies. At first you are dazzled, and recognize no one. They all have similar blue dresses lined with green, dangling swords, and modest reserved looks. Formerly they all had bald heads, shining like ivory; but, during the last ten years, the youngest minds have encroached upon the old men; so that one of the marks by which you may recognize the academicians, is the having an abundance of black hair, or not a single hair, even white. We are now speaking only of the French Academy; we leave the others in their learned shade, lest we should find ourselves encumbered. Certainly, if the utility of the *Academie des Inscriptions* is not very positively proved to us, any more than the utility of the *Academie des Sciences Morales;* at least, no one can doubt the labours, the usefulness, and the numerous struggles of the Academy of Sciences. But how is a man to know where he is, amidst all this *illustriousness?* And then, the French Academy is the mother of all the rest. She sprang, ready armed, from the brain of Cardinal Richelieu. Louis XIV. recognized her: she has received into her

bosom all the glory of the French eighteenth century. The Emperor Napoleon, in spite of his dread of election, which is the saving principle of the French Academy, approved this institution so highly, that, for a long time, he signed himself, Buonaparte, member of the Institute. The *Institute* means the re-union of all the academies. The *French Academy,* means the *forty,* the original number of the first academy. Take it altogether, it is one of the powers of the State—it is a great moral force; the opposition of this entirely literary body has much weight; to belong to the French Academy, is to have a right equal to a seat in the house of peers. What a noble idea, to have formed a category expressly for men who live by their intelligence and their mind!

Such, however, is the popularity of some of these men, that you will recognize them, even under their embroidered dresses, without their being pointed out to you. That large head, that high forehead covered with gray hair, that calm, pensive attitude, must certainly belong to the illustrious author of the *Génie du Christianisme,* and the *Martyrs;* it is M. de Chateaubriand. That man, still young, of slight and easy figure, with a fine head, proud look, beautiful hands, and hair turning gray, is M. de Lamartine, the poet of the *Harmonies* and the *Meditations.* That sparkling look—that animated little head—that abrupt, lively gesture—that smile without wickedness, but not without malice—is M. Thiers. This one must certainly be M. Guizot; you may recognize him by his pensive, cold, grave look. M. Molé is that well-dressed gentleman, who looks a little like M. de Chateaubriand. M. Victor Hugo owns that enormous and somewhat unfurnished cranium, that young, chubby-faced head. And that one, who is the honour, the joy, the strength, the child, and the glory of the Academy, he who speaks so ably and so charmingly, in the name of all, with an eloquence quite academic—you have already named him—it is M. Villemain. He made his first campaign within this enclosure: at the age of twenty the Academy had palms for this young man. She was moved and delighted to hear him speak in such beautiful terms of all the literature of ancient or modern times. Thus, on the days of her greatest solemnities, in her discourses before the throne, when she wishes to speak exactly the language which is most suitable, when she would announce her Dictionary in a worthy manner, that work of centuries, always finished, and always recommencing, the person whom the Academy chooses is M. Villemain. And that countenance, melancholy rather than gay, that curious, intelligent look, that concealed smile, which reveals itself internally—to whom does it belong? He is the man who has afforded the greatest fund of amusement to France; he is the most fertile and most varied inventor that ever held a vast audience in suspense; he alone has brought about more impossible marriages than Fenimore Cooper and Walter Scott between them; he alone has been the delight of France, for more than twenty years—it is M. Scribe.

Look where you please, and look boldly. These gentlemen are quite aware that people come to their assembly only for the purpose of seeing them—that they are here expressly for people to ask who they are. Those who are still conversant with Latin —many of them never knew anything about it—repeat to themselves the lines of Persius, where he says, "It is a pleasant thing to be pointed at in a crowd, and

to hear people ask, Who is he?" *At pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier, Hic est?*

Well, since he pleases you, I can tell you, that you have already seen him at the Chamber of Deputies—it is M. Dupin. And that very young man; look at him, it is our good country of America which has made him a deputy, a member of the French Academy. Yes, that is M. de Tocqueville himself. Without him, and if before him, we had taken the trouble to explain the mysteries and the mechanism of our constitution, M. de Tocqueville would not yet have borne the green palms. . . . If he had only begun his book with the last two volumes!—Stop! that man, with such an intelligent, pleasing countenance, who listens to nothing, and sees nothing—who holds in his hand two or three beautiful volumes, bound in old morocco, is a true member of the Academy. He understands French as well as its inventors. He knows the grammar as thoroughly as a child who has just left the class; he has read, for amusement, as you would read a frivolous romance, all the dictionaries which have been printed in France since the beginning of dictionaries. He has an acute understanding, a clear, plain style, and a candid mind, is a distinguished critic, an honest man, the wisest scholar of the time—to sum up all, it is M. Charles Nodier. Not far from him, that man who twists and turns, who is about to read you a fable, and a fable in which there is much poignancy, is a man whom all the powers of French wit have tried to make ridiculous, and who has escaped ridicule by a miracle, as a man escapes from a burning vessel in the open sea: he has saved himself by his boldness. He has confronted the laughers, and has proved that he knew how to be true, sincere, and loyal in everything, without reckoning his moments of wit, of rapture, and of invention; we speak of M. Viennet. So true is it, that in France you must never despair of clever men.

But now the reading commences. The new academician has composed a long discourse, in which his end is, first to explain the talent and character of him whom he replaces, and then to explain his own works, and by what course of ideas he has himself attained academic honours. Between these two ends, the orator generally gives himself up to all the possible ramifications of his subject. From this height, where none can contradict him, he judges facts and men; he takes up, with the same facility, politics and literature. He is more often political than literary; for romancers and poets are pleased to quit the beaten path, at least once in their lives, and to give to modern history and former politics an earnest of skill, wisdom, and foresight. A good discourse at the Academy usually lasts three-quarters of an hour, or at most an hour. After which, whoever may be the orator that speaks, the assembly listens to nothing that is said.

When the discourse of the new-comer is finished, another academician rises to reply to him. Custom ordains that the new compeer, who has just given himself up to all his natural humility, should be raised in his own esteem and that of his companions. They show him, then, with every mark of respect, that he is quite wrong to think so lightly of his own glory, and that he is at least the worthy brother of the illustrious men who surround him; they tell him of his own genius, and finally add, that the

Academy hopes much from the new strength which has just accrued to her. This said —unless the sitting is enlivened with some extraordinary verses, a little story, a harmless fable, or an epigram without malice—the assembly separates, as it came together, in the same order; and you will judge that it is no mean thing, when passing proudly before the Hotel de la Monnaie, the mansion where all the gold and silver of the kingdom are manufactured, to say to this hotel, "You can strike off a million in a day, evanescent and perishing riches, which every hundred years must be sent back to the crucible! But what you cannot do, with all your power, the Academy has this moment performed in our presence—she has inscribed another name upon the annals of renown!"

Since you are in so pleasant a road, allow the crowd to disperse, while commenting upon all the fine things which they have just heard. Profit by this last moment, to have one more look at some of those men, of whom you will be asked on your return. Did you see him?—M. Arago, M. Geoffray-Saint-Hilaire, when he appears in this brilliant cohort. Do not look here for the poet Beranger; he lives in the memory of all, but you will not meet him in any part of this great city, which he has enlivened with his songs. Not long since, in this same crowd, you would have asked to look at three very different men, the English Christian, M. de Talleyrand, and George Cuvier.

And when at last your curiosity is satisfied, do not recross the Pont des Arts, abandon that to the members of the Institute, who take the longest road in going to the Academy, and the shortest in returning from it. Since we are in this beautiful part of the city, we will turn to the left, and at a distance of an hundred steps, we shall find the Pont Neuf. This is the first point which unites the two shores of this immense city. It has been said, that if you remain a week on the Pont Neuf, looking at those who pass, you will infallibly meet the man you want. This bridge has been traversed by the whole history of France, under its different phases. Here were sold pamphlets against Cardinal Mazarin, and songs against Louis XIV., as long as Louis XIV. allowed people to sing songs against him. On one corner of this peninsula comedy was born, not then the comedy of Molière, but the comedy of Tabarin, the mountebank of the Pont Neuf. Even now, when so many bridges have been thrown across the Seine, when at every step you meet the Pont Louis-Philippe, the Pont des Arts, the Pont du Carrousel, the Pont Royal, the Pont des Deputés—the Pont-Neuf is, and long will be, the passage most frequented by the crowd, the favourite bridge of the Parisians, who have placed it under the patronage of their old friend, Henry IV. On every side, the Pont-Neuf leads to some important place. It formerly led the condemned to the Grève, it still leads the lawyers to the Palais de Justice, the accused to the prison of the Conciergerie, the suspected to the prefecture of police, and the peers of France to the Luxembourg. At one time—when the whole of Paris lived by wit, when the conversation was composed of tragedy, comedy, eloquence, and satire, when Voltaire domineered over the eighteenth century from the boards of his Comédie Française; when the café Procope was a sort of Chamber of Deputies, whose decrees

were without appeal—the Pont-Neuf was even more frequented than it is now. At certain hours you might have seen passing and repassing, in these paths of philosophy and rebellion, all the great minds which have overturned or restored the world. At one time or another, or perhaps all at once, you might see Diderot, D'Alembert, Fréron, Condorcet, Piron, Beaumarchais, the whole Encyclopedia marching by, with matches lighted, and standards unfurled; without speaking of the great poet Gilbert, who was carried from the café Procope to the hospital. Now, thanks to the two Chambers, thanks to the periodical press, thanks to the liberty which has penetrated into minds and manners, there are no longer known in Paris such assemblies of intelligent minds at every hour of the night and day, such café rebels, such revolutions carried on behind the scenes, such pit conspiracies. Now, the Pont-Neuf does not lead to the Théâtre Français, open to all the passions of that awful hour; it leads to a closed theatre called the Odeon; and at last—oh! what a change!—almost opposite the Place de Grève, so long covered with scaffolds and blood, the Pont-Neuf will conduct you, if you please, to the Marché-aux-Fleurs.

A flower-market in Paris, close by the Palais de Justice, not far from the muddy streets of the city, where vice, crime, and filth have taken up their abode! a flower-market in the immediate neighbourhood of escaped galley-slaves, assassins, and forgers exposed on the scaffold. . . . Is it possible? It is even so. This is one of the singular contrasts, which are to be found only in Paris. So come with me, and salute the monthly rose, and the spring tulip, and the laurel-rose, and the modest violets—modest yesterday, but which to-day display themselves in all their freshness, in hopes to meet a purchaser. Come—you will find in this unexpected flower-garden, field-flowers by the side of those which come from the hot-house, sweet-smelling lilacs, and the magnolia grandiflora, the pot of mignonnette at six sous, and the proud camilla, the honour and the éclat of the winter soirées. Here you will see arrive, with all the speed of her English horses, the noble lady from the fashionable faubourg. This lady, already old, has preserved none of her evanescent affections except a great love for flowers. Nothing can now please or amuse her. For her, the sweetest music is but a vain sound lost in the air; the most beautiful painting by Rubens or Titian is only a confused mixture of faded colours; poems have no longer a single verse which speaks to her soul; balls and fêtes find her fatigued and satiated beforehand; even dress displeases her. Worse yet! chatting, Parisian chatting, which is the joy and triumph of these fine ladies, has lost all its charm, if not all relish, with this poor woman. She no longer loves anything, she does not wish to love anything, and yet she does love these beautiful flowers; she is still intoxicated with their sweet soft odours; she knows all the names in the floricultural calendar, she recognizes the smallest blade of grass gathered in the fields.

Quite contrary to the great Parisian lady, who only loves flowers when she has nothing else left to love, the Parisian grisette loves flowers before she begins to love anything else. The latter commences, as the former finishes. There is not, in all Paris, in the melancholy heights, in the sloping garrets, where the house-sparrow hardly dares take his flight lest he should be giddy—a single girl, poor and alone, who

does not come, at least once a week, to this flower-market, to enjoy the spring and the sky. The poor girl in Paris, who gains her living by the hardest labour, from whom an hour lost takes a portion of her day's bread, has not time to go very far in search of verdure and the sun. And as neither verdure, nor the sun, nor the brilliancy of flowers, nor the song of birds, comes to seek her, in the frightful corners where she conceals her sixteen years, it is she herself who goes in search of them. Nothing is more delightful to see, than this poor, half-clad child, coming to buy a whole flower-garden in one single pot. She stops a long time, fearful, undecided, and curious; she would fain see, and smell, and take away all. She admires their forms, their colours, their indescribable perfume; she is delighted! However, she must at last conclude, by making this long-coveted purchase. The poor girl advances with a timid step. Madame, says she, how much are your flowers? Your flowers! It is generally a pot of mignonnette which gives but little hope of thriving. At these words the flower-woman smiles good-humouredly. Of all the honest people who gain their living by buying and selling, the flower-woman has, without contradiction, the most upright conscience, and the most sincere good faith. She sells at a high price to the rich, but a very low one to the poor. She thinks she ought to encourage so good a passion, and that it is much better, for this young girl to buy a flower, to ornament her wretched little room, than a ribbon to adorn herself. Thus she sells her pot of mignonnette, or sweet peas, almost for nothing. And then the young grisette goes away more happy and more triumphant, than if she had, in the presence of a notary, purchased a whole domain. See her light step, as she carries off an estate in her arms, singing as she goes! And for a week she experiences the greatest delight. She waters the sweet plant morning and evening, she sings to it her choicest songs, she seeks for it some nice little corner upon the roof, by the side of the chimney, which protects it from the north wind. At the first ray of sun, which penetrates these melancholy walls, the flower is exposed to the pale and trembling light; at the first whistle of the north wind the flower is carefully shut up in the room, and then the amiable girl does for her flower what she has never done for herself, she prevents the air from intruding through the ill-joined door, the half-open window, or the chimney, which has neither fire nor flame. Vain, but delightful efforts! At first the humble plant, grateful for so much care, throws out here and there a few scrubby leaves, which cheer the heart of the happy proprietor of this estate of half a foot; after the leaf, the flower sometimes appears, not the flower itself, but the hope of one. Then the grisette claps her hands. "Come," she says to her neighbours, "come and see how my periwinkle is flowering." But at these first announcements of spring, all this hope of fertility usually stops; night and cold are more powerful than the zeal of the young girl; after a month of struggling and suffering, the flower fades, languishes, and dies; it is only the shadow of a shadow. She weeps over it; she thinks, this time, she really will give up such vain delights. But how can hope be stifled in young hearts? When she has had a long fit of weeping, she again makes another attempt, fruitless as the former, until at last this honest passion is replaced by one far less honest.

No, certainly, and you have already discovered it, we are no longer in the handsome part of the city; we have entered grave, serious Paris: this is the awful spot where are united, in one common centre of restraint and threat, the Conciergerie, the Palais de Justice, the Prefecture of Police: here men no longer laugh, they no longer throw away their lives in all the happy leisure of affluence and youth—it is another city, another people. The Hôtel des Princes is replaced by horribly-furnished houses; the splendid table by frightful taverns, where there are dinners at twenty sous; the Opéra or the Comédie Française, by one or two dens in which are howled melodramas intended to be sung. All is gone—no more elegance, no more beautiful horses, no more rich dresses, none of the never-ending fêtes. Even the young men whom you meet on your road have no resemblance to the young men of Tortoni and the Boulevards; indeed, at the present moment you have, without knowing it, ascended the learned hill; you have passed the studious heights of the Rue St. Jacques, you have brushed by the Hôtel Dieu, the college of France, the Sorbonne, the old church of St. Benoit-le-mal-Tourné, and indeed it may well be called St. Benoit-the-ill-turned, for they have metamorphosed the delightful church into a ballad theatre. Thus you are passing through the midst of ancient Paris; here is the Ecole de Médecine, higher up the Ecole de Droit, and higher yet, the Ecole Polytechnique—three schools, which between them form the whole occupation of the French youth.

The pupil of the Polytechnic school you may recognize by his handsome uniform, the sword which he carries proudly by his side, and the profound glance which he throws upon everything around him. He is the child of his works; before attaining the honour of wearing this dress, he has had to pass through much anxiety, much obstinate labour, and many sleepless nights. He is at once a military man and a civilian. He has only two years before him to complete his fortune, and if, unhappily, he is not considered capable of taking a part in either of the employments which the state destines for this school, he is ruined; his long studies become useless to him, his difficult labours have produced no result; he knows too much to obey, too little to command. Hence arises much anxiety for the pupil at the Polytechnic school; properly speaking, he has no youth; he will be young by and by, if he has time.

We cannot say as much for the medical student and the student of law; these latter, on the contrary, begin by being young; whoever takes care of his youth, they will lavish it; and usually this sweet treasure is squandered in all kinds of idleness; easily-excited passion, games of domino and billiards, balls at the Grande Chaumière, duels, disputes, politics, and smoke. But, strange to say! when our student has led this life for two years, at the very moment when the pupil of the Polytechnic school is about to take his place among the engineers of the sappers and miners, in the high roads, or in the army, then, behold, our student renounces his pipe, his mistress, billiards, debts, and folly, and sets to work in earnest. He knows the hour is approaching when he must live by the labour, the bread, of every day; when society will ask of him an account of the sacrifices she has made for him; but once at work, our young idler of yesterday advances with a giant's step in the path of science. His aroused attention

is eagerly turned to all the mysteries of physiology or the civil code; he studies day and night, and gains his object. Instead of the insolent dancer, the duelist about mere trifles, you have suddenly a fine, modest young man, a good, clever talker. French intelligence is so quick, the power of early education is so strong; this society, in which each plays personally, is so exactly formed for throwing out in bold relief virtue and vice, talent and ignorance, that one must, whether he likes it or not, obey so many public and private exigencies. Thus, however the moralists may cry and groan over the pretended depravity of French youth, you need never despair of these lively, clever minds, always ready to do more, in less than a year of zeal and perseverance, than would be expected of them at the end of three or four years of assiduity, patience, and labour.

In this elevated quarter of the Latin country, on these heights which possess their own style of beauty, and whose history is so full of learned and ancient remembrances, you will find two buildings, which excite much interest and curiosity, the palace of the Luxembourg, and the Hôtel Royal des Invalides.

If it please you, we will go through the palace and the garden of the Luxembourg, where we will pause, though not quite so long as at the Tuileries, for each of these palaces is a whole history in itself. The palace of the Luxembourg is of Florentine origin; those who have never seen the Pitti palace at Florence tell you that the Pitti palace was the model of the Luxembourg palace, which in fact resembles it as much as a stone fountain resembles the cataract of Niagara. However this may be, the palace of the Luxembourg has a grand and imposing appearance. It was, at first, composed of two pavilions, but now has three, for a third has recently been added to the other two, so that the Chamber of Peers, when it becomes the Court of Peers, may have a suitable hall, in which to summon the accused to its bar. A gallery of paintings by modern artists forms a promenade for the peers; the library contains a numerous collection of the most learned treatises on political science. Here, everything is great, imposing, and magnificent; but it is the garden which is so beautiful and popular! A double terrace overlooks the whole; this is large, airy, and splendid. The trees are as old as the garden of the Tuileries; the basin is larger. It is said that in the summer nothing can equal in beauty the collection of carnations and roses. In this garden of the Luxembourg all are acquainted, and all love their companions, even without ever having spoken; people look at each other with kindness, so sure are they of having felt, in these walks, the same joys and the same sorrows. How many young girls have come here to dream of the husbands proposed to them by their mothers! How many young men who have pondered under these trees upon the difficulties of life! There is one old man whom the garden of the Luxembourg has seen every day for sixty years; he has grown old like the elms which he saw planted, and he can tell you better than any one, young men, that after all it is not worth while to be so uneasy about the future! Do you see that bench in the sun which leans against that broken statue? On that bench, while he was living, the greatest disciple of Condillac used to repose, the clearest and most philosophical mind of the French nineteenth century, M. de

Laromiquière. There you could see and hear him, if you wished to follow him in the slightest degree. He was mind, grace, and good humour personified; he loved this trade of a peripatician, and what he would never have consented to repeat in his professor's chair, he would willingly say again in the open Luxembourg, to the young men who were around him. The garden of the Luxembourg is thus peopled with illustrious men, who are only to be met here; they are at home in this spot; they were brought here the morning after their birth, they will walk here till the eve of their death. So also, into this garden, protected by the political palace, hardly any exterior noise penetrates, unless it is the echo of the College of France and of the Sorbonne. At the Luxembourg nothing is read but the oldest books, bound in vellum, or, better still, in old red morocco, Horace, Virgil, Homer, Demosthenes, Bossuet, Fenelon, Pascal. If then, by chance, some trifling book just published dares to show itself in these learned walks, suddenly there is a general outcry; they recognize with indignation the vulgar livery of the library. Away with the romance! away with the poem! Every one escapes from its light-minded reader, and points at it with the finger. A novel from the reading-room, in the Luxembourg! Can you imagine it?

Quite at the end of the garden, when you have passed the gate, guarded by a veteran of the army, you will suddenly find yourself in the midst of the most eager bowl-players. The game of bowls, in Paris, much resembles a battle; for this amusement it is necessary to have the coup-d'œil of a general, and the strong arm of a soldier. Victory is never certain in this conflict, for which strength and skill are equally necessary. The crowd is looking on, eager, but silent, and placed on the two sides of the players like a long train of notes of admiration. On one occasion, when M. de Turenne was walking here, there was a point in dispute, and he was made arbitrator; "I think Monsieur has won," said the hero, pointing to one of the combatants. "Sir, you are mistaken," said the other, "it is I who have gained!" At these words M. de Turenne put one knee to the ground, took a straw which was lying there, and, measuring both bowls, "You see," said he, "that it is you who are wrong."

In the neighbourhood between the Luxembourg and the royal house of the Invalides, M. de Turenne became popular, by all kinds of indulgence, affable repartees, and bon mots; to see him, so simple and unaffected, you would never have guessed that he was the greatest captain in France. One day, when he was at the play, two young men threw down the prince's gloves and cane; immediately the highest officers, and the most celebrated men of the court, hastened to pick them up. You may imagine how confused and ashamed the young men were; they were about to retire immediately; "There, there," said M. de Turenne, at the same time sitting a little closer, "there is room enough for all three of us!"

But why do I tell you all these things? Because my guide, as we passed, pointed out to me, on the first floor of a house which looks upon the boulevard, the window from which M. de Turenne was leaning when he received that heavy blow from his valet. "Ah, Monseigneur," said the unhappy Lafleur, "I thought it was George."

"And if it were George," replied the marshal, rubbing the injured member, "you should not strike so hard!"

Thus is it with the French; they are won by the most unassuming virtues of their great men. They have no longer anything but a confused recollection of M. de Turenne's battles; but, till the end of the history of France, you will hear the account of George, and the dispute over the game of bowls. Henry IV., too, why is he so popular? Not for the battle of Ivry, but for the bread which he ordered to be thrown into the city which he was himself besieging, and for his wish, that all his people could have a good dinner every Sunday. In France, for glory to be loved, it must be either amiable or unfortunate. In point of unfortunate glory, believe me, you need not go far; remain where you now stand, and, on your left, look at the door, against which the most intrepid players hardly dare to throw their bowls. It still bears the marks of bullets; and there Marshal Ney, the favoured child of victory, was shot. He had been condemned to a traitor's death by the Chamber of Peers, which would now willingly tear from its annals this page of blood Neither the courage of this hero, nor his gallant actions in so many and such difficult wars, nor the retreat of Moscow, saved by him, nor the interest and pity which filled all minds in view of his great misfortunes—nothing could soften king Louis XVIII., who insisted upon his death, as though it were a point of honour. The marshal, before his judges, found all his old courage. They wished to plead in his favour that he was not a Frenchman; but he cried out, that he would not accept a life defended at such a price. He was condemned—he must die! They awoke him early, as though it had been the day of a battle; "Come," said he, "I am ready!" The funeral procession silently crossed the same garden of the Luxembourg which is now trod by the light steps of so many joyous children, under their mothers' care. Arrived at the gate, the procession stopped. "Halt!" They obeyed. The marshal himself took his place at the door, and there, erect, his eyes unbound, his hand upon his heart, he, for the last time, gave the word to fire. At the first discharge he fell dead. A few sisters of charity, who were passing, raised this brilliant soldier, this noble courage, this glorious remnant of the French army; a man whose name was worth a host, and whose death has only served to throw a sanguinary hue over the first years of the Restoration.

CHAPTER XII.

Reminiscences—The Observatory—M. Arago—M. de Chateaubriand—Yankee Respect for Genius—Jardin des Plantes—Its First Commencement—Gobelin Tapestry—Sèvres China—The Antiquarian—Association of Ideas—The Camp de Mars—The Pantheon—Its Desecration—Voltaire and Rousseau—Changes in France—Hôtel des Invalides—The Invalid Soldier—The Emperor's Return—The Madeleine—The Boulevards—The Gymnase Dramatique—The Duchess of Berri—M. Scribe—Modern Comedies—The Porte St. Martin.

Let us leave these sad remembrances. The longer cities last, the more they are filled with such miseries which may be met at every crossway. If you have any love for historical associations, nothing is more easy than to indulge them here; stretch out your hand, and say, Where I now pass, a poisoner and a parricide has passed before me; in these streets men have been hanged, tortured, and burned; books, too, those eloquent witnesses, those passionate depositories of liberty, have been destroyed by the hand of the executioner. Then think of the civil wars, the religious battles, the tumults that have taken place, only since the time of Hugh Capet! Do not, then, seek, in this city, miseries removed by the lapse of ages; do not look for ruins replaced by monuments of yesterday; do not inquire for past slavery, it has been effaced by present liberty; but, on the contrary, in this modern Paris, look only at that which is apparent. Remember that you are a simple traveller, passing through a hospitable country. Raise your eyes. That high tower, proudly erect upon its base, connected by a long avenue with the garden of the Luxembourg, is the Observatory of Paris. There lives and reigns, in a contemplation unhappily disturbed by political discords, M. Arago himself. What a singular, incredible life! to follow, at the same time, the course of the planets above, and the movement of popular passions below; to have one's head in the clouds, by the side of the stars, and one's feet in tumults; to predict the arrival of the comets wandering through space, and to suffer one's self to be led by popular favour—that wind which blows at random . . . . such is the two-fold life of M. Arago. To this two-fold life of day and night, he only is equal; no other person has sufficient health, strength, and courage, thoroughly to accept this double labour of the scholar and the tribune. It is a beautiful kingdom, however, this Observatory, where the only query is about the sun and the stars! It is a delightful life, spent in being the first to listen to all great discoveries! And how is it that such a man has ever allowed these sublime heights to become the ante-room of the Chamber of Deputies?

But now, if you take a few steps to the left, you will reach a modest house, concealed amidst a large garden. This house is at the extremity of the city; all kinds of noises still surround it: there is nothing to distinguish it from other houses, and yet, as you look through the closed gates, you feel, without knowing it, that the respect of men has surrounded this dwelling, which has evidently belonged to something more than a citizen. Yes, you are right to look with interest at these noble walls; they have

sheltered the poetical king of this century, the master of learned Europe—a man similar to Goëthe, in his all-powerful influence, but of more elevated genius than he; a man who has, unaided, raised the flame of religion, beaten down by so many crimes and sophisms. In a word, this house, of which he made an hospital, was built and inhabited by M. de Chateaubriand. To this humble dwelling he returned, on foot, the day that M. de Villèle turned him out of the *Hotel des Affaires-Etrangères,* without suspecting—madman that he was!—that M. de Chateaubriand gone, the Restoration must go also! In this house, for fifteen years, M. de Chateaubriand received the homage and respect of all Europe. It is said, that nothing more astonished English statesmen—for instance, those high and mighty lords, whose whole life is passed in multiplying the luxuries which their ancestors have transmitted to them—than to see M. de Chateaubriand working in a study built of wood, without furniture, without books, and almost without fire. But if these opulent courtiers of genius were astonished in 1829, they would be much more so now, if they knew that M. de Chateaubriand had been obliged to sell this house, which he had made the asylum of so many misfortunes. Twenty-five years before, he had—not sold, but—put into a lottery, his beautiful park of the Vallée aux Loups, a valley which he had discovered. It was at the brightest moment of his poetical glory, *les Martyrs* and *l'Itinéraire de Paris à Jerusalem* were still in the height of their favour; well, it was in vain that M. de Chateaubriand offered his house in a lottery—not a ticket was taken; so that the Duke of Montmorenci bought them all. And yet it is said, that we Americans do not render to genius the gratitude and respect that is due to it. If M. de Chateaubriand had offered his house in a lottery in New York, not a ticket would have remained to him at the end of the day.

In the same degree of longitude you will find, not without joy, the Jardin des Plantes, which is, properly speaking, the Parisian's country-house. Even to an ignorant traveller like myself, the Jardin des Plantes is the most beautiful place in the world. There you see flowers, turf, trees, from every country; tigers, lions, panthers, bears, of every colour. At the first ray of the sun the giraffe walks forth, the black elephant comes to perform his ablutions in the neighbouring pool, the family of the monkeys throw themselves, with a thousand gambols, into their palace, which is open to the day; beautiful birds, and these of the rarest kinds, here sweetly warble their most charming songs. Never, to please the eyes, were more enchantments united in a more happy spot; here, all the natural sciences are equally represented. Here, the three kingdoms of nature are blended in an arrangement full of art, taste, and science. This Jardin des Plantes, the beginnings of which, under Louis XIII., were of the most modest kind, has at last become—thanks to the genius of M. de Buffon and the protection of Cuvier—a genuine institution. The Jardin des Plantes, like the greatest kings of the world, is represented at a distance by its ambassadors; it sends throughout the universe its conquerors and its gentlemen; it also receives envoys from distant countries, who humbly bring it the products of their mines, trees from their forests, fruits from their orchards, flowers from their gardens, fish from their rivers and their seas. Thus, between the Jardin des Plantes and the whole world there is established a per-

petual exchange, of all that the earth and sky produce, most curious and rare, most charming and terrible. One day, when J. J. Rousseau returned with his hands full of plants, which he had gathered in the country, he was met by the ladies of a neighbouring house, who began to laugh at the philosopher. "Ladies," said he to them, "do not laugh; my hands are full of proofs of the existence of God." What J. J. Rousseau said of a handful of herbs, might with still greater reason be said of the Jardin des Plantes, that magnificent collection of the most magnificent proofs of the existence of God.

To a well-formed mind, nothing is sweeter to contemplate than this beautiful garden, placed there by a beneficent hand; it was one of the good ideas of Louis XIII., who was not always the restless, melancholy, undecided man of whom the historians speak. This king bought, in the worst faubourg of Paris, a house and a few acres of ground; this house, and these few acres of ground, have become a whole world; a varied, picturesque, melodious universe, through which have passed, not without leaving there some trace of benefit or glory, the three Jussieus, Buffon, Bernardin de St. Pierre—that excellent painter of the most beautiful flowers, whose Vandyke and Rubens he was—Geoffrey St. Hilaire, Cuvier, and, lately, that bold, clever, young man, Jacquemont, who died in the Indies, the victim of his zeal and courage. Assuredly, these are great names, supreme authorities; and now that the Jardin des Plantes has been respected even by the nation of 1793, which respected neither person nor thing, no one can foretell to what immense results such an institution may arrive. M. Cuvier knew this well, when he said one day, to a clever English naturalist, "My dear brother, we have, at present, only the skeleton of a whale, but leave us alone, and we will dig for you, in this place, a basin of salt water, in which some day a little whale will be seen to sport."

But it is time to leave the Jardin des Plantes. If we turn a little to the left, we shall come to a brook called the Bièvre. On the Bièvre has been placed the manufactory of the Gobelins, a wool which rivals the canvass spread by genius, where workmen pass their lives in composing a few square feet of tapestry; there the masterpieces of Titian, Rubens, and Raphael, are reproduced in a way to last for ever; when once the wool has taken possession of these beautiful works they can never die. This may certainly be called doing the work of a prince! The carpets of the Gobelins, and the china of Sèvres, have, for a long time, answered for all the presents made by the kings of France; there, they were sure to find a recompense for gr at devotion, a token of gratitude for services which cannot be paid for by gold. Under Louis XV., the Sèvres china was so highly appreciated, that Madame Du Barry herself sold to the courtiers of the Œil-de-Bœuf the most costly productions of the royal manufacture. Her house was filled with them. Luciennes and Versailles borrowed from Sèvres their finest ornaments. At that time, the most charming painters of zephyrs, shepherds, and cupids, Watteau and Wanloo, and even Greuze himself, counted it an honour to suffer the brightest colours of their brilliant pallets to fall upon these rich porcelains. Thus the manufactory of Sèvres and the manufactory of the Gobelins held out to each other, so

to speak, a fraternal hand: they reproduced, each in its own way, the most exquisite chefs-d'œuvre. But when the French revolution began to break everything, to destroy books, to cut paintings in pieces with its pitiless hands, to melt gold and silver, and the most costly jewels, to tear laces, to sell—at auction even—the marbles of the tombs, marbles of Jean Goujon and Jean Cousin reduced to dust—the revolution, above all, attacked the porcelains of Sèvres. Nothing amused it more than to put to the vilest uses this frail enamel which kings and queens scarcely dared raise to their lips. Madmen! they fancied they could annihilate the past, just as they reduced to nothing those delicate little chefs-d'œuvre of form and colour. But, no! in their terrible anger they have been unable to annihilate anything, not even the cups, and vases, and paintings of the ceramic art. In vain did they throw to the winds the ashes of the kings of France; those royal ashes found each other in the air, those sacred relics leave other relics, those broken tombs are picked up piece by piece amongst the ruins of the cathedral of St. Denis. Everything rises, everything is repaired; effaced figures, profaned inscriptions, reappear upon the canvas, the wood, the marble, the stone. In this old France, thoroughly overturned as it has been, you will yet find, at the present time, the most incredible remnants of former days. In Paris itself there is a whole army of antiquarians, honest men, whose life and fortune are spent in collecting these scarce remains, in saving from oblivion these precious remembrances, in gathering up this noble dust. What they have done with shreds, morsels, nameless and shapeless scraps, is perfectly incredible. Of the religious care with which they have restored broken altars, demolished temples, paintings, hangings, and soiled books, no one can form an idea. The more fragile, delicate, and charming is the broken chef-d'œuvre, the more does the love, the curiosity, the passion, of the antiquary augment. He knows its whole genealogy; for whom it was made, through what hands it has passed, for what vile uses it has served, and who was the happy mortal that restored it to its original glory.

But we have wandered far from our subject. Not so far as you may imagine. In the journey we are taking, one remembrance recalls another; the Gobelin tapestry naturally leads to the Sèvres china, and from thence to the antiquarians there is but one step.

In fact, what is this great city, but the longest series of passions, ambitions, loves, pleasures, fine arts, rivalries, miseries, glories, scandals, and vanities?

Do not quit this beautiful path—it will lead you to the Champ de Mars, to the Invalides, to the most beautiful of the extremities of Paris; yes, just opposite those delightful heights of Passy, where Franklin made so many learned experiments—where Napoleon Buonaparte wished the palace of his son, the King of Rome. to be built. Fancy an immense plain, through which have passed, before setting out for conquest, all the armies of France since 1789; this plain is the Champ de Mars, over which the dome of the hôtel royal des Invalides presides, with all its warlike majesty. On one side there is the Ecole Militaire, built there by the financier Pâris Duvernay; on the other, the Seine and the Pont d'Iena. For one who has run through the sad neigh-

bourhoods in which we were just now, to arrive here, in this open space, with this beautiful prospect before him, and the sun shining so brightly, it is a double pleasure! Then we were lost in the windings near the Ecole de Droit and the Ecole de Médecine, narrow, dark, dirty streets, with a hungry, noisy population—but now we are at ease, in the free, pure air! But we must not forget the Pantheon, that ruin which has never recovered the shame of having served for a tomb to the infamous Marat.

The Pantheon, that building which was intended to recall the sweet virtues, and the holy protection of Geneviève, the patroness of Paris—what changes has it not undergone! Louis XIII., that all-powerful king—made so by Cardinal Richelieu—wished to consecrate this magnificent temple; he granted it all sorts of privileges, he surrounded it with eclat and glory; when, suddenly, almost before the bold cupola was raised in the air, the architect, Soufflot, discovered, with despair, and bitter tears, that the base of the monument was too weak to support this giant's head.

Michael Angelo, it is true, had raised in the air the cupola of St. Peter at Rome; but where is there another Michael Angelo? Soufflot was therefore obliged to disfigure his church, to derange its interior order and harmony, and to change the elegant pillars into massive masonry. Thé work was in this state when the sound of war was heard from the plain of Grenelle, which was expected to overthrow half Paris. Fear was the only punishment of Paris; but, nevertheless, the church of St. Geneviève was thrown aside. It did not crumble, but it remained there, to attest the powerlessness of modern workmen—to show, by this example, how solidly the church of Notre Dame de Paris was built. But people were no longer occupied, either with Sainte Geneviève or Notre Dame; France was in declared revolution; Notre Dame de Paris was laid waste; upon its insulted altars were placed women of bad character in the guise of a god; Anacharsis Clootz, and all kinds of buffoons in red bonnets, filled these noble and holy walls with their revellings and their scandals. As for the church of Sainte Geneviève, it had to submit to another kind of profanation—of a Christian church they made a pagan temple. There, all illustrious citizens were to be buried; and they even wrote on the pediment of the monument this inscription, which is not wanting in dignity, "*The grateful country to great men.*" Unfortunately, the grateful country carried Marat into this temple; Marat himself, that hideous and livid rascal, who deserved little to die under the innocent, pure hand of Charlotte Corday!

Thus, the Pantheon was for ever profaned; Marat once placed there, others would try to escape from such a disgraceful honour; even the corpse of Voltaire, deposited in the vaults, could scarcely obtain a few planks, which formed the shadow of a tomb. Is it possible? Voltaire—the king of the eighteenth century, the hammer which had broken, the torch which had burned, the catapult which had overthrown so many things—could not obtain a tomb in the open Pantheon, to which he was carried with so much pomp! . . . . It was with difficulty that a few worm-eaten planks could be secured to cover him. The curious came to look, with a thoughtful eye, upon this glory in its nothingness. Within these four decayed boards was enclosed that malicious, ironical being—that sarcastic smile—that poet who sang, with so much gaiety and coolness, every passion

of the head and the senses. By his side, and in a tomb of the same wood, has been placed J. J. Rousseau, whose glory so often prevented Voltaire from sleeping. Two enemies, whom posterity, in spite of themselves, has joined together in its subjection and its respect; the latter, irony and disbelief personified; the former, enthusiasm and conviction; the one, an unrestrained railler, who threw upon every person and thing the varnish of his immortal sallies; the other, austere and grave, who was outrageous in his love for the beings of his own creation. Two agitators, each in his way—Voltaire by wit, J. J. Rousseau by good sense—Voltaire by flights of imagination, the author of *Emile* by reasoning. Long divided; J. J. Rousseau insulted, or rather we should say denied, by Voltaire—Voltaire protected by the pity of Jean Jacques. They are, at last, united in the same Pantheon, just as their works are on the same shelf of the book-case. Once there, the Nation forgot them, the Empire no longer remembered them; but the Restoration recalled them in its hours of leisure and vengeance; it remembered that the Pantheon had been the church of Sainte Geneviève, and restored her church to the saint. Then Voltaire and Rousseau were taken, without ceremony, from the vaults; the hideous Marat having, long before, been ignominiously ejected. Then re-appeared the holy patroness of Paris in this enclosure, from which she had been driven; then were heard, in the church, a long succession of sermons, expiations, of blessings on the Most High; a long succession, also, of anger, vengeance, and threats against future revolutionaries. This time, it was said, the church of Sainte Geneviève was for ever re-conquered—re-conquered, as the throne of France was, for fifteen years, at most! Strange Paris! where people always swear by eternity—an eternity of tears—an eternity of glory—immortal popularity—tombs against which the end of the world will not prevail. Vain hope! vain promises! useless threats! Wait ten years more, and a revolution will restore monuments, and opinions, and men, to precisely the same point as they were ten years ago.

There is nothing in France but hospitals and prisons which do not change; illness is always illness, misery is always misery. Among so many violent revolutions, which pull down, break, and overthrow everything, you can scarcely recognize the monuments of this frivolous people, who are always ready to break on the morrow the idols of the evenings before.

There is, at Florence, an old palace, on the walls of which each government of the republic has left its escutcheon and its mark, without the conquerors ever effacing the escutcheon of the conquered. Now you may see upon these noble walls a long train of emblazonments, intended to recall the passage of so many different powers. In France such a monument would be impossible: whoever, in this country, speaks of a statue raised, speaks also of a statue overthrown; for twenty-five years, the occupation has been alternately to scratch out fleur-de-lis and cut off the heads of eagles. In their most insignificant emblems, the Empire and the Restoration have hunted each other to death; what is called Old France no longer exists, except in the fragments of which we were just now speaking, unless indeed the ancient monument was protected by its own usefulness. Thus the hôtel royal des Invalides, that monument of Louis XIV., so

worthy of the great king, has grown with all the importance and majesty of the imperial wars. This dome, raised in the sky, to serve as a shelter for military glory, Napoleon wished to cover with plates of gold, in order that he might point it out from a distance to the young armies, at the same time saying, "See under what canopies you are expected." Within these walls, surrounded by cannon, the cannon of fête-days and popular solemnities, the old soldiers of France have found an asylum worthy of their courage; there they live and die, under a law at once military and paternal. A marshal of France, an old warrior maimed like the others, is the governor of this house, so that the chief and the soldiers, before reaching this hour of repose, have run the same dangers, have met in the same battles; the glory of the one is the glory of the other; all are heroic old men of the same family; only to see them pass, you would behold their services written on their foreheads. Modern Europe may be asked what has been done with such men; with such as these, the French republic has been recognized, and the empire has been founded. There is not a capital of Europe that has not trembled to its very foundations, not a king who has not turned pale, not a slavish people who have not murmured those two immortal words—*liberty, hope.* Ah! if you could ask each of these old heroes the line which he has written with the point of the sabre in the history of his country, you would certainly find a splendid action, a city taken or defended, a victory gained, or, at least, a glorious retreat. What a noble history might be written under the dictation of these living and imposing remembrances! Memory is the life of the invalid soldier; memory immediately carries him back amongst the neighing horses, the thundering cannon, and the fighting battalions, whilst the cry of war sounds from army to army; memory leads him to those celebrated plains by which future ages will doubtless profit—Austerlitz! Jena! Wagram! Now he sees Italy, whose fertile plains still call him; anon he sees Germany, where the Emperor seeks a new empress; a second time he returns to the charge against the ever-flying Russian; again he finds himself amongst the fiery snows of Moscow, until at last they fall, himself and his emperor, on the plains of Waterloo. Such is the life of these veterans of glory; to speak of former wars and battles, to be intoxicated with past glory, to see in the bright distance the Emperor, who once more calls them to pass in review before him—this is their joy and their happiness. In vain is the door of this vast and beautiful hotel open all the day; the invalid never wanders from his last encampment; he pleases himself with the benevolent shade of the tricoloured flag; he cultivates, with incredible patience, the little garden in which he has planted three helianthuses; he brings up birds, he caresses the children who pass,—above all, he sings Berenger's songs. Berenger is the poet of this house; no verses but his are known or read here. He has sung, by turns, the two passions of these old men; Lisette, their first passion, and the Emperor, their last, their most faithful love. He has been, by turns, an enamoured ballad-maker and a warrior-poet; wine, love, and glory formed the strength of this poet. His book is a sort of gospel to these old men; they wish for no other, they know no other; but when the fancy takes them to return to the moment of departure, to know whence they set out before reaching their last asylum,

then they go and walk in the Champ de Mars, and then they retrace their first review, their animated youth. There they came at eighteen years of age, thence to throw themselves upon the world; it was there that they were armed as soldiers, that their first standard was confided to them, that the Emperor pointed out to them his star, which was also their's. Honour then to the Champ de Mars, that vast plain almost always deserted, where nothing usually passes except a few idlers on horseback. I can fancy that at certain solemn hours in the history of these men, when the night is gloomy, when the wind of Moscow begins to blow amid the silence, there returns, at midnight, all these scattered armies, here and there, in detachments on the field of battle. At this moment the great imperial trumpet is heard; each soldier, now lying in the dust, rejoins his broken army; the captains again put themselves at the head of their legions, and this immense confusion of so many thousands of men, cut down by the scythe of death, give themselves up, till the first cock-crowing, to all the delight of conquerors; after which, all is quiet; each corpse returns to its dust, each sword into its scabbard, each idea into the heart which originated it. . . A faithful image of the tumults and pacifications of 1815! To-day the grand army still erect; and to-morrow the adieus of Fontainebleau, and the Emperor, who goes on board the *Bellerophon*, for that exile from which he was *never* to return!

From this eternal exile the Emperor *has* already returned. At this day the dome of the Invalides has grown by a thousand cubits; it has become inviolable; it has been pronounced the only tomb which was worthy to contain such a man!

It is said, that at the news that the Emperor was on his return, more than one old soldier began to weep; more than one, when the imperial coffin passed, threw themselves on their knees, in a silent adoration, which had in it something of ecstasy. After which, when they understood that such a deposit was confided to them, the old men arose with all their pride, and assumed their arms with the vivacity of youth! And now it is for them a disputed pleasure, and a much envied honour, to mount guard night and day at the coffin of this man, who is still their emperor.

Quite at the end of that magnificent boulevard which we have already partly traversed, (from Tortoni's to the Bourse,) rises, in all the magnificence of modern architecture, the church of the Madeleine. If not imposing in its appearance, it is at least splendid. This beautiful edifice is surrounded by an immense colonnade; a vast, open space extends all round this half-Christian, half-profane monument. Is it a heathen temple? is it a church? is it a theatre? It is a church. The front, so beautifully sculptured, already announces the efforts of Christian thought. The bronze doors, also sculptured from top to bottom, in the same way as the doors of the Baptistère at Florence, are far from being as beautiful as the doors of Lorenzo Ghiberti, called by Michael Angelo the *Gates of Paradise;* but still they are rich, magnificent, and varied. In the interior have been lavished all the treasures of art; bronze, oak, stone, marble, mosaic, painting,—nothing is wanting to this Christian church, except that it is not exactly a church. Admire the two basins of Antonin Moine for holy-water,—would you not say it was some patient, endless labour of the sixteenth century? Is it not in

Eugene Lami.

E. Radclyffe.

The Boulevards.

Boulevard des Italiens.

Italiänische Boulvards

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON. — H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

the style of the artists from Bysance? An artist of great merit, named Ziégler, has represented the history of the holy Madeleine. Paris possesses the Madeleine of Canova, a touching marble, full of elegance and melancholy; M. Aguado had just purchased it when he died. Before long it was put up at auction, and not one devoted Christian thought of buying the beautiful marble to present it to the church of the Madeleine! The Madeleine is a monument almost religious, standing at the boundary of the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Chaussée d'Antin; it presides over the whole space, extending from the boulevard to the Chamber of Deputies, a vast and dazzling space, which we have already tried to describe to you. But since we came here by the way of the Rue St. Jacques and the Pantheon, the Sorbonne and the Champ de Mars, I will now conduct you from one end to the other of this celebrated boulevard; so that you will be able, without fatigue and without trouble, to form an idea of the two sides of this imposing city.

At the church of the Madeleine commences that long succession of splendid hotels to which there is nothing comparable in any capital of Europe. You proceed, and soon find yourself in presence of the Place Vendôme and the imperial column; a little further on you recognize Tortoni's and the Café de Paris, the gilt mansion, the first modern house that has been surrounded by sculpture; very soon you reach the Théâtre des Variétés, where Brunet delighted the last generation; then the Rue Montmartre, which is quite as popular as the Rue Saint Denis; the Porte Saint Denis, placed there in honour of Louis XIV.; *Ludovico Magno*; and just before reaching the Porte Saint Denis, the Gymnase Dramatique, a delightful little theatre, which M. Scribe and the Duchess de Berri raised between them. In this small enclosure are performed comedies, which represent the slightest accidents of every-day life. When M. Scribe, the greatest amuser of the age, commenced this undertaking, there seemed no scope for comedy anywhere; Molière, like a sovereign master, had taken possession of all the great characters; he had vaulted the whole of humanity for his own benefit; there was not a vice, nor an absurdity, which had not been submitted to the censure and the rod of this illustrious genius. After him, others had arisen—Lachaussée, for instance, who had made comedy weep; Beaumarchais, who had taken it on to political ground; Marivaux, the comic poet of the ruelles and the boudoirs; these passed—comedy had become silent like all the rest. Inventors were contented with imitating masters. The Emperor Napoleon did not encourage this method of speaking to the crowd, and of saying very often, by means of a representation, severe truths which the audience alone discovers, and which escape all the sagacity of the censors. Then came M. Scribe. He had all the wit and all the invention necessary for the new enterprise; he at once understood that he could not carry his comedy back into former times, and yet that he could not leave it among the people. He therefore chose an intermediate world, a neutral ground, the Chaussée d'Antin and finance; for, after all, everybody stands a chance of one day becoming as rich as M. Rothschild; the marquis of ancient date, and the grocer of despised family, may make their fortune in four-and-twenty hours; so that each could say, while beholding this new dominion of comedy, "I shall perhaps

the style of the artists from Byzance? An artist of great merit, named Ziégler, has represented the history of the holy Madeleine. Paris possesses the Madeleine of Canova, a touching marble, full of elegance and melancholy; M. Aguado had just purchased it when he died. Before long it was put up at auction, and not one devoted Christian thought of buying the beautiful marble to present it to the church of the Madeleine! The Madeleine is a monument almost religious, standing at the boundary of the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Chaussée d'Antin; it presides over the whole space, extending from the boulevard to the Chamber of Deputies, a vast and dazzling space, which we have already tried to describe to you. But since we came here by the way of the Rue St. Jacques and the Pantheon, the Sorbonne and the Champ de Mars, I will now conduct you from one end to the other of this celebrated boulevard; so that you will be able, without fatigue and without trouble, to form an idea of the two sides of this imposing city.

At the church of the Madeleine commences that long succession of splendid hotels to which there is nothing comparable in any capital of Europe. You proceed, and soon find yourself in presence of the Place Vendôme and the imperial column; a little farther on you recognize Tortoni's and the Café de Paris, the gilt mansion, the first modern house that has been surrounded by sculpture; very soon you reach the Théâtre des Varietés, where Brunet delighted the last generation; then the Rue Montmartre, which is quite as popular as the Rue Saint Denis; the Porte Saint Denis, placed there in honour of Louis XIV.; *Ludovico Magno;* and just before reaching the Porte Saint Denis, the Gymnase Dramatique, a delightful little theatre, which M. Scribe and the Duchess de Berri raised between them. In this small enclosure are performed comedies, which represent the slightest accidents of every-day life. When M. Scribe, the greatest amuser of the age, commenced this undertaking, there seemed no scope for comedy anywhere; Molière, like a sovereign master, had taken possession of all the great characters; he had worked the whole of humanity for his own benefit; there was not a vice, nor an absurdity, which had not been submitted to the censure and the rod of this illustrious genius. After him, others had arisen—Lachaussée, for instance, who had made comedy weep; Beaumarchais, who had taken it on to political ground; Marivaux, the comic poet of the ruelles and the boudoirs; these passed—comedy had become silent like all the rest. Inventors were contented with imitating masters. The Emperor Napoleon did not encourage this method of speaking to the crowd, and of saying very often, by means of a representation, severe truths which the audience alone discovers, and which escape all the sagacity of the censors. Then came M. Scribe. He had all the wit and all the invention necessary for the new enterprise; he at once understood that he could not carry his comedy back into former times, and yet that he could not leave it among the people. He therefore chose an intermediate world, a neutral ground, the Chaussée d'Antin and finance; for, after all, everybody stands a chance of one day becoming as rich as M. Rothschild; the marquis of ancient date, and the grocer of despised family, may make their fortune in four-and-twenty hours; so that each could say, while beholding this new dominion of comedy, "I shall perhaps

enter there some day!" Placed on this rich territory, of which he was the Christopher Columbus, M. Scribe gave himself up at his ease to this paradox, which has suited his purpose admirably. The simple secret of his success has consisted in taking exactly the opposite of the comedies written before him. There was a comedy of Voltaire's called Nanine. This Nanine, a girl of no birth, marries a great lord, and is happy; M. Scribe takes in hand the defence of the opposite opinion, and writes the *Mariage de Raison*, to prove that the son of a general would be very foolish to marry the daughter of a soldier. In the *Premières Amours*, M. Scribe ridicules all the fine, sweet sentiments of youth, with which so many pretty comedies have been composed. The *Demoiselle à Marier* is never so charming as when she has no thought of marriage. *Le plus beau jour de la vie* is full of torments and miseries. And it is always thus; when he has a comedy to write, this original man takes up the side of long-established truth. In case of need, he would undertake to defend, not the misanthrope, which Fabre d'Eglantine has done before him, but even the Tartufe. Thanks to this ingenious subversion of the action, the story, and the persons of his comedy, M. Scribe has discovered the art of making his audience attentive. And as, besides, he writes quite simply, without knowing how to write; as his dialogues are full of ordinary genius; as, with all his wit, he is not more witty than the rest of the world; the most complete success has attended this happy man; he has at once attained that popularity which is least contested and least contestable in France; he has been at the same time celebrated and rich. The Duchess de Berri adopted him as her poet, and the Gymnase, sustained by clever comedians, made expressly for this comedy, finished by replacing the Théâtre Français. The success of M. Scribe lasted as long as the Restoration. But the Revolution of July came; immediately the *Théâtre de Madame* was nothing more than the *Gymnase Dramatique*. The box in which the amiable princess so often appeared, that royal box into which it was a great honour to be admitted, was empty. Then M. Scribe, faithless as the bird whose nest is destroyed, took his flight elsewhere. The Théâtre Français, which he had so roughly opposed, eagerly opened its doors to the Caldéron of 1830. Then M. Scribe composed vaudevilles in five acts, and without couplets, which the Théâtre Français calls comedies. At the same time the Opéra and the Opéra Comique secured the illustrious inventor; Meyerbeer and Auber would have no poems but his; to the latter he gave *Robert le Diable*, to the former, the *Domino Noir*. As for the Gymnase, when it found itself left to its own strength, it dispensed most easily with its poet. The spirit of the master had remained everywhere, within the walls, and on the outside of the walls. Bouffé, that excellent comedian, who had never been in the school of M. Scribe, set himself seriously to work to play comedies which were almost serious. Thus, everyone went on—the Gymnase without M. Scribe, M. Scribe without the Gymnase; only, as it is not right that everything should succeed with ungrateful men, M. Scribe was obliged to enter the French Academy, where he pronounced a discourse in M. de Buffon's style. Thus was her royal highness the Duchess de Berri avenged! Assuredly, M. Scribe would not be in the Academy, if his first protectress was not at Goritz.

You have still, in the same line, several other theatres, which I have forgotten, just as I forgot the Opéra Comique; for instance, the Porte Saint Martin, a theatre which still remembers Frederick Lemaitre and Madame Dorval. There were produced, in all their first fervour, the romantic Melpomena, the modern drama, the burlesque upon Shakspere; there were worn many a silk dress, many a good lance of Toledo, many a gauntlet, and many a suit of armour. There were played, almost at the same time, the *Auberge des Adrets*, a drama in which theft and assassination become the subject of the most delightful pleasantry, and the *Faust* of Goëthe! There have appeared rope-dancers, Bayadères, Hercules, and learned animals. There the monkey Jocko was seen; and all Paris melted into tears at the misfortunes and death of poor Jocko. In this same theatre was exhibited the elephant Kionny, whose pretty tricks and good manners were quite the fashion; then nameless crimes, the life of Napoleon the Great, ballets, vaudevilles, the bagnio, the scaffold, the whole of the Middle Age, M. Alexandre Dumas and M. Victor Hugo. . . . And all this trouble and care, all these paradoxes and murders, to centre in a little theatre, where people no longer eat anything but strawberries and cream, and nothing is acted but the pastorals and the idyls of the Chevalier de Florian!

CHAPTER XIII.

Different Appearance of the Boulevards—Prison of La Force—Juvenile Delinquents—New Wonders in Paris—The Regratteur—The Commissioner of the Quarter—Various Little Trades—Love-Letters—The Place Royale and its Former Inhabitants—M. de Turin—Bois Robert—Marchioness de Rambouillet—Madame de Montausier—Voiture—Madame de Longueville—New Houses in Paris—M. Beaumarchaise and the Bastille.

We told you then, that after passing the Gymnase and the boulevard Poissonière, we no longer found the same appearances, the same literature, or the same people. In this country of equality nothing is blended; each is in its place, everything in its station. Each step you take seems to carry you into new regions. I know not what presentiment warns you of this change—but so it is. Already, on this same line of the boulevards, the population is altered. The helmet, the blouse, the apron, and the round cap, which dare not make their appearance five hundred steps higher, have taken up their abode in these latitudes. Above you were with the aristocrats, here you are among the people. The people do not inhabit these boulevards, but they live and reign here—they expend all their money and their wit here; in this spot the fête is complete, and our good people have nothing more to wish. Ambulatory kitchens offer them, at any hour, the dishes they prefer to all others—fried potatoes and salt pork; while barley-water sellers constantly invite them, with the harmonious sound of their little bells. For their evening's amusement they have the low theatres, where dramas are acted, which, as far

as I know, cannot be too much loaded with events, accidents, sudden changes of fortune, revolutions, deaths, births, terrors, and convulsions of every kind, to please the taste of their habitual spectators. I could tell you of a certain play applauded for a whole year, on this part of the boulevard, which is emphatically called the *boulevard of crime;* but we must acquaint you with the mischief done to these feeble minds by the lamentable spectacle of all the vices, all the paradoxes, and all the bad passions which the theatre summons to its aid.

I have visited one of the most frightful prisons in Paris, called *La Force.* This prison was formerly the hotel of the dukes de la Force, a noble and illustrious house, much fallen, as you may see, and stripped of its ancient grandeur. Within these walls have dwelt the greatest lords of French history. At that time all was joy, pleasure, in treacherous prosperity around these famous noblemen; love, ambition, poetry, painting, and music, all the fine arts, were eager to attend their proud masters. Now, this palace of opulence and grandeur is nothing but a dirty abyss, filled with darkness, confusion, and grinding of teeth. It is no longer a house built for men—it is an iron cage, made expressly for wild beasts. Shut up within those formidable walls, the prisoners are seen variously occupied: this one is lying with his face on the ground, meditating theft and murder; that one, in a feverish agitation, turns and re-turns incessantly in his melancholy enclosure, as if he sought a chink through which to escape. A third roars with laughter, whilst clenching his fist with the convulsion of rage. All the ferocious desires of the tiger you will find without trouble, in these terrible figures; but these vilest of criminals have never known remorse—and that is why I hesitate to call them men.

But what is most melancholy in this sad place, is to see, in the side-jail—not men—not even young men, but mere children. Unhappy beings! they were early brought to this abyss; some from an imitation of parental example; others, because they have never known a mother's kiss; the largest number, from having, at an early age, frequented these immoral shops, where comedy and melodrama sell, for the lowest sum, their lessons of infamy and vice.

We have spoken enough of the prison: we will pursue our road. Let us leave the kitchens in the open air, the wandering melodies, the sellers of oranges or crumpets—M. Coupe Toujours, for instance. Let us plunge into the desert; and now tell me by what endless succession of little resources, mysteries, and labours these lazzaroni can manage, without working, without giving themselves much trouble or much uneasiness, to procure their bread of every day, and their theatre of every evening. This is one of the greatest wonders of the Parisian world; how is it that a man can, with very little work, be rich enough to want none of the necessaries of life, and to live in idleness and pleasure?

To this question, my Parisian host, who had been, more than once, the kind companion of my poetical wanderings, answered with his usual goodness—You have asked me a question which has occupied more than one statesman. A man ought to be a thorough Parisian to resolve it properly; but when that question is once resolved, you will understand a number of little facts quite unappreciated by the great travellers,

who look only at a country as a whole, without deigning to examine into details; for it is, above all, by details that you can compare, and judge, and, better yet, that you can understand. The fact is, added my companion, that Paris is the only city in the world where you meet, at every step, a crowd of inoffensive little trades, which are subject to no patent-law, to no control, and which secure to the man who pursues them an honest livelihood for the remainder of his days. These trades you meet everywhere, in this great city.

In leaving your house you necessarily pass before the porter's lodge. This lodge is a sort of niche on the ground-floor, in which, very often, you would not put your dog. Imagine a space of seven or eight feet, at most, in which, very frequently, resides a whole family: the father making shoes, the mother reading romances; the daughter spouting verses, the hope of the Théâtre Français; the eldest son playing on the violin; the youngest mixing the colours of Eugène Delacroix. But do you know where all these children nestle? how they came into the world? how they have grown? how they have lived? Who knows? who can tell?—the fact is, they do live and grow up in a wonderful way. However, cross the threshold of your door, and take care of that man who is groping in the kennel; he is a *regratteur;* he scrapes and scratches among the stones. He will have nothing to do with the rags or the dirt of the street, these are articles of merchandise quite above our trafficker. He wants nothing but the nails lost from the horses' shoes—the small pieces of iron rubbed off the wheels by friction: he washes the mud of the city as other slaves wash the golden sand of Mexico.

When you have avoided the regratteur, and the water which he throws on either side, you generally stumble upon the commissioner of the quarter. The commissioner of the quarter, is usually a good, portly man, with a broad chest, large shoulders, and black beard; you are sure, from his very looks, that he is a man at ease, who owes nothing to any one, but to whom much is owing, and who is not without a fund in reserve, for bad days: he is servant to us all; he belongs to all the houses, and goes in and out at pleasure.

Farther off, on the Pont Neuf, on the Quai de la Grève, outside wandering or stationary shops, without patent, but not without approbation, you will meet a crowd of industrious people, always occupied, who cross each other in every sense, but without confusion; one, leaning upon his stall of a square foot, solicits the favour of restoring, for a sou, its lustre to your tarnished boots; another calls your shaggy dog, with a hoarse voice, wishing to crop him; this one supplies you with matches, that one with pins, and that old man gains his living by selling barley sugar. But do not fancy that this kind of industry is within the reach of men in all parts of the world; it is only fitted for the Parisian; it is only he who understands, and loves, and knows how to appreciate at their just value, all these little accommodations. It is only a Parisian, who, impelled by the thirst of a warm summer's day, stops the honest seller of cocoas, who chats with him while wiping his plated mug, who has it filled to the very brim, and asks the change from his ten centimts, after having drank and talked to the value of at least two sous. And, just in the same way, the Parisian is the only person to talk

with a fish-woman, play the agreeable with an oyster-seller, and not provoke an ambulatory cook while cheapening his meal. You should never ridicule little trades; thanks to them, the Parisian has remained the sole master of his native city. Little trades sell him, at a cheap rate, the fine clothes and furniture of the rich; gather for him, roses in summer, violets in spring, and apples for winter; they put him on a level with all fortunes; they give him the means of satisfying all his desires; it is to them that the Parisian owes his prosperity, his house, his servants, and his carriage. Lately these little trades have given to each Parisian a large carriage, with two or three horses, always at his orders, always ready to take him to the various parts of the city. Careless and idle man! To please the Parisian the omnibus-conductor wears a livery, and the coachman takes every possible care of his vehicle. Does he not carry the greatest of all the great lords in Europe, the Parisian of Paris!

In Paris—thanks to little trades—there is nothing without two extreme prices, the dear and the cheap—there is no medium. Look at the Opera, which is so expensive; but, for a frank, in the Rue Vivienne, an excellent orchestra will play you, during four hours, the most beautiful symphonies of Bethoven, the sweetest melodies of Mozart. And not only do little trades apply to the necessities of life, and to those luxurious wants which have become a necessity, but they also take up the strongest and most unexpected caprices of the character and mind of man. For instance, Catherine wishes to write to her good friend John, who is with the army at Algiers; Catherine cannot write, but, for four sous, she will send Charles John a letter, full of the best chosen words and the sweetest hopes, on fine glazed paper, with an armorial seal; two sous more, fair Catherine, and you could have written to your lover in good Alexandrine verses.

Everything is a trade in Paris; it is a trade to open the door of the carriages after the play is over; it is a trade to mend the piano broken by the little girl who has just left school; it is a trade to serve as a witness at the Palais de Justice, to carry water, to manufacture toothpicks, and paper collars. What do you want? what is the fancy which has seized you? Do you wish a rose for your button-hole? they will sell you a single rose. In the season you will find violets for a sou on the Pont des Arts. Follow me along the quay, and you may have a thick volume in octavo for the price of ten bunches of violets.

Even usury, infamous usury, has made itself a little trade to rob the unfortunate more easily. Usury dresses itself in an old cassock, and takes the form of a grocer, near the markets; it lends six francs, to receive six francs five centimes at the end of the day.

And this, my dear sir, is the way people live in Paris; when a man has not a great trade, he lives by a small one; the only important thing is, to exercise a little trade, whatever it may be, with honour and good faith.

We were at this point of our conversation when my guide, turning abruptly, changed at once the direction of my road and my ideas.—But, said I, where are we going? why this sudden turn? Did you not intend to take me to the end of this immense avenue?

I would fain know the whole history of the Boulevards; I have already traversed a great part of them; I have seen their solitudes and their thickly-populated corners, their riches and their misery, their hungry inhabitants, and those who are rolling in luxury. I intended this evening to stop upon the former site of the Bastille; do you see anything to prevent this plan?—We will return there presently, said my guide, but I have too high an opinion of you, to believe that you will not wish to examine one of the most curious spots in the Paris of former days. The Place Royale is close by, and we must not pass without seeing it.—So saying, we entered this vast space of old and noble houses, which you would take for one single palace, the walls of which surround the garden. In this garden rises, as in its rightful kingdom, the equestrian statue of Louis XIII., son of Henry the Great, and father of Louis the Great. Within these walls have lived and thought the rarest minds, the finest geniuses, the most delightful raillers, the most elegant gentlemen, of that singular epoch which preceded so closely, as if to announce it, the seventeenth French century. The Place Royale, where nothing is now heard except the beautiful little children of M. Victor Hugo, the poet still remembers, with love, and pride, and gratitude, that it was formerly inhabited, or at least traversed, by those great names before which everyone bows—Larochefaucauld, Mademoiselle de Lafayette, the duchess de Lesdiguières, the prince de Condé, Molière, St. Vincent de Paule, La Fontaine, the duke de Montausier, M. de Thou, and M. de St. Marc. What a strange drama has passed within this enclosure! what an incredible heap of papers and proper names! Here came Marion Delorme, who was sick of love, and Ninon de l'Enclos, the sweetest child of Epicurus, and Chapelle, and Bachaumont, and Mademoiselle Delaunay, and Mademoiselle Polallion, Madame de Montausier, Madame de Gondran, Madame de Vervins, Marshal Desfiat, Father Joseph, Cardinal de Richelieu, Marshal de Biron, Marshal de Roquelaire, the Marquis de Pisani, the duke de Bellegarde, the Baron de Thermes, the princess de Conti, the poet Desportes, the duke de Joyeuse—who was a great patron of clever men—Cardinal Duperron—the friend of Desportes—the archbishop of Sens, the duke of Sully, Mademoiselle and M. de Senectère, the former beautiful and finely proportioned, who knew everything that was going on, and who was almost a woman of letters, and her brother Senectère, the spy of Richelieu, the friend of Mazarin; Marshal de la Force, at whose hotel we were a short time since—on St. Bartholomew's day he was left among the dead. He was a great friend of Henry the Fourth's, and but little of a courtier, and was eighty-nine when he wished to be married for the fourth time, alleging that being no longer able to hunt, it was impossible for him to live alone in the country; François Malherbe, the pensioner of Catherine de Médicis; the Viscountess d'Orchies; M. des Yvetots, who delighted in dressing in the most extraordinary way; and M. de Guise, the son of Balafré. Here was the constable de Luynes, the assassin and the successor of Marshal d'Ancre; Marshal d'Estrées, the worthy brother of his six sisters; president de Chevry, Monsieur de Sully's jester; Monsieur d'Aumont, the visionary, who was so welcome at the hotel Rambouillet; Madame de Reniez; her daughter, Madame de Gironde; and Monsieur de Turin, that inflexible magistrate.

King Henry said to him one day, "Monsieur de Turin, I wish M. de Bouillon to gain his action." "Sire," answered the worthy man, "nothing is easier; I will send the action to you, and you shall judge it yourself." Thus spoke my companion, and seeing that I was astonished at this great number of names—Ah! said he, since we are in the Place Royale, you must pardon my returning to the great names of former days. I delight in going back to the history of a society which no longer exists. Never, indeed, at any epoch, have there been found more important characters: the chancellor de Bellièvre, who never was angry; Madame de Puysieux, who sang before Cardinal Richelieu all kinds of pretty songs, which made him laugh immoderately; the princess of Orange, and the duke de Mayenne. Who else? Madame d'Aiguillon, the Cardinal's niece, who was so avaricious; Marshal de Brézé, who obeyed his servant; Marshal de la Meilleraie, a great besieger of cities; and king Louis XIII., of whom we will not speak. You have at the same time the duke of Montmorency, a liberal, excellent man, quite ignorant of war—what a cruel death overtook him! Do not forget Beautru, one of the fine spirits of the time; he was bold, insolent, a great player, a thorough libertine, and an outrageous slanderer, but loved by Cardinal Richelieu for his boldness.

Silence! Do you not hear the sound of the violin?—it is Maugard, the Cardinal's violin player. This Maugard was a clever fellow, full of invention and witty tricks, and, in spite of his poverty, as proud as though he had been a rich poet. Does there not seem a pastoral air around you? the meadows are before you, the bleating lambs call their mothers; it is Racan singing his idyls: picture to yourself a gentleman-shepherd—he was the worthy disciple of Malherbe, and really a man of genius, but very absent. The day he was received into the Academy, he made his appearance with a paper which his dog had torn. "This," said he, "is my speech; I cannot re-copy it, and I do not know it by heart."

Then there is La Fontaine, the greatest poet in France. But we will not speak of him; he only passed under the shadow of the Place Royale, it was too full of affected women and red heels; he wanted more solitude and silence. Neither must we forget Bois Robert, one of the kings of the Place Royale, who very soon learned to fawn upon the Cardinal. He was a buffoon, but he amused his master; we will, however, do him this justice, Bois Robert never injured any one; he consoled the afflicted, and visited more than one who was in the Bastille. When once he had taken you under his protection, you were well off; he had the courage never possessed by flatterers; to serve you, he would dare to displease the master; and besides this, buffoon as he was, he was the founder of the French Academy.

You find me long in my stories, said my companion, but when in this frivolous Paris we happen to find ourselves in the centre of an illustrious place, through which the best society in the world has passed, why should we neglect to recall so many happy remembrances? Why, since we are in the Place Royale, should we not speak of the marquis and marchioness de Rambouillet? They certainly played an important part in the world of former days. Before their time, every citizen's house was built thus:

first, a great staircase; on one side of the staircase a parlour, and on the other side a bedroom. The marchioness was the first to change the position of the staircase, so as to have a long succession of saloons; she made the doors and windows as much larger as possible, placing them, for the first time, opposite each other. To this house repaired all the choice minds of the court and the city. Then was founded that great power called *causerie*. The Marchioness de Rambouillet was young and beautiful, she had a clear mind, lively conversation, and could amuse her friends exceedingly well. Molière, it is true, in a fit of ill-humour, denounced the wit of the affected ladies; but whatever might be the rapture of Cathos, of Madelon, and of Mascarille, it cannot be denied, that the French language, then scarcely commenced, gained much in grace from being spoken by the best society. This lady was truly one of the first to give the signal for the great age: besides, she was the mother of Madame de Montausier, that clever woman, who wrote so many good pages under the name of Voiture. To her belonged that beautiful book called *La Guirlande de Julie*, which the Duchess d'Uzès, her granddaughter, bought at such an enormous sum. Neither must we forget Madame d'Hyères, so amiable in her folly; the sister of Madame de Montausier, Mademoiselle de Rambouillet; and Mademoiselle Paulet, who played the lute better than any one, and with whom the Chevalier de Guise was so desperately in love. It is a singular fact, and one not generally known, that Mademoiselle Paulet, elegant, pretty, a good musician, a genius, courageous, and proud, was the first person in France who was called a lioness. Now, the title of lioness is an honourable one; a woman who is not a lioness thinks herself disgraced. Mademoiselle Paulet was not so proud, and was very angry with Voiture, but the name still clung to her.

Voiture was the son of a wine-seller, a genius, fond of love and play, but preferring the latter to the former. He treated the greatest lords with the most extraordinary freedom and want of ceremony. It was he who said, on hearing Bossuet at fourteen years old preach his first sermon, at the Hotel de Rambouillet, a quarter of an hour before midnight, "I never heard a person preach so early or so late." Here also came, full of pride and learning, President Jeannin, who dared to defend Laon against Henry IV. After the peace, Henry IV. wished to attach him to himself, saying, that if he had so faithfully served a little prince, he was equally capable of serving a great king. One day, when the queen-mother sent him a large sum of money, the president returned it to her, saying, that a regent could dispose of nothing while her son was a minor. But the farther we go, the more these men of past days appear before us. M. Gombaut, the Bishop of Venice, M. Gombaut the poet, whom Madame de Rambouillet used to call the *handsome gloomy being*. His greatest annoyance was for people to know his poverty, and his friends therefore used to make him believe that the money they gave him was sent to him by the king. Gombaut had all the penury and all the pride of a poet. Chapelain was quite the contrary; he was the most extolled, the richest, and the worst dressed of all the wits of the day. How satire attacked this poor man! There was also at that time the Queen of Poland, poor queen! and the

Duchess de Croix, the daughter of Madame d'Urfé. Make room! make room! here is Marshal de Bassompierre, the greatest genius at court. The queen forgives him all his folly. Cardinal de Rochefoucauld and Chancellor Séguier shake hands, whilst Jodelet begins to sell beards for the parliament of Metz, which has just been composed of young men. My ladies Rohan will to-day pay a visit to Madame de la Maisonfort. Dumoustier, the draughtsman, loses his time in telling stories. President Le Coigneux runs after all the beautiful women. M. d'Emery, the financier, the friend of Marion Delorme, who gained nine millions in ten years. Marion, proud and extravagant, died at thirty-nine years of age, leaving twenty thousand crowns worth of lace, and not a sou in ready money. He who passes yonder is Pascal; this man, to whom men bow so low, is Marshal de l'Hôpital. You would have liked the Countess de La Suze, who wrote such sweet verses and such touching elegies; the pretty Madame de Liancourt, a model for mothers; President Nicolai, whose youth was so stormy; and Father Bourdaloue and Father Massillon. And what would you say of Madame Pillon, who was sincerity itself; a simple citess, who for her wit and piquant sallies, was equally dreaded in the city and at court? And Madame de Moutan, whose hands were as beautiful as the queen's; and Madame d'Ayvait, so passionate, that she was very near stabbing her daughter. And amongst the clever men, M. Costar. One day Madame de Longueville was passing through this same Place Royale; her chair broke, and a footman presented himself to assist the duchess. Whose servant are you? said she. M. Costar's, madame. And who is this M. Costar? A genius, madame. Who says so? If you do not believe me, madame, take the trouble of asking M. Voiture. Like master, like man, said the duchess, seeing this footman, so noble and so well-bred.

Then think, sir, that amongst these men, whom the Marais recalls to us, we must reckon Cardinal de Retz, and Ménage; M. de Roquelaure, and Madame de la Roche-Guyon sung by Benserade, and La Serre and La Calprenède. But, alas! we must finish. You cannot understand the mighty power of one single woman, Madame de Cornuel, for instance. She was wit personified. She said of religion, at that time, that it "was not dying, but only declining." In point of wit, you have Scarron, and Madame Scarron, and Mademoiselle Scudéri, and Mademoiselle de Staël. But we must finish. We must not, however, quit this little corner, where so much grace, and wit, and love have been lavished, without saluting with our looks and our regret, the hôtel Carnavalete. From this now deserted house, formerly proceeded the most beautiful language France ever spoke, that of Madame de Sévigné.

Such was the history of the Place Royale, the history of the Paris of former days. I acknowledge, that this way of invoking the phantoms of so many people, the honour of French literature and society, appeared to me singular and interesting. We only came here for architectural details, and we have found a whole history; this is a double profit. Besides, it is time to call up these remembrances. The quarter of the Marais, after having been the centre of the city, is now only a faubourg. Demolishers take

possession of these beautiful hotels, and break them with hatchets and axes. There is, near the Temple, a whole street, the Rue Chapon, where you may buy retail, the most ancient houses of the oldest quarters, from the stones of their foundations to the slates which cover the roof. All is sold, the floors, the hangings, the glasses, the mantle-pieces, the slightest ornaments in wood or stone. Thus have disappeared one after the other, nearly all the best houses of the sixteenth century. This done, the architect comes, and, in place of these rich hotels, builds an immense house, in which assemble all sorts of people, who never met even in the street, and who, by the power of neighbourhood, are condemned to live and die in such numbers under the same roof. But what does that signify, provided appearances are saved?

We again returned to the boulevards, a little lower down than the spot from which we diverged, and found ourselves almost opposite the church of Saint Louis. Here again the boulevard changed its appearance; the crowd was less eager, the theatres disappeared altogether; on our left was a vast open space; and yet on this spot, the impetuous Beaumarchais erected a house for himself, a splendid house, surrounded by magnificent gardens. How strange! that the author of the *Mariage du Figaro* should build his house on the site of the Bastille! the Bastille which suddenly staggers like a tipsy man, whilst a writer of pamphlets proudly comes to plant his tent in this formidable place.

These are strong contrasts.—So much power and strength, walls so thick, cannon, dungeons the very name of which is enough to make you shudder with fright; bridges, battlements, keepers, horrible labyrinths, crossed and recrossed by a hundred thousand little dark windings, the wooden cage placed there by Louis XI.; terrible stones, before which the proudest heads bow,—all these fell in one day. On the morrow, a simple writer, a comedy-maker, an active, witty, and ostentatious talker, came to choose some of the beautiful stones, from all this rubbish, to build for himself a real palace: upon this site of tears, and captivities, and misery, M. Beaumarchais laid out gardens, dug grottos, planted trees; gold, painting, sculpture, all the fine arts vied with each other in adorning this magnificent dwelling. Unfortunately, the house of the poet has been taken away, as well as the Bastille. Of this beautiful edifice, where so much wit, laughter, and money were expended, not a trace remains. A canal has been dug across the delightful gardens; industry has done for Beaumarchais's house, what the revolution did for the Bastille. Industry also breaks, changes, demolishes, and overthrows. What an exquisite house has she here ruined! what ceilings has she demolished! what vases, what panels, what glasses, what columns! . . .

At this word columns, I began to smile. My companion asked what amused me? Then I repeated to him a story, which I had heard on the passage from New York to Havre. You know that, in such a voyage, people are not very particular about their stories, but readily amuse themselves with all they hear. If an hour can be whiled away by the adventure, it is welcome. The person who gave me the following account, was the architect of the Opéra Comique, a well-read, judicious man, who loves archi-

tecture with an intense passion. Apropos of the French mania for building Grecian temples, raising columns, and imitating the public places of Athens, without considering either the clouds, or the rain, or the fog, or the grey dark sky of the people of the north, the amiable artist had invented the story, which you will find in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Englishman's Visit to Paris—The Englishman in a Dilemma—He finds a Friend—Grecian Temples—At the Jardin des Plantes—In Père la Chaise—Columns in the Palais Royal—William's Opinion of Paris—The Column of July—The Faubourg St. Antoine—Environs of Paris—St. Cloud—Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau—Château de Bellevue—St. Germain—Montmorency—*Island of St. Denis*—Vallée aux Loups—Vallée de Chevreuse—Pavillion de Luciennes—Malmaison—Departure from Paris—The Parisian Citizen—His Character—His Marriage—His Children—His Idea of Order—His Love for Liberty—His Vote at the Election—His Rank in the National Guard—His love of Pleasure—His Amusements—His Morals—His Religion.

A YOUNGER brother of Lord S——, the honest and learned vicar of a village near London, had taken leave of his people, to pay a visit to Paris, *the city of wonders*, as it was called there. This Englishman, though very learned, was a man of exquisite taste, but somewhat absent in mind. For a long time, he had had a great wish to see, and to perambulate, and to study the great capital. At last he arrived in Paris, on one of those clear summer nights, which have almost the transparency of day. After having walked our streets for some time, followed by a man carrying his baggage, he ordered his guide to take him to a good hotel. Led by him to a comfortable house, our Englishman passed the night; but what strange dreams appeared before his eyes! He did not rouse himself till ten o'clock in the morning, so badly had he slept. He then dressed himself in haste, fearing lest Paris had taken flight; and went out without knowing the name of the street, or of the hotel where he had passed the night. His emotion was so great, his curiosity so strongly excited, that he walked for a long time to the right, to the left, before him, through a thousand streets great and small, through a thousand passages and a thousand turnings; he went and came, he returned, he passed bridges, he stopped, he admired, he was astonished; in a word, he wandered so far and so long, that at the end of three good hours' walking, he was far from his hotel, lost, thoroughly lost, without any means of recovering himself. What should he do?

Happily, this worthy William S—— was a man of much composure, which did not forsake him, even on this his first day of enthusiasm and wandering. As soon as he perceived that he had really lost himself in this great city, he began to reflect on the best means of discovering this street, of the name of which he was in perfect ignorance, and this hotel, which he might be said to have scarcely seen except at night. Remember,

that in this hotel he had left his clothes. What do I say? his clothes! he had left his name and passport.—His name and passport? he had left his personal liberty.—His personal liberty? he had left better than that, he had left his purse. It was a grave and pressing emergency.

To tell the truth, the first moment of confusion and embarrassment was most painful. But our hero was not discouraged. He waited where he was, till chance should bring him some worthy, honest Frenchmen, honest enough to encourage him, acute enough to give him good counsel. Just then, chance, which is not always an enemy, sent that way, a kind, clever young man, who had studied architecture at Rome, and who after having built upon paper at the school, I know not how many temples, studies, theatres, amphitheatres, baths, aqueducts, porticos, lyceums, parthenons, pantheons, &c. &c., thought himself only too happy, to have chimneys to repair, and houses to replaster in the Rue Mouffetard.

The stranger accosted the young artist with the smile of an honest man, which is perhaps the best recommendation one can have, in any city, or in any latitude.

Sir, said the Englishman, will you be kind enough to listen to me with indulgence, and not laugh too much at my simplicity. Sir, I am an honest English clergyman, and had never quitted my village, until, urged by an unfortunate curiosity, I crossed the strait expressly and solely to see Paris. I arrived yesterday evening, and was taken to a hotel where I passed the night. This morning, in my enthusiasm, and my desire to see everything, I left my hotel, without remembering that I must return there this evening; so that I am lost, hungry, and . . . .

Sir, said the architect to the Englishman, the case is an awkward one. Let us begin by breakfast.

And they entered a café.

While breakfasting, the young man said to the Englishman—

Well, sir! have you not at least some indications by the help of which we can discover, between us, this street and this hotel?

Sir, said the Englishman, with a strange look of assurance, that is just what I was about to tell you, when you offered me breakfast so àpropos. I am not as utterly lost as you may perhaps think me; for now, I remember perfectly, that the house where I passed the night is near a kind of Grecian temple, which I saw shining in the moon's light; you know, sir, large white columns mingled with flights of steps, the whole being surmounted by long stove funnels, which, to tell you the truth, appeared to me but little Athenian.

At these words, the young artist, who thoroughly understood all the mysteries and all the secrets of our architecture, burst into a long fit of laughing.

What! said he to the amazed Englishman, have you no other indications than that? Do you not know whether there was a butcher or a perfumer in your street? You are no nearer your mark, sir!

Sir, said the Englishman, looking somewhat piqued, does it so happen in your country, that there are fewer butchers' shops than Grecian temples?

Exactly so, sir. In Paris, we know the number of our butchers' stalls; there are only three hundred; but we do not know the number of our Grecian temples. But stop, said he, you and I will soon try the truth of this; and we have not much time left, for visiting all our Grecian temples.

And they immediately set about seeking for this hotel, situated at the corner of a Grecian temple.

They were then not far from the Théâtre Italien, which is certainly a Grecian temple, with white columns surmounted by magnificent stove funnels.

Is that your temple? said he to the Englishman.

That 's my temple! answered he, joyfully.

But, alas! if he had recognized his temple, he could not find his hotel!

I told you so! cried the triumphant artist.

When they had made the entire tour of the Théâtre Italien, and of these columns, the spaces between which are filled with joinery and windows, so useful are columns under our beautiful Grecian sky;

Do not be discouraged, sir, said the young man, there is close by, another Grecian temple.

And turning to the right, they went to the Madeleine.

Here is my Grecian temple! said the Englishman, with some uneasiness.

I am afraid this is not your Grecian temple, replied the artist; it is a Catholic church, sir.

You are right, said the Englishman, when he had looked on both sides for his hotel; this is not my Grecian temple.

Shall we take a cabriolet? replied his companion, for we have so many Grecian temples to visit!

They mounted a cabriolet. By this time, the Englishman felt rather confused.

The architect, for an instant undecided to what Grecian temple to take the stranger, began to remember, that there was a hotel of Windsor, or of London, of the Prince Regent, or some other national hotel not far from the Chamber of Deputies, and so he led William to the Chamber.

Sir, said he, this is a magnificent Grecian temple! look at the columns! look at the flights of steps! look at the stove funnels!

You are right, said the Englishman. And stop, here is my hotel.

But at this hotel de Windsor, they did not recognize the Englishman.

We must look for another Grecian temple, said Ernest. (Our artist's name was Ernest.)

Ernest, who in his capacity of a man of merit and talent, had a chimney to rebuild in the rue de l'Odéon, took his companion to the Odéon.

Here, said he to the unfortunate William, is another magnificent Grecian temple, ornamented with magnificent chimneys. It is a tragedy-theatre, sir, and there is no lack of hotels in this neighbourhood.

But the Englishman recognized neither his hotel nor his Grecian temple.

However, Ernest remembered that there was at the Jardin des Plantes, a master-mason, who patronized him, and had made an appointment with him about some work; so he took the stranger to the Jardin des Plantes, where the master-mason was about to build several Grecian temples; Grecian temples for the panthers, Grecian temples for the crows, Grecian temples for the monkeys, Grecian temples for the elephant and the giraffe.

Master, said Ernest to the master-mason, here is an Englishman who has lost himself from the neighbourhood of a Grecian temple, and who cannot find his hotel; we have already seen several Athenian houses, and we come to ask you if you can tell us of some others; for Monsieur must find his hotel again by the aid of these temples.

My son, said the mason to Ernest, was I not right in telling you that Grecian temples were good for something, and that there was nothing but columns in architecture? See in what trouble this good Englishman would be, if he had not remarked this Grecian temple! Thanks to the white columns and the chimneys, he will finish by finding his hotel, sooner or later; he has only to look for it.

And that is exactly what we have been doing ever since the morning, said Ernest.

The Grecian temple, replied the mason, is the honour of the French city; we shall never have columns enough in Paris. Have you seen the pretty little Grecian temple guard-houses that I built for the national guard. They are so many Grecian temples raised to the god Mars. Have you seen the Grecian temple tombs that we erected in Père la Chaise? What Grecian temples! Would you not say that they were the tombs of the sages of Greece? I am the Phidias of the Père la Chaise—I am the Vitruvius of the national guard! Thus, since this Englishman has noticed our beautiful colonnades, we must not abandon him in his trouble. Do you happen to have taken him to the Pantheon?

The Pantheon is not a Grecian temple, cried Ernest.

It has beautiful columns all the same, replied the mason. . . Have you taken him to the Ecole de Médecine!

The Ecole de Médecine is not a Grecian temple, said Ernest.

It has beautiful columns, nevertheless, said the master-mason.

Let us resume our route, said Ernest to the Englishman.

And they went to the other extremity of the city, to Notre Dame de Lorette, then to the barrier de Monceaux, a true Grecian temple, raised to the god Octroi. Why not? There was at Rome a temple raised to the god Crepitus.

Stop, said the young architect to the Englishman; there are in Paris forty-four barriers with Grecian columns, with variations; they are all the same columns, straight, tortuous, or fluted, but always Grecian. You do not wish me to take you to these forty-four barriers, I suppose?

My friend, said the Englishman, sighing, my Grecian temple is much larger than this Grecian temple, which has only one little chimney. You see me quite puzzled, and very unhappy!

But if the Englishman was unhappy, Ernest on his part began to be impatient.

Where should he find this Grecian temple, and this colonnade descended in a direct line from the Portico or the Parthenon?

Shall we dine in the palais royal? said the young man to William.

They went to dine in the palais royal, at the Trois Frères Provençeaux.

Here are columns! said Ernest to the Englishman.

Whilst dining, they heard people talking of M. Berryer, who is the column of the bar; M. de Lamartine, the column of the library; Mlle. Fanny Ellsler and Mlle. Taglioni, the two Ionic columns of the opera; Mlle. Mars, the column of the Théâtre Français; Meyerbeer and Rossini, the two columns of music; and a crowd of other columns, parliamentary, eloquent, nervous, and governmental, enough to make a Grecian temple that would reach from Paris to St. Petersburg.

Here are *columns* enough, said Ernest.

When they had dined, they went for coffee to the *Café des Mille-Colonnes*. The Englishman could bear it no longer.

Sir, said Ernest to him, shall we go to the Opera? That is a Grecian temple, at least; it has several staircases, many columns, and, above all, many chimneys. Let us go there.

But at the Opera I shall not find my hotel, said the Englishman.

At the Opera, replied Ernest, you will find many Grecian temples.

In going to the Opera they crossed the Rue Richelieu.

Here is a temple half Grecian, said Ernest, as he pointed out the square columns of the Théâtre Français.

They passed before an overthrown building, pulled down only the day before.

Stop, sir, said Ernest, there was formerly on this spot a magnificent Grecian temple; it was an expiatory monument for the Duke de Berri, so unworthily assassinated, and whom the Revolution of July has deprived of his monument, just as it has suppressed the celebration of the twelfth of January, in memory of Louis XVI., the martyr-king.

However, it was late; the moon had risen. In passing the corner of the Rue Richelieu—

I have it! cried Ernest, transported with joy.

And he led him to the Place de la Bourse, just opposite the Théâtre Vaudeville.

There is a Grecian temple! said Ernest.

My Grecian temple was much larger, replied the Englishman.

In that case turn round, said Ernest.

The Englishman wheeled about. Oh joy! he was before that Grecian temple called the Bourse.

This time, *it is* my Grecian temple, said the Englishman. And he at once entered his hotel.

When he returned to his village, William was asked—

What do you think of Paris?

Paris, said he, is an assemblage of shops and Grecian temples.

This story of the Grecian temple is not so ironical as might be supposed. Paris is,

Where should he find this Grecian temple, and this colonnade [illegible] in a direct line from the Bastile to the Parthenon?

[illegible] to the [illegible]," says the young man to William.

[illegible] to Paris [illegible] [illegible] Frères Provençaux.

[illegible] to the [illegible].

[illegible], who is the [illegible] of the day; M. [illegible] Mlle. Fanny Elssler and Mlle. [illegible]; [illegible] the [illegible] of the Théâtre [illegible]; [illegible] and a crowd of other [illegible] enough to make a Grecian temple [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible] Café des Mille-Colonnes. The Englishman [illegible].

[illegible] That is a Grecian temple, at least; it has [illegible] and, above all, many chimneys. Let us go there.

[illegible] said the Englishman.

[illegible] Grecian temples.

[illegible] Rue Richelieu.

[illegible] he pointed out the [illegible] columns of [illegible].

[illegible] down only [illegible].

[illegible] a magnificent Grecian temple; [illegible] so unworthily [illegible], and [illegible] its [illegible], just as it has suppressed the [illegible] in memory of Louis XVI., the martyr-king.

[illegible] In passing the corner of the Rue Richelieu,

I [illegible] with you.

And [illegible] opposite the Théâtre Vaudeville.

[illegible]

My Grecian temple [illegible] Englishman.

In that case [illegible]

The Englishman [illegible] that Grecian temple called the Bourse.

[illegible] Englishman. And he at once entered [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of stags and Grecian temples.

[illegible] Grecian temple is not so ironical as might be supposed. Paris is,

Eugene Lami. J. B. Allen.

The "Trois Frères Provenceaux," Palais Royal, Paris.

(The Celebrated Eating House)

Intérieur d'un Restaurant. *Das Innere eines Restauration*

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in fact, covered with these colonnades, which are only suited for Italy, where the sky is so beautifully blue, and the air so mild, and where the sun sheds so soft a lustre.

But to return to our former subject. Every ten years a new quarter rises in the midst of the city; new streets proudly advance in a straight line through gardens which they cut in two, and through the oldest hotels, which they overthrow. All the elevations of the city, even those least accessible, have been thus violently conquered. With much more reason, the site of the Bastille has undergone the most formidable changes. Of this Bastille, the terror of the guilty, and, above all, the terror of the democracy, nothing has remained, except the remembrance. All its criminal stones have been dispersed here and there, and at the present moment not the smallest chip can be found. Upon all this annihilation of strength and power, an elephant was first raised, which was to have remained there as a witness of the great conquests of 1792; but the elephant unfinished has disappeared. To make amends, they have erected here a column in brass, to the memory of the heroes of July. So that at each of its two extremities this immense boulevard boasts—there of the column Vendome—here of the column of July. But what a difference between the two monuments! The noblest bronze proudly rises in the Place Vendome; composed in the first instance of cannon taken from the enemy. The whole monument is loaded from top to bottom with an infinite succession of ornaments, emblems, and battles, bas-reliefs in honour of the many armies who died in aspiring after universal dominion; and at the summit of this gigantic bronze stands erect the popular statue of the Emperor Napoleon. At the Place de la Bastille, on the contrary, the column, instead of being bronze, is brass, and is composed of a succession of ornaments, cast beforehand, and piled one upon the other; the sculptor had nothing to do with this erection by contract; but such is the power of anything large in architecture, that this column, if looked at as a whole, produces a powerful effect. You might call it a boundary, placed between the faubourg Saint Antoine and Paris. The faubourg Saint Antoine! An awful word, and one which has resounded cruelly in the annals of this people. From this street—extending so far, the head of which reaches to the dungeons of Vincennes, while its feet used formerly to touch the ditches of the Bastille, darted every day that frightful multitude, which excited, after its own fashion, the vows, the fears, and the hopes, of the nation of 1793. When it was said in the city, Here is the faubourg! there was a sudden silence; people hardly dared speak, or breathe; they waited for what was coming. Here is the faubourg! Fear was at its height; and on the road, what cries of the dying; how many innocent persons slaughtered, how many heads carried on the ends of sanguinary pikes, what denunciations for the scaffold on the morrow! The faubourg Saint Antoine was the lava, the fire and the ashes of that burning volcano, which the breath of Buonaparte alone could extinguish. But what a surprise! Of this uproar of former days nothing now is to be perceived—neither noise, nor tumults, nor cries from the dying; a long, beautiful street, filled with workmen at their labour, carriages passing, soldiers returning from the dungeon of Vincennes, the prison which Mirabeau left, to found a new liberty upon the wreck of the throne—this is all that remains

of the faubourg Saint Antoine. Happy are those people who have seen thus reduced to silence and repose the most active and the most restless crater of past and future revolutions!

Here we will stop in our journey through the boulevards; to go farther would be to retrace our steps, and to return to the Jardin des Plantes and the Champ de Mars; and it seems to us that you ought already to have a good idea of this magnificent belt, more rich and more varied than the belt of Venus.

Most certainly that tourist would not have completely attained his object, who had not visited some of the environs, with which Paris surrounds itself, in order to have a little air, and space, and sun. We arrived here, through the barrier de l'Etoile, and could judge, at once, of the magnificence, the éclat, and the variety, of the beautiful houses concealed in their gardens; but if you wish to estimate justly the luxury and diversity of the neighbourhood of a great city, you must not fail to visit, if not all, at least some, of the beautiful Parisian villages. When at Neuilly, do not let us omit to follow the course of the river, as far as the Château de Saint Cloud, one of the master-pieces of Le Nôtre, gardener to Louis XIV. A double terrace conducts you to this rich house, which stands at once upon the heights of Bellevue and the woods of Ville d'Avray. There Charles X. was staying, when the Revolution of July began to mutter; there was fêted, for the last time in the kingdom of his fathers, the young Duke of Bordeaux, Henry of France. In this park the oldest trees, the most admirably-placed waters, the mountain, the refreshing breezes, the noise and motion of the railroad, have a powerful effect upon the mind of the traveller and the artist. Approach gently the terrace, which extends in front of the château, by the side of the marble vase and the stone seat; and look at this spot with respect, for it was here that the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette—conquered at last by that irresistible force which drew her into the abyss—came at midnight to wait for the Count de Mirabeau, that fiery tribune of the people, whom the queen wished to make a tribune of the court. A great drama was performed upon this stone seat by the Queen of France and the unruly democrat. Here, conquered royalty yielded its arms to triumphant popularity. Here, the man so long a prisoner in the dungeon of Vincennes, brought to the feet of the Queen of France the pardon for which she asked. . . But, alas! it was too late. Mirabeau himself was outstripped by the revolution which he had first urged onwards; he was lost, as well as the king and queen of France, and poison awaited him on his return.

A little higher, and on the opposite side of the mountain, the Château de Bellevue formerly arose in all its magnificence. There lived, in the exercise of the most humble virtues, the kind princesses of the blood royal, who had scarcely time to fly. Immediately their château was pillaged; the walls were demolished, and sold by auction; the park, which was immense, was divided into a hundred thousand little pieces; and in each of these slips of lands the Parisian considered himself only too happy to build a small house, composed of two rooms on the ground-floor, the kitchen and the parlour; and two bedrooms on the first-floor; add a garden, of some few feet, behind the house,

and a little grass-plot in front, and you will have a Parisian as happy as a king. There he lives, and reigns. He annually plants one or two rose-trees; he owns a cherry-tree, which, each year, promises to bear fruit the next. A modest house! but what does that signify? He has, at his feet, the most brilliant panorama in the world; behind his house, there are the immense woods which lead to Versailles, to those gardens saved by a miracle, to that palace which Louis Philippe has preserved from ruin, to the fresh turf, and the fountains, and to the shore of that piece of water which gently glides within the flowery limits of the Petit Trianon.

But we will not go so far as Versailles; Versailles alone would form the subject of a book. Two railroads have given the palace of Louis XIV. to the Parisians, and made it a rendezvous for walking and amusement. On this same river Seine is built the Château de Saint Germain, the abode of Louis XIII. A noble forest, a delightful terrace, from the top of which you can see, lying at your feet, the immense city of Paris. The Château de Saint Germain has become a prison for soldiers. The pavilion in which Henry IV. was born is inhabited by a restaurateur. The Seine flows to a distance, passing before the Château de Maisons, which still remembers Voltaire. There Voltaire was writing *Zaire*, when the château took fire. M. Lafitte now owns the house.

On each side of the city you will find beautiful spots, filled in summer with old shades, limpid waters, and poetical remembrances. The valley of Montmorency, for instance, is the delight, the verdant and animated fête of the Parisians. Scarcely has the sun pierced the cloud of the month of May, before this word, *Montmorency*—forgotten for six months—suddenly presents itself to every young heart, and rises to every young lip. Montmorency! Parisian emigration has nothing more beautiful, more animated, or more lively. People repair there on Sunday, by every means known and unknown; in hackney-coaches, in carriages, in carts; and hardly have you touched the happy soil, before cries of joy are heard on every side. The gravest young men, the best behaved and most unaffected girls, are at once seized with this sweet folly, which consists in shouting, running, climbing, lying upon the grass, mounting on horseback, and galloping through this hilly and venerable forest. Montmorency! It was J. J. Rousseau who discovered this happy valley; it was he who first described it. Before the *Confessions*, the Parisian never suspected that there was so near him a forest of Montmorency. Thus, the name of J. J. Rousseau is in every mouth. The only serious moment in a day passed here is that in which you visit the house where he lived, and the garden where he so often walked. A modest house, and a small garden! but, however, if you are at all acquainted with his clear, lively, and true descriptions, you will find here the author of the *Emile* and the *Héloise*. More than one piece of furniture made of deal, ornaments the house—furniture without value in itself, but very precious, if you remember the noble pages which have been written upon this desk of white wood! On leaving the house, when the visitor has recovered, as far as possible, from the feelings always inspired by so great a name, the natural

beauty of this sweet place re-assumes all its empire; then there is joy, laughing, folly, and . . . must it be told?—kisses; which must sometimes disturb the repose of the philosopher, if he says to himself from the depth of his tomb—It was I nevertheless who invited them to these shades which they now so abuse!

Montmorency is not far from Saint Denis, which is the tomb of the kings of France. The cathedral is the wonder of Gothic times. This terrible arrow, which incessantly presents to the kings of France the *memento mori,* sufficed to drive Louis XIV. from the Château de Saint Germain! Close to Saint Denis, you will find the *Island of Saint Denis;* a spot which is only known amongst the most thorough Parisians—a concealed, solitary island, around which all is silence. There we saw a very singular man; he does not own a foot of land under the sun, and nevertheless he chose to have a house to himself. For these reasons he has built himself a large boat; in this boat he has all the rooms he needs; a saloon, a dining-room, a bed-room, a bath-room, a cellar, a barn, and even a pretty little garden upon the stern. He has furnished the different rooms with taste, and thus he can say, *My house!* It is, in fact, a happy home; he can place it wherever he likes; in the sun in the winter, in the shade during the summer. If his neighbour on the right shore displeases or incommodes him, our man moves his dwelling, and moors off the left shore. His house is at once a house, a boat, a carriage, and a kingdom. For ten years has this amphibious philosopher lived thus, without anxiety, without regretting the earth, in profound peace with himself and others, yielding himself with equal calmness and resignation to the current of life and the current of the water.

On the side opposite to Montmorency, and through another gate of the city, you have the *Vallée aux Loups,* of which we have already spoken. M. de Chateaubriand discovered the Vallée aux Loups, just as J. J. Rousseau invented the valley of Montmorency. M. de Chateaubriand's valley is full of shade, silence, and profound calm. Nothing is seen there but the sky and the verdure; nothing is heard but the song of birds; the sun scarcely penetrates there, and never entirely enters. The first Christians, in their days of retreat, did not find more silence, more freshness, or more complete solitude. But, if you love solitude, why do you not go a little farther, below, into the Vallée de Chevreuse? it is the cradle of Jansenism—it is Port Royal des Champs. Here have lived, and grown, and suffered, those strict Christians, those excellent orators, those strong wills, who pushed to so great an extent self-denial and strength, charity and hope. This time, you may wait in vain for the Parisian and his noisy joys; he does not appear in these latitudes. He respects the memory of the author of the *Martyrs;* he turns pale at the very name of the author of the *Provinciales* and the *Pensées.* The Parisian has respected these noble paths, these holy shades, these austere remembrances. In the Vallée de Chevreuse, the Duke de Luynes, a learned antiquarian, one of the severe moralists of former days, wished to restore its original glory to his paternal château, and he has had no difficulty in succeeding. Is it not a strange anachronism, that it was necessary to wait for a Voltairian age to restore, by eloquence

and the fine arts, by the care of the Duke de Luynes, and by the learned labours of M. de Saint Beuve, its ancient glory and its merited praise, to the learned Port Royal des Champs?

He who has not seen the Pavilion de Luciennes—placed on the summit of its mountain, as if it were seeking, in the modern world, a woman pretty and infamous enough to replace in this profane retreat Madame Du Barry herself—does not know what an absolute king can do, when, worn out by excesses of every kind, he has reached his last love.

Of the great houses of former days, under Louis XIV. and Louis XV., very few are now standing; it is with difficulty that you can trace the site and some few outlines of what formely existed. The houses which the black band have not demolished, they have sold to manufacturers and dealers. The estate of Fouquet, the Château de Vaux, celebrated by La Fontaine, has become a farm; the Château de Brunay, which the late king, Louis XVIII., when he was only the brother of a king, had much difficulty in buying, is now owned by the director of a rope-dancing theatre. Worse still—oh, what ingratitude!—the beloved house of the first-consul Buonaparte, the fresh garden where he passed such happy days, that verdant and delightful nest of his high fortune, the Malmaison—this has been treated like all other great dwellings; it has been broken, spoilt, sold piece-meal; and amongst so many people whose fortune the Emperor had made, amongst so many who have made him their idol, not one was to be found, who would pay to his master the last duty of tearing his house from the exposure of advertisements, and the multiplied chances of the auction! Happy was it for the Malmaison, that Queen Christina of Spain, the conquered queen, the exiled regent, was in need of a foot of ground, on which to spend the season, or it would have been now demolished, and even thy memory would not have saved it, thou good and sweet sovereign, Josephine, empress and queen, whom the people so much loved, and whose château they would have bought, if the people ever bought châteaux!

The more I penetrated into some of the mysteries of this wonderful city, the more I found that the study of Paris was an attractive and picturesque one, but at the same time so long, that it would require the life-time of a man thoroughly to enter into it, and I had only a few days to devote to this purpose. Thus, Paris, in spite of all my efforts, seemed to me like a vision disappearing and vanishing in the distance. But I could not leave it, without familiarizing myself with that most important personage in French society—the Parisian citizen.

The Paris citizen is more than forty years old. Before that age, the guardianship of his parents, under whose eyes he lived, the smallness of his income, the long bondage of education, of apprenticeship, and of probationship of every kind, then the continual care and the daily apprehension, with respect to an establishment still very uncertain, prevent that confidence in one's self, that freedom of action, which a person needs, to enable him to take his rank among men of business.

Besides, it is absolutely necessary for the Paris citizen—and happily for him it is a pleasure—that he should be able to relate to his family, his friends, and his proté-

gées, all that has happened for thirty years at least, not only in his immediate neighbourhood, but within the walls of Paris, which form his world, and beyond which he sees only allied countries, or commercial connections. If he has nothing to say about the taking of the Bastille, or the days of fructidor, thermidor, and vendémiare, he has no weight, no authority; and as, in the agitation of business which divides his time with sleep, the citizen reads but little, he must have *lived*—his head must be furnished with facts from the emotions of every day, he must have laid by a provision of events, while spending his years. Conclusion: the Paris citizen is, at least, fifty years old. He who can tell of the fêtes given in 1770, at the marriage of the dauphin, and the accidents which so infallibly prophesied the misfortunes of Louis XVI., is a citizen of note, and is venerated by the social circle, to the distance of three houses.

The Paris citizen is of a middle stature, and decidedly stout. His countenance usually wears a merry expression, but with something also of dignity in it. He is well shaved, and suitably dressed. His clothes are large, and made of good materials, without any affectation of the forms which fashion borrows from caprice. Ignorant painters always give him an umbrella—it is one of the grossest prejudices that spite and party spirit ever adopted. He has a cane to support him, to drive away the dogs, and threaten the troublesome boys. But he is not afraid of bad weather; if it rains, he will take a coach; and he announces the fact with a satisfied look. You must have heard a citizen of Paris say, as he leaves home, "If it rains, I will take a coach," to understand what contentment and security the progress of public accommodation can put into the heart of a man who has the means of procuring it.

The citizen is married, and has children. His wife never was beautiful, her features wanted regularity; but it was agreed to call her pretty. People still speak of the effect which she produced upon the curious crowd, the day she alighted from a *remise* before the little door of the church Saint Roch. She was then slighter in appearance; he was young, active, spruce, and frizzled. It was a fine wedding; if you had but seen the golden cross and the armchairs of crimson velvet! There was also a brilliant marriage at Grignon's, which was then entered by a large court. Very few Sundays pass, on which the husband does not introduce into the conversation some remembrance of this happy day, and always with renewed tenderness, for her whom he constantly congratulates himself upon having married; for he respects his wife naturally from instinct, the most intense study could not have taught him better. He always finds her at home when he returns, or if he is obliged to wait for her, she is sure to come back laden with little commissions, amongst which there is something for him. She pours out his tisan, when he has a cold; she is silent, when he speaks. More than this, she is not only the mother of his children, she is also his adviser in matters of moment, his companion, his book-keeper; he does nothing without her advice, she knows the names of his correspondents and his debtors. When he is in a merry humour, he calls her his minister of the interior, and if he is uncertain about the orthography of a word, he questions her; for she is learned—she was brought up at school.

But we must speak of his children. I do not know the name of his daughter, there

are so many pretty ones in the list of novels. She has come from school, she has a piano, she draws, she has learned all that it will be necessary to forget when she returns home to continue the simple, obscure life of her mother. His son is called Emile, so named from respect to the memory of J. J. Rousseau. There are but few families in Paris, where you will not find an Emile, who has been put out to nurse, led about by a bonne, and confided—the two hundred and twentieth pupil—to a college education. Emile works hard, and shows much intelligence. It is upon him that they reckon, to increase the reputation of the college at its annual exhibition. Since he shows wit, he must be made an auctioneer; should he manifest talent, he must be a solicitor; for each generation wishes to rise one step, and this is why the top of the ladder is so full.

I have touched upon the political opinions of the citizen; this is the most important development of his character. In the first place, he loves order; he would derange everything to secure order; and order with him is the regular and easy circulation of carriages or pedestrians in the streets; it is the shops displaying their treasures, and in the evening shedding upon the pavement, the reflection of the gas which illuminates them. You need not fear that he will recognise disorder in a black coat, speaking in well-turned periods, and affecting a thoughtful look; he is more likely to take it for one of the mayor's assistants. The disorder which he knows and dreads, and for which he descends into the street with his gun—has naked arms and a hoarse voice, forces shops, and throws stones at the municipal guard.

And then the Paris citizen prizes his liberty; it is his property, his conquest, his faith. The three syllables which compose this word bring a smile to his lips, and cause him immediately to raise his head. If you tell him that a man does not wish for liberty, he will reply, without hesitation, that he must be imprisoned. To preserve this precious boon, he will voluntarily submit to any shackle, to any privation, to any sacrifice.

Through all the revolutions which have changed so often the name of his street, the scarf of his municipal officer, the colours of the flag floating upon the dome of the Horloge, where he goes to learn the exact time, the cockade of the postman, and the sign of the tobacco-seller, he has yet preserved some respect for authority. But his embarrassment is great if some morning his newspaper contains an article against the government—his newspaper, which he so much likes, which reckons him amongst its oldest readers, and to which he sends his patriotic subscription! This causes a whole day of uncertainty and disquietude: but, at last, he thinks that the authorities may have been deceived; this article in the newspaper will no doubt enlighten them, and, on the faith of this hope he goes to sleep, reconciled with the ministers and the prefect of police, who will be deposed to-morrow.

The Paris citizen is an elector; he was so before the passing of the last law, as he takes care to tell you. When the college of his arrondissement is summoned, he seems to have grown a foot taller; there is—not pride, but—mistrust in his look. Every one who comes near him seems to him to wish for his vote. But he has raised an impas-

sable barrier round his conscience. Against that are broken all the recommendations of friendship and all the seductions of party. At last, the day of election arrived, he returns home satisfied; he has sustained his resolution to the end; he has acted according to his conscience; he has furnished a split vote to the scrutiny.

The Paris citizen is a juryman; this is another act of his political religion; he prepares himself for it, by reading for a fortnight the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. Look at him, on his seat, opposite the accused. The first day he suspects the public minister and the president; he leans upon his elbows, that he may not lose one of the avocat's words; he compassionates thieves; he acquits, at first sight, all those unhappy beings whom crime has hurried into want. The next day he is less tender, less easily moved. The last day he has become a judge, and a more rigorous one than those whose business it is, and who are equally inured to crime and distress. On returning home, he buys a safety bolt, and dismisses his servant. With political offences it is quite a different thing. At first, he fancies all society shaken by the fury of a writer, or the rashness of an artist; then he gets accustomed to it, and at last is amused with it. And at the end of the session he carries off the proscribed caricature under his arm, to hang it up in the dining-room, by the side of the seat of war.

The Paris citizen is a national guard, but he is not satisfied with being a simple soldier, he must have some rank. He does not aspire to be a captain; that properly belongs to the neighbouring notary—for there still exists, in certain quarters, a superstitious respect for notaries. Still less does he aim at superior stations; in common justice, those belong to men whom the law exempts from service, the magistrates and deputies. He is simply a serjeant-major, then—this is a middle path between command and obedience. The serjeant-major sleeps at home, and that is a great point; and then, it is so delightful to know all his neighbours, to receive their demands, to grant them favours, to listen to their excuses, to turn out the refractory. Do not laugh at the serjeant-major, I beg; he is a person of importance—he is the churchwarden of the present day.

Restored to private life, the Paris citizen attends to his business with activity and intelligence; he brings to it shrewdness enough not to appear a fool, and to show that he is as well acquainted with the subject as the men of Bourdeaux or Rouen. For the rest, he is an honest, exact man, of strict integrity. He has time also for pleasure, and enjoys, though without extravagance, all that the stranger comes to seek in his city. Above all, the public fêtes have great attractions for him. There is no important business, no domestic bickering, that will prevail against the powerful invitation of a review, a race, a funeral solemnity, or an exhibition of fireworks.

Do not fear, that among his amusements I shall forget the theatres; although they have lost much of their value, since they have begun to load them with absurd, unknown emotions—emotions too much for his heart, if serious, and outraging his reason, if derisive and foolish. In the first place, do not look for him at the Italian Opera; he has never set foot in it, because, when he pays his money, he chooses to hear the words used. He passes the Théâtre Français with a sigh, like a man of exquisite taste

and cultivated mind. If the Opéra Comique was not so often closed, it would be his delight; he goes there, with his family, four times a year. But he consoles himself in the theatres where vaudevilles are played. The plot of the piece is not very good, but at least they make you laugh, and he wishes to laugh. The Gymnase rather alarms him; its heroes are too wealthy; you would fancy that the revolution had not reached the boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. There he stops; for you must no longer talk to him of the melodrama, formerly so noble, so touching, so popular, the cause of so many tears, when they represented tyrants, princesses carried off, noblemen in captivity, vaults, jailors, children, and wonderful deliverances. Now, the melodrama annoys him exceedingly, with its rags, its crude maxims, and its low familiarities. He leaves that for the *petites maîtresses* and the fishwomen, the fops and the men of the faubourg.

And this is not merely dislike; immorality revolts him. He is a moral man, and boasts of being one. This would be a reason for suspecting the fact, if the claim was not a part of his existence; if it was not one of his titles to be admitted into society. It is by this that he compares himself to the highest ranks, and finds himself superior. A citizen says, "I have morals," with the same feeling of self-esteem and contempt for others, which makes a nobleman say, "I have birth;" a banker, "I have money;" and a genius, "I have nothing."

On this subject, do you ask me if the Paris citizen is religious? Strange question! He was married at the church, and has had his children baptized. He even thinks it quite right that his wife should go, every Sunday, to mass. It is a good example, and if you press him, he will tell you that there must be a religion for the people.

But I shall weary you with my observations on the Paris citizen. If you seek the expression of an ardent, enthusiastic, young, passionate society, capable of great efforts in virtue, or great daring in crime—if you want figures boldly drawn, those strong, determined touches which you find in an historical painting—you must go to some other place, I know not where. Only, search in some city of which Julius Cæsar never spoke, which has not so many revolutions to recount; so many names graven, one day, upon its monuments, and effaced the next; a city, too, where man is not stifled by man, or worn out by constant commotion. But if you want a mild, good, honest, simple, generous, unsuspicious, hospitable man, one of those happy, laughing physiognomies which look so well in a family portrait, take the Paris citizen. Trust him with your fortune, your daughter, even your secret. Ask from him a favour which does not delay his dinner-hour too long, and you may feel sure of him. Only I advise you, if you call on him the day after a tumult, to shorten your visit, and not to sit down.

CHAPTER XV.

Leaving Paris—Peculiarities of Paris—Retrospection—Paris the centre of France—Celebrated men of Paris—Molière and Voltaire—Victor Hugo—His love of the horrible—His partiality for ancient Paris—State of Paris before the Revolution—Power of the French fashions—Present improvements—Fortune-hunters—Their habits—The old nobility—Forest of Compiègne—The old miser—Her valuable hoards—Her death—The Opera.

I was preparing to leave Paris; it was the month of April; welcome, thou lovely month of April, which restores to us the spring, and takes me back to my native land! Farewell, winter!—farewell, Paris! Paris is the city of gloomy months, of gardens without flowers, of trees without verdure, of skies without sun. To enjoy Paris, you must have splendid fêtes by the light of wax candles; balls, concerts, plays, love, intrigues. Paris must have the angry murmur of politics, and the buzz of witty conversation. Paris exists especially upon little calumnies, private slanders, projects, romances, vaudevilles, jests—all of them things which belong to the winter. Take from this city the fine arts, the geniuses, the popular beauties, the names of the generals who have gained such famous battles, the *nothings* of winter, the large fires on the spacious hearths, the drawing-rooms filled with chatting and wit, the brilliant réunions, the diamonds and the floating dresses, the flowers and the pearls, and you will see what remains of this immense city, so populous and so well filled! Nothing, but those institutions which are common to all the nations of the world; for instance, the Bourse, the Palais-de-Justice, the Chamber of Deputies, the schools, the restaurateurs, the lawyers, and the manufacturers of newspapers; all, things of the rarest and most exquisite interest; all, things which I shall find again in New York. We must return home; only we will take as a remembrance of this delightful visit, the journal which we have written with so much joy; an incomplete book, no doubt, but one which abounds with true sentiments, tried passions, and deeply felt emotions.

Paris may well be called *the good city*, for however little a traveller may be prepossessed in its favour, yet when once he has penetrated some of these elegant mysteries, it is not without a certain anguish of heart that he resolves to leave it. In this vast world of Paris, there is everything to know, everything to learn, everything to guess. The whole history of France and its different provinces is enclosed within these formidable walls. He who was thoroughly acquainted with the great city of Charlemagne and of Napoleon, would be, at the same time, the wisest antiquarian, the greatest politician, and the best poet in the universe.

Paris is the history of all the provinces, of all the men, of all the passions of France. There, universal wit and genius have taken refuge. Between the porches of Notre Dame and the court of the Sainte Chapelle, has sprung up all the scepticism, all the citizen-like good sense, which preside over the nineteenth century, after having shaken

and thoroughly overturned the eighteenth. Do you ask what wonderful minds Paris has produced? It has raised them all to its own attainments; but besides this, it has produced him who may be called French genius *par excellence*—the comic poet, the profound philosopher, the ever-laughing, and yet serious, Molière; besides Molière, it has given you Voltaire: ask no more. All the other Parisians, strictly speaking, even those who are born in Paris, reassume, more or less, the particular genius of some one of the provinces of France. For instance, D'Alembert, the head of the Encyclopædia; D'Anville, the geographer; Saint Foix, the antiquarian; Bachaumont, the half-crazy poet; Bailly, the astronomer; Despreaux, with his good sense and satire; Bouhours, the wit under the waving robe of the Jesuit; Charles Lebrun, the painter of Louis the Great and Alexander the Great; the clever Guillaume Budée; Marivaux the historian of the fashionable world of the Regency; Nicolas Catinat, with his courage, simplicity, and virtue; Chardin, the traveller to Persia; Pierre Charron, the friend of Montaigne; La Chaussée, the Thespis of the weeping drama; the well-known avocat, Henri Cochin:—these are so many children of Paris, born in the midst of the Parisian city; but, nevertheless, not one of these celebrated men has the purely Parisian genius; there is not one whom it would not be easy to place in some province of France. They were born in Paris by chance, and because one must be born somewhere; but the only thoroughly Parisian geniuses are Molière and Voltaire, each placed at the two extremities of French art. Again I repeat, that, strictly speaking, in all this assemblage of clever minds and strong wills, there are but two real Parisians; two men, who could never have been born or died in any other city—Molière and Voltaire, the author of the *Tartufe*, and the author of the *Essai sur les Mœurs;* the one, the best, the most devoted, and the most simple of men; the other, the most bitter, the most licentious, and the most treacherous of wits. The former, simple in his life, a kind, benevolent man, seeking the vices of his fellows only to correct them by ridicule; the latter, brutal, malicious, sarcastic, and exulting, whenever he could throw in the face of the human species all the sting of his mind, all the venom of his heart. The first, who employs the foolish or serious, but comparatively innocent, scenes of comedy; the second, who knows only of violence, wounds, bites, and stabs, and who would be very sorry if he corrected the smallest vice, without substituting in its place some hideous monstrosity. Molière, always serious, even in his most foolish scenes; Voltaire, always a clown, a cruel, pitiless clown, even in the boldest ferocities. Molière who pardons, Voltaire who is merciless; Molière who dares to attack religious hypocrisy, the most shameful and dreadful of hypocrisies; Voltaire, the cowardly and insolent poet, who knows nothing better than to cover with mud and dirt, in a poem full of license, scandal, and blasphemy, the young girl who defended and saved France, the *Maid of Orleans*.

I now begin to understand that Paris is the kingdom, the history of France; it is the heart of this great body; it is the universal rendezvous of all the passions, all the remembrances, all the ideas, of this noble people. From these ramparts, which are raised so hastily, as if such a world needed citadels to defend itself, issues the movement

of each day—thence come submissions and tumults; Paris is the deadly cloak, which contains in one of its enormous folds peace and war! Seek only in Paris the genius of this people, the eloquence of the Burgundian, the irony of the Champagnese, the warlike courage of the Lorrainese, the bold and sincere self-will of the Franche Comtian, the fanaticism of the Languedocian, the sharp petulance of the Gascon, the conquering spirit of the Norman, the careless indolence of the Fleming, the obstinacy of the Breton. Paris is the vast sea, in which mingle the various living and deep sources of French mind. United in the common centre, all these different men recognise, observe, and study each other, until well assured that they are the children of the same country. In vain, when the Fleming is in Flanders, does he remember Germany; in vain, when the Gascon is at Bordeaux, does he think of Spain; in vain, when the Provençal is in Provençe, does he recall Italy; all these remembrances—which are not regrets—vanish as they enter Paris; and those who once indulged them become French, just as the rivers lose their own existence in mingling with the ocean, and thenceforth form a part of the ocean itself. Unity is the mother of Paris; she is its boulevard, its mighty power. Unity has produced the beautiful French language, the polished society, the court of so many brave, acute, benevolent kings. Unity is the mother of the academies, the schools, the theatres, the powerful works, the ever-recurring revolutions which leave Paris daily, to impose their laws upon the rest of France.

But this is not the Paris of M. Hugo; he must have the Paris of mud and darkness, of the pillory, and the Cour des Miracles, the Paris of gipsies, and thieves, and gallows. Let people murder, and cut one another's throats; let the king on one side, and the people on the other, abandon themselves to every kind of violence, this is what suits the taste of this wild poet; murders, blows, mud, drunken soldiers, priests enervated by luxury; all these disgraceful things, and in the midst of the most menacing frenzy, the river which carries lank living corpses in a sack; in a word, *La justice du roi qui passe*, this is the true sight, the real Paris. The rest is void of interest; the rest belongs to the citizen, to the National Guard, to the Chamber of Deputies, to the prefect of police, to the manufacturers of asphalte and bitumen pavements.

Come, we will be younger by some hundreds of years! Paris, which was at first only an island, crossed the Seine with the kings of the first race; Philip-Augustus long afterwards built walls and fortresses, around which all sorts of houses raised themselves —melancholy, deep, above all, high, pressed one against the other, like houses which are afraid, and shrink into nothing, to escape from the tyrant. Not one open square, not one street, in which two can pass abreast; no air, no sun. Were not these men very happy, and very well lodged? However, by degrees they quit the masses of ill-shaped stones, the gloomy houses exposed to the weather, which nothing enters except the rain of heaven; they dare to look at the sun; but, alas! they must take care not to go too far, for in default of enemies beyond, the city itself is full of ambuscades and slavery; for in this miserable place, all kinds of privileges, powers, and usurpations dispute with each other the ownership of the body and the possession of the soul. Look carefully, and you will recognise these different powers, by their prisons, their citadels,

Eugene Lami. J.C.Varrall.

Hotel de Ville, Paris.

Hôtel de Ville, Paris. *Staat-Haus zu Paris.*

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON.—H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

their fortresses, their
Châtelet, the Petit-
Louvre, the Hotel-de
and, to crown the
tiful and
tille, the
Martin,
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barricaded
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has borrowed from
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dance of witches, on some festival night
banks, strands, rivulets, chapels,
was nothing but gables,
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Augustines,
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Towers, battlements,
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by moats and
chres, by holes to

their fortresses, their dungeons, their convents, their various jurisdictions. The Grand-Châtelet, the Petit-Châtelet, the Tournelle, the Tour de Nesle, the Tour des Bois, the Louvre, the Hotel-de-Ville, the Sorbonne, the Pré-aux-Clercs, the Palais de Justice, and, to crown the whole thing properly, the gibbet of Montfauçon. Oh, what a beautiful and touching sight! And at each entrance of the city, a tower, a fortress, a bastille, the tower de Billy, de Saint-Antoine, the tower of the Temple, the tower Saint-Martin, Saint-Denis, Montmartre, Saint-Honoré. Each tower has its fossé, each fossé its armed soldiers and its liquid mud; when night comes, everything is closed and barricaded; chains are laid in the river . . . oh, it was charming and delightful to see! it was not a city, it was a labyrinth, or, better still, it was a *net*, to make use of an expression that M. Hugo has borrowed from some honest woman; in fact, an inextricable net; each mesh was a street, and all these numberless streets crossed each other, mingled, and were so confused, one within the other, that you would have supposed it a dance of witches, on some festival night. Streets—count them! spires, domes, bridges, banks, strands, rivulets, chapels, churches, banners—count them, count them! There was nothing but gables, pointed roofs, dungeons, arabesques, fantastical towers, dwarfs and giants, whims, fancies, and deformities. The old roofs were covered with a yellowish moss, blackened lead, or half-broken slate. You would have said, to see them from a distance, on stormy days, that these sharp, pointed stones were about to fight, to wrestle, to destroy each other. As for the Seine, that sparkling stream, it disappeared beneath the houses, the filth, the bridges, laden with wretched cabins. In the streets, the uproar was frightful; scholars, artisans, washerwomen, old soldiers, uttered, each in h's own way, the cry of his profession; without reckoning the all-powerful and respected monks, before whom suddenly fell back the whole mob; the Bernardines, the Genovefians, the Mathurins, the Benedictines, the Cordeliers, the Augustines; each of them having his tower, his justice, his prison, his church, his chapel, and his blessing, to bestow upon the heads which bow as they pass before him. And the churches—who can count them? Saint Jacques de la Boucherie, Saint Jacques du haut Pas, Saint Magloire, Notre Dame des Champs, Saint Germain des Prés; and the pillory, and the tile-kiln, and the public oven, and the lazaretto; for to all the singular beauties we have already named, you must add the leper. You have also large hotels, occupied by insolent and merciless noblemen; the hotel de Jouy, the hotel de Sens, the hotel Barbeau, the hotel des Tournelles, and the hotel Saint Paul, where dwelt as many as twenty-two princes, each as powerful as a king. There were also the hotels of the Abbé de St. Maur, du Petit Muce, du Comte d'Etampes, and each of these hotels had its bravos, its stronghold, its large prison, its fortifications. Towers, battlements, and terror! Arrows, little bells, weathercocks, spiral staircases, turrets, flags; and do you see that accumulated mass of *black towers*, where the draw-bridge is always raised, the portcullis always lowered? It is the Bastille, surrounded by cannon. And all this, bounded by ditches, walls, ravines, gibbets, extended chains, by monks and executioners, by cemeteries filled with the dead, by sewers and sepulchres, by holes in which lived recluses, by intersections of houses, blind alleys, mazes,

cross-ways; by large, muddy places, inhabited by beggars, a horrible nation, the different names of which were as horrible as its language; cripples, the hump-backed, the lame, the maimed, impostors, lepers, bellowings, clappings, shoutings—in a word, the Cour des Miracles. The Cour des Miracles, that Pandæmonium, that hideous sewer, that collection of all the refuse which the church, the university, the city, the Jews, the Spaniards, the Mahomedans, and the *so called* Christians, could produce. There, each province, each people, each misery, each vice, has most certainly its faithful representative. Such was the decoration; such were the actors; houses of mud, comedians of the most depraved character.

Most certainly, a powerful imagination was necessary, not only to invoke the ancient Paris of king Philip-Augustus, and of king Louis XI., in all its ugliness, but still more to render supportable, to an attentive look, this darkness piled upon barbarism. And what a mind was necessary, to declare that the Paris of Charles X. and of Louis-Philippe was only the ill-shaped and discoloured shadow of the Paris of former days! Fie! if you will believe the king of the picturesque, the city of the Parisians is now only plaster; they change their houses just as they change their old clothes, and put on new. If by chance they determine to raise some monument, which is not to be an edifice of plaster or wood, look seriously at this monument when once it is built, and see if you can find anything more ridiculous. The Pantheon is a cake from Savoy, the palace of the Légion d'Honneur a palace of pastry, the Halle aux Bleds a cap, and, better still, the cap of an English jockey! What are these two large clarinets, surmounted by a crooked stick, of menacing size? They are the towers of Saint Sulpice, and their top the telegraph. To what architecture does the Bourse belong? is it Roman, or is it Grecian? Really, those people are very obliging who pronounce it a fine building. As for the best streets in Paris, where the inhabitant of the city walks so peaceably and so proudly, the Parisian has never been more absurdly foolish, than in admiring these vast openings, filled with air, motion, space, and sun. For instance, can you imagine anything more tiresome than the Rue de Rivoli, where you may walk without wetting your feet, where you are sheltered from the rain in winter, and the dust in summer, where the most splendid shops vie with each other in offering you the treasures of the world, where the garden of the Tuileries displays its most smiling appearance, whilst at your right the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile rises in all its majesty? But what is the use of interfering with the fancies of poets? The historical paradox has never had more intrepid defenders. Innocent and courageous men! if you press them closely, they will maintain (always aiming at the picturesque) that it is a great pity that men are no longer broken on the wheel on the place de Grève, or hanged at Montfauçon; and that the old church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, now so silent, and in such good order, no longer tolls, from time to time, the funeral knell of Saint Bartholomew!

Imagine this great capital some years before the French Revolution: the court is still at Versailles, the people are masters of the city; in this immense crowd you will find living samples of every nation in the world. From the heart of Asia, and the snows

of Lapland, men have come, expressly to study this civilization which pervades everything. The Arab, the Hottentot, the Indian, the Negro, the Persian, the Brahmin, the Faquir, the Greenlander, are all represented in this vast inn, open to all; and once within these inspiring walls, all these people change their appearance; intelligence comes to them through every pore. No sooner have they arrived, than they begin to study, to understand, to hear, to know; nothing of their original nature remains to them, except their dress and some few childish customs. This is the sense in which it may be said, that intelligence circulates in the streets. Intelligence circulates in the streets, just like air and water, and noise, and the smoke of the tall chimneys; and by its side walks science, with a rapid step. Paris is particularly the city in which the most common and the most difficult sciences are equally taught. A verse of Virgil will occupy a professor for a week; an hour will be sufficient for another man to explain to you the whole mechanism of the human frame; this one passes his life in analysing bodies; that one loses his mind in analysing ideas. Next to teaching, the great curiosity of these people is the theatre; there they unite, there they become excited to overturn everything, and there they revive their passions when they have subsided.

After the manufacture of plays, (and this is the case even at the present day), the great manufacture of Paris, the most active, the most powerful—indeed invincible, the excellent, transitory production, always new in the morning, and always sacrificed in the evening, was the new fashions. The Parisian fashions have done more for the popularity and universality of France, than even the French language. The *modistes* of the Rue Vivienne conquer more rebellious spirits than the most beautiful verses of the greatest poets, or the prose of the boldest inventors. A little gauze, a cap, a flower, a ceinture, a bonnet, a knot of ribbon, a waving feather, a dress, a shoe, a pair of gloves—here is enough to stop more than one war, which would have been interminable without the intervention of European coquetry. And then the Paris of a hundred years ago was, without contradiction, more amusing than modern Paris, from the invincible power of contrast. Now no one is rich in Paris, but at the same time no one is poor. You would be troubled to find men in rags, but you would be equally troubled to find them in embroidered coats. All the inhabitants of this great city, all without exception, have a carriage at their command; the omnibus, that moving island, which for a very small sum, incessantly perambulates every quarter of Paris; but then, on the other hand, there is not a single *danseuse* at the opera, who has any other carriage than the omnibus. The different stations allow themselves nearly the same luxury. In what house, for instance, will you not find a Venetian mirror, a China vase, lace from Malines, an Italian painting, one of Erard's pianos? Where will you not find the productions of America, of Africa, of Asia, of every part of the world? Necessaries are for all, superfluities for none.

Around Paris are extended, like so many open pits, all kinds of stone quarries, where the workman has not left a single piece to pick up; from these profound caverns Paris has come out whole. You may judge of the extent of the city, by the depth of

the abyss whence it has sprung, and *vice versâ*. And to think of studying all these stones in so short a visit as mine!

Without going back more than a hundred years, each man in this immense city had his coat, his badge, his look, his character, which was peculiar to himself, just as each artisan had his banner, each tradesman's company its rallying word. This active and turbulent crowd was met each moment, by all kinds of gentlemen, who had come to seek their fortune in Paris, no longer finding it either at home or at the court; they entered the city by the forty-five barriers raised at the expense of the farmers of the public revenue, who thus compelled more than one labourer to reside in Paris. Once arrived, each took up his abode, according to the money in his purse, or the whim of the moment—in the faubourg du Roule, in the Rue Blanche, at the barrière des Martyrs, at Belleville, at Saint Mandé, on the boulevard Saint Jacques, at Sèvres—wherever lodgings were cheap, wherever they could patiently watch the growing of the trees, and listen to the singing of the birds! The boldest among these honest fortune-hunters dwelt in one of the islands of the Seine, the knights of Saint Louis in the island of Notre Dame, the petitioners in the city; but all avoided, as much as possible, the quay of the hospital.

You will easily understand, that if there were in Paris at that time so many poor fellows without money, and almost without asylum, there were also, in this city of equality, the largest fortunes. No one can now imagine, even in France, what it was, in the palmy days of the monarchy, to be a king of France, or simply a great lord. He who spoke of a duke and peer, spoke of a man who possessed four or five duchies, two or three millions of rent, and estates as large as a province. This nobleman considered it to be one of the duties of his station to spend more than his revenue; for his vassals, his servants, the gentlemen in attendance upon him, the convents founded by his family, the churches which contained the tombs of his ancestors, had equal claims upon his fortune with himself. Moreover, it was by no means the same kind of life as that of the present day. Recall the wars, the battles, the long sieges, and on their return, the fêtes, the pleasures, the amusements, the elegancies of which appear to us now as so many fables.

What has become of the former glories of the chase? Immense forest of Compiègne! never disturbed at this day, except when, from time to time, some young prince in the family of the king of the French—when he is not absent in his father's service, when he is not at the African war, or on the distant seas—allows himself to let loose the hounds in these gloomy depths; then the forest, aroused for a moment, thinks itself restored to its former days of happiness; echo repeats with delight the barking of the dogs, the sound of the horn; eager youths join the train of the sportsmen; for a moment the old passion re-appears; but it is with these transitory huntsmen as with the Master of the Buck-hounds in the forest of Fontainebleau—an invisible phantom! which causes far more alarm than real mischief to the game in the forest.

There recently died, in a lone house of an obscure street at Fontainebleau, a wretched woman, nearly a hundred years old; this woman lived on brown bread and unwhole-

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Eugene Lami.

J.T.Willmore A.R.A.

The Meeting of the Hounds.

Le Rendezvous de Chasse.

Jagd Sammelplatz.

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some water, and was covered with tatters. The rivulet of the street became more muddy when she ventured to cross it, the smell of the sewer more poisonous. It was dreadful to see the abominable creature, thus crawling along in the filthy attire of the most abject avarice. Her house was not a house, but a fortress, built of freestone, cemented by iron plates; for in it were contained immense riches. There this miserable being, with whom neither alms nor charity had anything in common, either to give or receive, had heaped, not only gold, diamonds, and pearls, but the choicest furniture, the most exquisite marbles, the rarest paintings, the most charming masterpieces of every art. The smoky hole in which this woman, on Sunday, cooked her food for the whole week, contained the finest and most delicate chefs-d'œuvre of the Flemish masters; the Dutch enchanters, the joyous fairs of Téniers, the elegant scenes of Van den Berg, the whims, caprices, and beautiful countenances of Gerard Dow; more than one simple and whimsical drama of Jan Steen's, more than one beautiful heifer of Paul Potters, more than one fresh and glowing landscape of Hobbima's, more than one sweetly lighted forest of Cuyp's or of Ruysdaal's!

These beautiful works, which had been the ornaments of the palaces of Marly, of the great and little Trianon, or at least of the galleries in the Palais Royal, were dying for want of air and sun. Smoke, cold, and time which consumes everything, overpowered with their formidable tints, the splendid colours, which but lately had rivalled the wonders of creation. So that the stupid rage of this woman crushed, at pleasure, the joy of the future, the glory of past generations, the ornament of the present time. In her fits of ill humour, oh shameful abuse! the horrible old woman struck with her abominable foot, these delicate gems of the fine arts, she treated them as she would have treated lovely, chattering children, as if she could have heard, for her delight, their groans and sobs. How many did she break! what numbers did she destroy! Did she want a board to hold her breakfast of onions, she made a table of some panel of Watteau's; did she want a piece of copper to mend her saucepan, she took a little painting of Vandyke's. The rarest cloth served her to mend the tapestry which hung on the poisonous walls. The same abuse was found in the smallest details. The mug from which the toothless hag drank her cold milk, milk weakened by dirty water, was nothing less than a beautiful porcelain vase of the Sèvres manufacture, on which was yet visible, though cracked, the noble and beautiful likeness of the queen Marie Antoinette. Oh, profanation! that such a mouth should touch the edge of the limpid vase, on which had rested the soft lips of the greatest and most lovely woman in the world! Such was the frightful and startling confusion of this house. A dirty apron stained with the blood of some unhappy pigeon fallen in this dwelling, ignominiously concealed the richest laces, magnificent remnants from the small apartments at Versailles; a golden spoon, graven with the arms of a Montmorency or a Crillon, was put into a wooden porringer. When the hag returned to her hole, she extended her limbs upon the gilt sofas which she had bought at the revolutionary auctions; she placed her half-broken *sabots* upon marble brackets, she looked at her wrinkles in the finest Venetian glasses, she covered her hair with a greasy hood, but round this frayed

cap she hung, in derision, pearls large enough to be envied by the princesses of the blood royal. Around her, all was gold and dirt, purple and the coarsest cloth, the finest art and the commonest utensils. She put her vinegar in cut glass, and frightened away the bold flies that rested upon her forehead, with a fan that Greuze himself had signed. Her bed, or rather her pallet, was covered with the richest brocades; the straw upon which the monster sought sleep was inclosed in embroidered velvet; but sleep did not come, remorse took its place; during the sad nights, the life of the miserable creature unrolled itself before her, her life of luxury and fêtes, of vices and crimes, of shameless profligacy, for she had even put profligacy to the blush. A melancholy dream was hers, and sad was every awaking! Dreams carried her through an endless turmoil, in which mingled, blows and caresses, good fortune and misery, brown bread and champagne. At the same time, to amuse her for a moment, to draw from her a smile, (always in her dream,) she had at her service, poets who sang loudly of wine and love; she had at her table, hungry philosophers, who attempted to show that Providence was an idle name; she surrounded herself with men, whose aim it was to prove that the soul was not immortal. It was to amuse such women that Voltaire wrote *Candide*; that J. J. Rousseau, the simple orator, told the melancholy story of *Saint Preux and Heloise*, without reckoning young Crébillon, who, every morning, placed upon Madame's toilette, his little page of wickedness and vice.

Thus she lived on the purse of some, the license of others, the impiety of all. Miserly among the spendthrifts, skilful and prudent among the dissipated, the sole desire of this depraved creature was to enrich herself with the spoils and sophisms of all these men. She swallowed up everything; she was like the North sea, in which nothing re-appears after a shipwreck. Thus, in the great shipwreck of former times, she alone survived. She saw all her admirers, one after the other, depart for the scaffold, or for exile; they left without a louis in their pockets, a coat upon their backs, or a hat upon their heads, and yet it never occurred to her to lend them so much as her coachman's cloak. She saw crawling to the baker's door, those whose husbands she had ruined by her extravagance; and for these poor, weak, emaciated beings, she had not even a piece of black bread! Even in 1792, this woman could think of counting the money in her strong box! Even in 1793, when distracted kings listened to the noise of the falling axe, she counted her gold! She was accumulating heap upon heap! She went round the scaffolds, to collect the last garments of the victims; she entered the deserted houses, to buy for a mere nothing, the spoils of the absent masters. She would not trust land, even to buy it cheap, for land is faithful, and often returns to its owners; but she trusted gold, which is a vagabond and a traitor, like herself! It was her delight to carry off to her closet, the beautiful ornaments and master-pieces of former days, and to insult them in her own fashion! This was her way of revenging herself upon those good ladies, who would have washed their hands immediately, if they had happened, in passing, to touch the cloak of this despised creature.

Such had been her life, and this life was repeated, set in remorse, every time that

she attempted to sleep. But after these frightful slumbers, she again became the pitiless harpy, whose very name, for three leagues round, made people tremble with fear. The poor who passed, turned from the house, lest a tile should fall to strike the beggar; the child who sang in the street became silent, at the sight of that livid wall; the most joyous bird hushed his warbling, when he flew above the court of the house. In the garden, the lilac had no flowers, the bush sprouted reluctantly, the turf withered under her footsteps, the indignant fruit escaped from her soiled hand, at the approach of the monster the tree was tempted to fly! Her dog would not eat what her hand presented to him; he would rather have died of hunger, than have gnawed the bone which she had picked with her iron-like gums. The poisonous caves, the avenues of which Virgil speaks, the pestilential seas, are nothing compared to this green sink, where even the toad refused to show himself. The very thieves, when this heap of treasures was named, shrugged their shoulders with an oath; they preferred stealing a crown from an honest man, to attempting all this woman's money. She was as effectually protected by her baseness, as if she had been surrounded by the cannon of the Invalids. The miserable knew this universal horror, and after having rejoiced at it, finished by discovering that men were right in overwhelming her with hatred. She hated all the world, but she could despise no one; it was in vain to attempt it, although this would have been some consolation.

What a life, and what a death! what a dreadful old age! She, to whom vice was as necessary as money, had been suddenly arrested in her career, by a revolution, and this revolution had startled from their sleep all honest minds—soldiers, magistrates, princes of the blood; it had despised only women like herself, and had left them in the depth of their degradation. Suddenly was arrested the life of foolish joys, intoxication, and delirium, which had so long prevailed; suddenly the storm had lowered, which restored these young and old men to duties too long forgotten.

The utter neglect which she now experienced, produced no good effect upon her mind;—she was still as despicable as ever, in the midst of her ill-gotten fortune, amongst the treasures she had heaped up with so much of rage and despair. Sometimes she felt jealous of those unhappy beings who, feeling their sin and misery, began to think of repenting and turning to God; but these were transient rays in the hideous darkness; in all the bitter language of remorse, there was one word, which this woman never could and never would pronounce, the word—repentance!

Dead to the world, dead to all human joys and affections, overwhelmed by public contempt, which weighed upon her heart as heavily as the earth of her tomb now weighs upon her body, she nevertheless had strange and sudden fits of anger. It is said, for instance, that when Charles X. hunted in the forest of Fontainebleau, she was in the habit of seating herself in some crossway of the forest, in the middle of the road, and there she waited till the king passed. Then she would stand up, shaking her rags; she would gaze intently at the howling pack, who uttered plaintive groans on their road; then, when it was the king's turn to pass this woman, he would hesitate, become pale as death, and shiver from head to foot. Alas! she recalled

to the king of France, now old, and threatened on every hand, the folly and madness of the young Count d'Artois.

But at last this woman died, alone, in her remorse,—without one charitable hand to close her eyes, without the voice of a priest to impart to her any instruction. Her agony was silent and terrible, the agony of a venomous being who has no longer anything to bite. During the ninety-two years that she had been upon the earth, this woman had found no one person and no one thing, to love or to help; not a child or an old man, not a poor nor a wretched woman, not an innocence nor a virtue. And so, in dying, she left nothing to any one, but her strong and powerless curse. All those treasures of art which would have formed the pride of the noblest mansions, she had broken; all the masterpieces of the greatest painters and sculptors, she had annihilated; her gold, she had melted; her notes of the bank of France she had burned. What would she not have given, to have been able to take with her her land and her house? Or, at least, if she could have cut down the trees in her garden, destroyed the hope of the next autumn, crushed in their nests the eggs of the singing-birds, poisoned the fish in her ponds! If she could have set fire to her crops, and herself disappeared in the flames! But she had hoped to live longer, and now she had not breath to light the spark which would have devoured all.

It was necessary to break open the door to find the corpse, which was stretched upon the ground, where it had lain some days;—a volume was by her side; it was the poem in which Voltaire covers with slander the sainted Joan of Arc, the purest and most heroic glory of the history of France. The last rattle of the depraved woman was a blasphemy.

I return to my description of Paris. Doubtless, at the moment of quitting the noble city, perhaps never to return to it, it is rather late to remember these notes taken at the time; but it is natural to the human mind, to return with the liveliest feelings to those recollections which we are about to leave. The few months I spent in Paris, amidst the excitement of fêtes and pleasures, did not leave me sufficient calmness to enter at the time into these details, which are nevertheless not without interest. The great misfortune, I had almost said the great vice, of all travellers to Paris, is, that they immediately seek those things which are most brilliant and striking. That to which they first turn their attention, even before the history and the manners of a people, is noise, entertainments, trifling amusements! The Opera takes precedence of the Cathedral, of the Hotel de Ville, of the Hospital, of the Chamber of Deputies, and the Chamber of Peers. When you have named the Opera, you have named all; that delightful spot, that rendezvous of Parisian causerie!

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Eugene Lami. H.Robinson.

Interior of an Opera Box

Une Loge de l'Opéra. *Eine Opern Loge.*

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CHAPTER XVI.

The Sorbonne—M. Saint Marc Girardin—The Sorbonne and the Bastille—Revolutionaries—The Orators of the Sorbonne—M. Guizot—M. Villemain—M. Cousin—M. Laromiguière—Fête at the Sorbonne—Cathedral of Saint Denis—Tombs of Saint Denis—Island of Saint Denis.

The only one of the beliefs of ancient Paris that has passed into the new city;—oh! who would guess it?—is the belief in Saint Geneviève, the patroness of the city, the virtuous and courageous patroness, who announced long beforehand, another heroine equally dear to France, Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. Thanks to the remembrance of Saint Geneviève, thanks to this popular name, the city of grace and gallantry has not been left without a saint to invoke, on those days which to her are heavy with clouds and remorse. Modern Paris even prefers Saint Geneviève keeping her flocks, to the repenting Magdalen, whose temple forms a boundary to the new city, so long predicted by Saint Augustin. But let us return a little to ancient Paris; do not let us neglect that, for the one so fond of display; let us seek respectfully the traces left in the old streets, by the kings of the third race. On the site of Hugh Capet's palace,—that terrible Count of Paris, who gave his son for a tutor Richard duke of Normandy,—has been built a dancing-room; this room is called the Prado, and here come almost daily, students and grisettes to dance; the student thinking no more than the grisette, of the most important articles of that civil code which he professes to be studying.

In the church of Notre Dame,—that immense work, which is a whole poem,—entire generations have been buried. How many eminent men were interred there, between the reign of Childebert and that of Louis XIV!

Alas! when once you have abandoned history to that time which devours all things, you will find, that of all histories, that of tombs is the most fruitful. The dust which one disturbs, throws around it solemn lessons; the great names of former days hold an imposing place, even in the disordered scrap-books of the passing traveller. How is it that I—scarcely escaped from Parisian fêtes, I who have pursued so warmly these incredible elegances, I, the hero of the Opera balls and concerts,—now find myself occupied in reading upon these half-broken stones, names carried away by death? Where are ye, O ye heads of science, and ye masters of the people? Guillaume de Champeaux, Abelard, and you also, Heloise? But we have wandered far away from our point.

Not so far, however, but that we have arrived opposite that curious monument called the Sorbonne; that monument now filled with profane eloquence,—impatient minds in the pulpit, rebellious minds around the pulpit, youth whom even M. Saint Marc Girardin, that man of extraordinary talent, of ingenious intellect, of eloquent

composure,—has so much difficulty in restraining. In this school, which has no longer any barriers, you will vainly seek some vestige of the revered Sorbonne; scarcely will you find the scattered and half-effaced remembrances of that venerable institution, the theology of which, in former times, was all its science. In bygone days, whoever named the Sorbonne, named the three theological virtues, *minus* charity and hope. The Sorbonne was, so to speak, a parliament without appeal, where all questions relative to the Roman Catholic belief were gravely and severely discussed. And, as, at that time, faith was everywhere,—in the smallest pamphlet of the writer, in the slightest word of the orator, in the confidential letter,—it follows, from this ubiquity of faith, that the Sorbonne also was everywhere, that it entered every conscience, and had the right to inquire into books and ideas which are now most foreign to it.

It was, in truth, a kind of religious inquisition, which, in case of need, had its dungeons and its funeral piles; more than once it employed even the executioner, against persons and books. But compared with other inquisitions, that of the Sorbonne was benevolent, and even enlightened. It summoned around it the noblest minds, the greatest names, and the boldest and most courageous men; it was afraid of nothing but innovators. With the Sorbonne, novelty was in all things the worst of schisms. Thus even to the end, this grave and learned institution,—which had heard the Prince de Condé and Bossuet support within its enclosure their theological dogmas,—remembered the instructions of its illustrious protector, Cardinal Richelieu. It defended itself as bravely as possible, from all the rebels against authority, which the end of the seventeenth, and the whole of the eighteenth century produced. It defended, step by step, the moral dominion which the Romish church had confided to it; and when at last it was compelled to give way, it did so honourably, after having stood alone against all, alone against Voltaire, alone against the whole Encyclopædia. What do we say? It had stood alone against M. Arnauld and against Pascal!

Undoubtedly, when the hour of desolation comes, it is well to fall as nobly as did the Sorbonne. The Sorbonne fell like the royalty of France, like the nobility, like all that belonged to past times, with courage and resignation. The revolution entered its gaping wall, nearly in the same way as the First Consul Bonaparte entered the orangery at Saint Cloud; all the old doctors of the old Romish faith were driven from it, as the straw is driven away by the wind.

There is yet one thing to be said of the fallen Sorbonne, and that is, that long before 1793, it was a power conquered for ever. When once it had been defeated, in its duel with the *Emile* of Jean Jacques Rousseau, with the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* of Voltaire, with the *Œuvres* of Montesquieu, with the whole Encyclopædian school, the Sorbonne was as effectually conquered, as was the Bastille, for instance, a month before July 14, 1789.

When the Bastille was taken, there was only a nominal governor; when the Sorbonne was attacked, its walls enclosed nothing but a few old Latin theses upon the bull *Unigenitus*, or perhaps for and against Aristotle; thus it may be said, that the old Sorbonne, when it died, had fulfilled its mission; the liberty of minds and the

slavery of consciences had no longer anything to hope or to expect from it. The Sorbonne had uttered its last fiat in the world of ideas, just as the Bastille had issued its last *lettre de cachet;* and therefore, when the Restoration wished to refound the Sorbonne, it foolishly attempted a thing as impossible as if it had desired to rebuild the Bastille, and again put in force the lettres de cachet.

Even to those who are most foreign to everything belonging to modern France, it is unnecessary to repeat the names of the three eloquent and impassioned professors, who have held in their hands the destinies of the new Sorbonne:—their words have produced upon the young spirits of the Restoration, the same effect as lighted torches thrown among sheaves of wheat. They have defeated, day by day, those slow moral repairs which the Restoration attempted so painfully, by the aid of a conquered sect, and an exhausted nobility. They have no love for each other, and have therefore never come to a mutual understanding, and yet, by their joint, though not united efforts, they have baffled all the attempts of the royalist and religious party. These three professors, the honour of public instruction, you have already named,—M. Guizot, M. Villemain, and M. Cousin.

I know what answer will be given me, and that at first sight you will be much astonished to hear me call them revolutionaries; you will tell me I flatter them; but notice, I beg of you, that it is even on account of their apparent moderation, and by the mighty power of their real prudence, that the instructions of these three masters have been, and in fact must be, so formidable. If they had possessed more courage or less prudence, if they had concealed less skilfully, the dominion which they had acquired over the mind, the government of the Restoration would have been upon its guard, and would have defended itself with all its power; it would have closed these traitorous schools, and thus have obtained some respite in an open war. This war, however, was anything but open; on the contrary, the three champions brought to this daily combat, each according to his own peculiarities, the most judicious limitations; they enveloped themselves in all kinds of marvellous circumlocutions, never avowing their hopes, even those most distant. They wished to see a revolution accomplished; but they dreaded, as much for their fellow-citizens as for themselves, the disorders, the misfortunes, and the ambitions, that all new revolutions bring with them. Even in their anger, they were cool; even in their revolts, they chose to have right on their side. But in the general struggle of parties, in the general stir of opinions, in the tumultuous and turbid mixture of political feelings, these are just the men to fear; it is these who are strong because they are prudent, who are dangerous because they are wary, who attain their point because they walk with a slow, sure step;—defeat renders them popular, victory makes them powerful; if conquered, they are laden with praises; if conquerors, they know at once where victory ought to stop.

In point of revolutions and revolutionaries, the dangerous man is not he who talks and agitates, it is not he who openly lavishes his slander and his insult, it is not he who uses the poison and the dagger; it is not the demoniac in the newspaper, or the

fanatic in the tribune; these are well known; people know how to defend themselves from them; to oppose them, there are the king's attorneys, the gendarmes; they may be imprisoned, or bribed; at the worst, they can be let alone. But the others, the revolutionaries who respect the law, the eloquent men whose speech is as ingenious as it is high-sounding and impassioned, the faithful subjects, who, under pretence of shaking the throne, in order to rouse the king from his lethargy, plunge into the same abyss both throne and monarch; all these revolutionaries, whom no one suspects, and who do not themselves know the full power of their minds, these are the formidable ones, depend upon it.

It must be owned, that a long period will elapse, before three orators of such strength will again be assembled within the same enclosure. They had, between them, the materials for composing an orator, more powerful and more terrible than even Mirabeau, when he was surrounded by the first tokens of the greatest revolution which has ever astonished the world. The first leaned upon history, attaching himself simply to facts, from which he drew all the clear, positive consequences which he needed for his system; the second, on the contrary, was by turns, and according to the necessity of the case, an excited fanatic or an obscure German, wrapping himself in exhalations from beyond the Rhine, a luminous column, exhibiting only its shady side. He usually spoke loud, and as if fully convinced of his position;—a harlequin philosopher, whose coat was composed of all kinds of brilliant rags, torn from Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Herder, and even Condillac, for he borrowed from everybody: the third and last, the most admirable and inspired of rhetoricians, with the greatest powers of extemporaneous speaking, giving dazzling but fugitive periods, to which the delighted ear readily yields itself, with lively wit, and irresistible grace, so that he might have become, if he would, the most eloquent and the most interesting of orators.

Such were these three orators; and although divided upon all points, and although the learned and grave historian thought but little of the eloquent jugglery of the philosopher, whilst the professor, pre-occupied with form, scarcely knew, when absent, what was said by his two rivals, the historian and the philosopher; yet such was the mighty power of the ideas which they advanced, that without ever having held any communication, they understood each other wonderfully. They were like three workmen, labouring, each at his own post, to overthrow a rampart, and who, without having met, strive which shall give the most furious blows of the axe, until the wall being pulled down, the three recognise each other, astonished, and almost frightened at the devastation they have made. Or, if my first comparison alarms you, these three professors, each speaking to the youths who understood them with half a word, represent to you the three terrible orchestras of *Don Juan* during the violin scene. Each orchestra sings, in its own way, its complaint or its anger, without disturbing itself as to the neighbouring orchestra, until they all three burst into the same malediction. Alas! who would have thought it? this anathematized Don Juan was his very Christian and very benevolent majesty, King Charles X.!

To be able to form a just idea of the power of these men over the fine youths of the Restoration, who lent to them such attentive ears,—you must have heard them; for their lessons written out in haste, like the analyses which have been made of them, bear no resemblance to their speech,—so animated, so warm, and which exhibited so strongly all the marks of sincerity and conviction. M. Guizot, for instance, reached the pulpit with a firm and somewhat solemn step. At his appearance, the restless and agitated crowd became silent; he began to speak immediately and without hesitating, his voice was clear and short, he was authoritative and cutting in his discourse, his sentences were abrupt, but little flowery, and often wanting in elegance, but what was lost in elegance, was gained in power and energy. The person of the orator answered exactly to his discourse. It was the proud, dull look, which only sparkled at rare intervals, like fire concealed beneath the ashes. It was the sombre hue which nothing alters, neither joy, nor melancholy, nor the pride of triumph, nor the vexation of defeat. It was the broad, intelligent forehead, upon which were exhibited none of the passions of the inner man. In this ancient Sorbonne, which had defended with armed hand the holy purity of the Romish doctrines; in this religious echo, which still remembered confusedly, but not without emotion and respect, so many eminent doctors of the Sorbonne, defenders, conservators, and martyrs of the Romish faith; M. Guizot, the Protestant, was animated with an indescribable feeling of triumph, which, in such a spot, formed a large part of his eloquence. It was a source of great delight to him, that he should be permitted to speak aloud between the two statues of Fenelon and Bossuet, opposite the likenesses of Massillon and Pascal; that he, the convinced child of Luther, should give such a contradiction to the *Histoire des Variations!* And, as in this vast city of Paris, every one is acquainted with all that regards these heroes of the mind;—people knew that M. Guizot was poor, that he had fallen under the displeasure of the monarchy, to which, while yet young, he had given the most loyal proofs of his devotedness and his zeal. It was said that he had an old mother, a matron of primitive times, of great tenderness, and inflexible duty, whose life was modelled from the Bible, and that before this old mother he knelt every evening, saying to her, "Bless me!" All admired M. Guizot for his modest and laborious life; his patience was taken for resignation; he was valued for what he dared to say in his course, and above all, for what he did not say. In a word, he was loved like a man who shows you only half his thoughts; for since torture has been abolished, all agree that this is the greatest punishment which can be imposed upon him who writes or speaks. Indeed, even to the religious conviction of M. Guizot, even to that belief which was not the Romish belief, there was nothing in him which the youth of the Sorbonne did not admire. Ah! you wish these young people to be Catholics. Ah! you would bring back the Jesuits to Saint Acheul, and you would re-establish the Sorbonne. Ah! you would forcibly expel by every means, even by the eloquence of M. Lamennais, Voltairian scepticism! Well! you shall see what a contradiction we can give you. We will attack you on your most sensitive point; we will applaud, not doubt, but schism; not only will we deny as strongly as possible the religious belief of the house of

Bourbon, but we will honour, in every conceivable way, the Protestantism of M. Guizot. And really these young men, in their rage for opposition, were clever to reason thus, for there was one man, whom the French clergy hated still more than Voltaire, and that man was Luther. But who would have said at that time, and when the Restoration—aroused at last, but too late—closed the course of M. Guizot, that this Protestant, applauded in open Sorbonne, because he was a Protestant, would one day become minister of public instruction of the French kingdom, just like the Bishop of Hermopolis?

Let us turn to the other orator, to the other minister of public instruction, M. Villemain. The latter exhibited in a far greater degree than his colleague, all the freedom of a man whose principal concern was to breathe classic air, and who troubled himself but little about the future, so sure was he, that Latin and Greek, and beautiful Ciceronian periods, would not fail him for the rest of his life. M. Villemain was, if you please, a man in the opposition, but by no means violent in his feelings; on the contrary, he was one of those cautious opposers, who can to-morrow, without meanness, advocate ministerial measures. Far from being isolated, like M. Guizot, and given up to barren labours, M. Villemain had around him, to love, protect, and defend him, some of the powerful journals, a part of the Council of Public Instruction, the whole Academy, all the graces of his speech, all the fascinations of his mind. The public had long been accustomed to love him, for, from his first successes at the University to his first success at the French Academy, from his beautiful translation of Cicero's *Republic,* (happily refound,) to his formal opposition to M. de Villèle, M. Villemain had been without intermission the hero, what do I say? the spoilt child of popular favour. And yet more, what had been done for General Foy, had just been done for him, a national subscription had been made, to recompense him for a dismission, warmly given, at the very moment when the greatest minds in France separated from the old monarchy. Thus supported by all which constitutes power, M. Villemain cannot in any way be compared, for credit and position, with M. Guizot; for in proportion as the latter stood alone, poor and without support, just so the former was surrounded by encouragement and powerful friendships. The one, out of his pulpit, had much difficulty in ranking amongst those rare idealogists who have since become the *doctrinaires,* and of whom he is now the sovereign master; the other, on the contrary, was the mind, the speech, the counsel, sometimes even the energetic and lively style, of this opposition, which was already mistress within and without, and which finished by becoming the revolution of July, ten years later.

Imagine that on some Monday, on one of those gray, dull frosts in the December of a Parisian winter, the neighbourhood of the Sorbonne is filled with an unusual crowd; people run from all parts of the city, in all kinds of costume, some on foot, some in carriages, for amongst the impatient and shivering multitude, the prince of the blood must wait till the doors are open, as well as the student of one year's standing. At eleven o'clock, the immense court of the Sorbonne is filled; at twelve, the doors are opened. In a moment, the vast hall is entirely occupied; they push and jostle

each other; the least space on the oak seats is eagerly disputed; the crowd choose that the doors should remain open, and those who arrive late are kept at the foot of the staircase, only too happy to seize, on their passage, some of those powerful vibrations which announce the presence of the master. At the appointed hour, and by a certain entrance, which is, like all the rest, obstructed by numbers,—a man creeps with great difficulty, and makes his way to the pulpit amidst a thunder of applause; he takes his seat in anything but an elegant posture, generally he crosses his right leg over his left; he leans his head upon his shoulder, like many of the great men of antiquity. But let us wait,—he will soon raise his head, his animated look will run over the attentive crowd, his speech will become as animated as his look, and suddenly, the first hesitation passed, you must prepare to follow the orator, in the most impetuous caprices of his thought. Ah! what a wonderful literary labyrinth, what a bold mixture of the soundest sense and the wildest flights of imagination! an admirable collection of philosophy, history, and literature, in which the most different geniuses, the most opposite talents, are found blended and confused with incredible skill; Bossuet, by the side of Saurin, Shakspere by the side of Molière, the *Télémaque* of Fenelon by the side of the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More. And through the thousand flowery labyrinths of his thought, it was curious to see how this man contrived to make use of present literature; to summon to the aid of the ancients, whose mighty power and energy he proclaimed, the contemporary works which he subjected without remorse to his ironical analysis. You should have seen with what enthusiasm, and at the same time with what good sense, he spoke of the old master-pieces, which he made one love; of the great writers, whom he surrounded with respect, and how he made the youthful assembly support everything, even the praises of Louis XIV. Thus you would follow him, in the literary history of the three great centuries to which Francis I. gave the signal. The auditors of this animated professor would, in imitation of him, pass from Montaigne and Rabelais to Madame de Sévigné and La Fontaine, from Saint Evremont and Fontenelle to Montesquieu and Massillon, until he has suddenly stopped before J. J. Rousseau and Voltaire, to whose cause he has not been false, even in open Sorbonne, any more than in open Sorbonne M. Guizot has been false to the cause of Melancthon and Luther.

As for the third orator, I can say much less of him than of the other two, for I have only heard him speak two or three times. There are some rebellious minds which cannot enter into the finest things, and who would give the whole of Plato for one ode from Horace. What is called philosophy, strictly speaking, seems to them a kind of dream, without poetry and without reality,—that is to say, the most melancholy of all dreams. I own, for my part, that I am of the number of those blind, rebellious persons, who shut their eyes lest they should see the truth! M. Cousin has always been to me, a sort of enigma without answer, and I would give all the labours of his life for one hour of M. Villemain's speech, or M. Guizot's teaching. And yet it must be confessed, that M. Cousin was as popular when he spoke in the Sorbonne as his two fellow-labourers. He possessed that wonderful copiousness, which never

recoils before any obstacle, and, provided he spoke, it signified little to him what he was about to say. Philosophy has its effrontery as well as eloquence, and in this, the boldness is so much the easier, that neither your audience nor yourself attends precisely to the particulars of your discourse; they must accept the medley, whatever it may be, whether it comes from ancient Greece, or modern Germany. And the more so, because, a man of the world, M. Cousin had used and abused this philosophical redundancy, in which he excelled. He spoke with surprising facility, he had the gesture, the voice, the animation, the furious accent, of a very demon; you would have said that he fought, like Hamlet, with some invisible phantom; and it was amusing to see his violent stabs in the air. I remember one day happening to enter his class, in which so many strange ideas were brought forward. At the moment of my entrance, the professor struck the pulpit with his two fists, and, foaming at the mouth, with his hair standing on end, and his eyes flashing fire, he cried, "*No! no! we were not defeated at Waterloo!*" At this extraordinary announcement, judge whether his young audience did not clap their hands with delight, and, partaking of the enthusiasm of the philosopher, repeat vehemently to themselves, "No! no! we were not defeated at Waterloo." The great secret of M. Cousin consisted in this; he found it much easier and much more convenient, to address himself to the passions of his hearers, than to their intelligence and good sense. By a stratagem which is very old, and which will yet always be new,—when the enthusiasm of his class languished, like a true statesman, he called to his aid, and made to vibrate, those great, immortal, and inexhaustible names of—liberty—country,—national independence. When his pupils were tired of the Sorbonne, he led them to the borders of the Rhine, and thence showed them the royal limits which France has lost, not forgetting to tell them at each lesson, that there he had been a captive, which placed him on a false equality with General Lafayette, who had been a prisoner at Olmutz. In this way, the success of M. Cousin, equal to that of his two brothers, M. Guizot and M. Villemain, was, if not less loyal, at least more easy to merit, to obtain, to preserve.

A fourth power in the Sorbonne of that day, whom we have not yet named,—a concealed power, it is true, but respected even on account of his modesty,—was a man who had taken as much trouble not to be known, and not to belong to the French Academy, as is taken by all men who write prose or verse, to become celebrated and to join the Academy. The man to whom I refer, possessed in his single mind as much learning, ingenuity, and talent as these three speakers, who made so much noise around his silence. He despised fame as strongly as ordinary men esteem it; he descended from his pulpit as soon as he had no more to say, and, his last lesson finished, nothing could make him resume the course, so great was his dislike to repeating on the morrow, what he had said the day before. This man, concealed as he kept himself, was one of the greatest characters of the time; his talents were astounding, and, had he possessed the slightest wish for it, he might have reigned at that period by his speech, just as M. Royer Collard did by his silence. His character was good, his integrity strict, his friendship sincere, his self-denial great. After having shone for two years in the

revived Sorbonne, all the nothings of which he well knew, he retired from the philosophical arena, without ever having wished to make of his own opinions a sort of dogma without appeal, as has happened to all other philosophers, past and present. This man, whose name you have already guessed,—you who have so surrounded him with friendship, devotedness, and respect,—was M. Laromiguière.

You can best judge, if he was not a great writer, an honest moralist, an ingenious philosopher, an admirable pupil of Condillac's, who could never have hoped for such a pupil. He had reached doubt by all the paths which lead to belief, and within this indulgent doubt he inclosed himself, without ostentation, without vanity, naturally, and simply, as he has done in every event of his life. Such as he was, immovable and silent in that Sorbonne which was agitated by so many different passions, M. Laromiguière was, for all,—for the scholars as well as for the masters,—a useful, an excellent lesson. By his personal resignation, he taught the scholars endurance and patience, which are the two great conditions of honourable life; by his modest and unassuming habits, he taught the masters loyalty, self-denial, and devotedness. But, alas! these noble lessons were lost, upon pupils as well as masters; the pupils did not understand them, the masters refused to listen to them; and M. Laromiguière is now dead, leaving behind him an admirable book, without one single disciple who was worthy, or who would have accepted the permission, to replace this illustrious and excellent master. And now, what has become of the pupils of the three celebrated professors of the Sorbonne? and what has become of the professors themselves, M. Guizot, M. Villemain, and M. Cousin? The pupils have amused themselves in bringing about a revolution, that they might, immediately afterwards, settle down again as good citizens and good national guards, like their fathers; the professors were first made deputies, and finding themselves deputies, each of them hoped at last to become a great orator. Most certainly, this was an attempt in which M. Guizot did not fail. He has proved himself as eloquent a politician, as a man of his stature could be, and ought to be, in the most difficult circumstances. All the hopes to which he had given rise in the historian's pulpit, M. Guizot fulfilled in the French tribune; he has governed by his speech, he has preserved the peace which M. Thiers did not desire! M. Villemain was rather slower than M. Guizot in becoming a political speaker; he hesitated long; he was like an exquisite singer, who cannot catch the tune of a new piece of the new opera. At last, however, M. Villemain recovered his rapture, his brilliancy, his enthusiasm, his irony; it was the Chamber of Peers which performed this wonder. As for M. Cousin, once out of the pulpit, he pronounced with difficulty some confused words, to which men listened, on account of his past eloquence. But to return; how well has M. Guizot proved, that he was in fact born for the serious struggles of politics! How suddenly he took upon him the positive tone of a member! and, indeed, what talent and what courage were necessary, for the professor of the Sorbonne to oppose, as he did, M. Thiers, who had but just arrived in the arena, who had sworn obedience to no royalty; a clever plebeian, sprung from the fruitful republican dust, which Caius Gracchus hurled as he died.

Such was the Sorbonne in 1825; it was powerful, honoured, respected; dreaded for its words, dreaded for its silence. It was proud of these three men, who spoke so wonderfully in its newly revived pulpits, whilst at the top of the edifice, under its burning or frozen roof, in its disordered library, it had M. Laromiguière, whose pleasant irony was more expressive than the longest discourses. Thus were frustrated the most confident hopes of the Restoration, thus were baffled its most natural plans. It had said that it would raise altar against altar; that it would oppose the Sorbonne to the College of France; that within the enclosure of philosophy and literature, if the College of France represented the left side, the Sorbonne should represent the right. . . . Alas! the left side was found everywhere, by the expiring monarchy. *Omnia pontus erat,* as Ovid says, speaking of chaos.

One of the fêtes which bring summer into the Sorbonne,—a brilliant fête for the child who is about to become a young man,—is the distribution of the prizes, among all the colleges of Paris and of Versailles. This is the hour anticipated throughout the whole year, by young minds, impatient for the future. Shall I tell you the expanding pride of the mothers, the animation of the children, the grave indifference of the professors, the number and the splendour of the crowns? At this fête of the princes of youth, you may hear mentioned with applause, all the great names of Paris, in politics, in literature, and in the arts; for the children of 1804 have become in their turn, fathers of families, and the son nobly recalls at the Sorbonne, the name and the glory of his father. But again we are far from the point whence we started. You can scarcely take one step, without the appearance of the monuments around you, recalling to remembrance the men who built them, or the men who gave rise to their renown. But this is one of the all-powerful charms of Paris, which is so filled with facts and ideas, with emotions and recollections. How many singular histories, how many incredible stories, have I picked up, in running here and there, somewhat at hazard, as the city was built! The mere recital of the hosts, or rather the lodgers, of the Parisian Pantheon, would make one fancy he was in the midst of a fool's dream. And yet—vanity of glory! false and cruel popularity! scarcely had the people placed there, their great men of a day, than they came to take them away again, that they might throw them in a ditch. Fie, then, fie! upon this tarnished glory! Better far, to remain unknown all your life, better far to repose in some peaceful village churchyard, beneath a wooden cross, where your children will come to pray to God! Wo to the dead whose tombs thus become the toy of political storms—*Ludibria ventis!*

And also, wo to the nations which do not respect even the tombs of their dead, the vanished centuries, the great men who have prepared the future by their courage, their science, or their genius! Shame upon the people,—wo to the ungrateful men, who tear from their ancestors the last rags of their winding-sheets! Saint Denis, the city of the royal dead, the last asylum of this conquered majesty! to these sacred vaults, Philip the Hardy brought upon his shoulders the bones of his father Saint Louis, walking barefoot from Paris. Once destroyed, the church was rebuilt by Sainte Géneviève, finished by King Dagobert, protected by the Abbé Sègur, that wise

politician, of such unruffled genius. The holy basilic acknowledges as its trusty and well-beloved founders, king Pepin,—and his son Charlemagne, who was himself present at its consecration in 775, so that not one of the great names in French history was absent from these noble stones. The gothic art never imagined anything more perfect and more magnificent. Never did higher vault shelter more royal tombs. The first of the kings of France who wished to repose there for ever, was Dagobert. A part of the race of Pepin was, for a long time, buried there; King Pepin himself, slept his last sleep in these vaults, by the side of Queen Bertha his wife, and not far from Louis and Carloman, the sons of Louis the Stammerer. Near these, you will find statues in stone of Clovis II. and Charles Martel. There are also cenotaphs to Philip the Hardy, and his terrible son Philip the Fair, the conqueror of the Normans, who had more than once pushed their insolent ravages even to the abbey of Saint Denis.

Shall I tell you all the names of this ancient history?—By means of respectful care you will find them all, half effaced by revolutions, upon some of the old stones which still groan beneath the agony of kings: Eudes, Hugo Capet, Robert, Constant d'Arles, Constance de Castille, the second wife of Louis the Young, whose first wife, after her divorce, furnished so many enemies to France, and so many kings to England. Salute with respect, Louis the Gross who increased the liberty of the commons, Louis X. the Mutinous, and the wife of Saint Louis, Margaret of Provence. But is it your pleasure to invoke, as in a funeral dream, all these kings and queens of history? Hermintrude, Jane d'Evreux, Charles VIII., Philip the Long, Charles the Fair, Jane of Burgundy, Philip of Valois, and the Count of Paris, Hugo the Great, the friend of the Normans, and Charles the Bald, the only one of these kings who was an emperor,—broken crowns, and sceptres, ashes scattered to the winds!—Who else in this funeral list? Philip Count of Boulogne, Marie de Brabant his daughter, John Tristan Count de Nevers, Charles V. and Jane of Bourbon, Charles VI. and Isabella of Bavaria, (re-united in death,) Charles VII.;—women, children, old men, kings who have died, kings who have lived; and amid this royal dust, a few great men, carried there for having saved France; Bertrand Duguesclin, for instance. There also was interred Louis XII., the father of his people, in those unhappy times when the people knew only how to suffer and to die. There, in his splendid mausoleum, a masterpiece of the art of the sixteenth century, reposed Francis I., as magnificent after his death as he had been during his life. All the tombs of the Valois hang together, as if with a presentiment of coming revolutions; Henry II., Catherine de Medicis, and their eight children,—eight children to leave no posterity upon the throne of France! You may recognise Henry II. by the richness of his sarcophagus. Certainly, Philibert Delorme had passed over these tombs to protect them with his genius. Then came,—for they were ticketed, race by race,—the tombs of the house of Bourbon, *which had not its equal under the sun;* to count only from Louis XII. to Henry IV., there were thirty-one corpses!—Without reckoning Louis XIII., who so long expected upon the cold stones, his son Louis XIV.; without reckoning Louis XIV., who so long expected his grandson Louis XV. This latter was also expecting; at last, one day, there was

an arrival;—it was not the sexton, it was the people who came. The stone of the royal tomb was broken, not raised, and the king interred there, was thrown into his grave, with all the other kings of all the other races, the innocent and the guilty, fathers of the people and tyrants, children, and women, and soldiers, and even the *good Henry,* and even M. de Turenne, who was treated by the people with little more respect than Saint Megrin himself, whose bones still smelt of the musk and amber, with which the favourite was impregnated during his life. Ashes scattered to the winds! majesty insulted in death! tombs profaned! even the bones of their saints, the relics, the nail hanging to the cross, the hair of the Virgin, the crown, the sceptre, and the hand of justice of Henry the Great, the cup of the Abbé Sègur, the golden eagle of King Dagobert, the crowns of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria; and the head of Saint Denis the martyr, the same head that he brought to this place in his two hands! O profanation! the cloak of Saint Louis, still covered with the ashes which served for a funeral bed to this great king, and his hand of justice, which was his support under the oak of Vincennes, and the coronation-crown of Louis the Great, and the rich manuscripts upon vellum, and the golden cross of Charles the Bald, and the seat of Charlemagne, and his crown, and his sceptre, and his sword, and his spurs, —the fragile crown of Henrietta of England,—the coronation dress of Louis XIV.; all these relics, sacred and profane, all these marvels disappeared, thrown by the same senseless anger, to the same winds and the same abominable tempests of a revolution!

But after you have visited the tombs of Saint Denis, when you have saluted the last Condé in his bier, when you have crossed the vast space which the funeral arrow occupies in the heavens, do not forget to seek out a beautiful little spot, the way to which, the Parisian so well knows, that he could go there with his eyes shut. This place of pleasure and amusement is the island of St. Denis. A thorough boatman in a straw hat will take you into his bark, and if you fancy the voyage, you may make with him the tour of the island, which is covered with turf and white houses. Assuredly, each of these little houses is inhabited by a fisherman. The greatest manufacturer of nets, sweep nets, lines, and all kinds of tackle for fishing, lives in the island of Saint Denis. A long belt of poplars surrounds the island with its waving verdure. Here is nothing but songs, fêtes, lovers' appointments, endless gaieties. Once in the island of Saint Denis, you enjoy perfect liberty. No one recognizes his friend. It is neutral ground, every one is at home. The son does not acknowledge his father; the father turns away his eyes, that he may not see his son. How many husbands who do not recognize their wives! But then how many are there, who speak to each other no longer, when they have once quitted the island of Saint Denis!

Thus, at all times and in all places, we find the same contrasts. Flowers growing upon ruins;—trees in the most gloomy spots; the smiling landscape not far from the most melancholy parts of the city;—Saint Géneviève at the Pantheon; the freshest and happiest youths within the old walls of the Sorbonne;—the *Prado*

by the side of the *Sainte Chapelle;*—and not far from the insulted tomb of so many kings, the joyous cries, the merry dances, the savoury matelot, of the island of Saint Denis;—it is always, as I told you in the early part of this chapter;—*Paris white, and Paris black!*

CHAPTER XVII.

The Café Procope—Island of Saint Louis—Hotel Lambert—Antiquarians—M. Lenoir—M. du Sommerard—A French bishop—A lucky escape—The Hotel de Cluny—Its chapel—Chamber of Francis I.—Longchamps—The year 2440—Mercier's dreams—Voltaire out of fashion—Allegory—Definition of a gentleman—Various improvements—Palace of the quai d'Orsay—Hotel of a Minister—Country Excursions—Saint Germain—The Country Ball.

It seems to me, that I have wandered far from the spot where we found ourselves just now, far from the Sorbonne, where we heard those three celebrated orators; indeed I imagine that before repairing to the vaults of Saint Denis, we stopped at the door of a public saloon, as famous in literary history as the French Academy.

In fact we were upon the threshold of the Café Procope,—now calm, silent, and stupid, like all the cafés in Paris. What a change! The large room is almost deserted; two disciples of Hippocrates are playing dominos with a more important air than if they were settling the destinies of an empire. Piled upon a table, lie unhonoured, all the newspapers of the week; poison and honey, bites and caresses, the slang of the markets and the most beautiful French language, art and taste mingled with scandal and calumny;—such is this work of light and darkness. It is a Pandemonium, the danger of which is passed at mid-day, for this single reason, that it will recommence to-morrow. And yet this calm spot, this deserted room, these tables, around which there is no longer any agitation, all this silence—is the café Procope, it is that spot in this immense city, where French *causerie* has exhibited its most lively impatience, its most dangerous zeal; all its briefs, all its paradoxes, all its scandals, all its resistance, all its opposition. To the café Procope resorted, as to a common rendezvous of wit, eloquence, and vivacity, the men, who, in their play, have overthrown a religion and a monarchy; Voltaire, Piron, Diderot, d'Alembert, the Baron d'Holbach, the Baron de Grimm, the bold and intrepid Gilbert, J. B. Rousseau, who made himself hated for his hateful satires, and sometimes, J. J. Rousseau himself, when, overcoming his natural timidity, he dared to meet the rapture, wit, and raillery of these men. There was so much noise you could not hear yourself speak, there were utopias beyond all imagination. People talked of everything, and many things beside. The one party proclaimed liberty, equality, and natural rights; while their opponents violently defended established order, and repulsed with all their power the advancing revolution. Useless efforts! the revolution was to become the strongest, and to draw with it, all men, the conquered and the conquerors, the feeble and the strong, those who were in

advance of the age, and those who were far behind it. Of all the intellect expended in the café Procope, of the eloquent, overflowing abundance of Diderot, within these four walls, what now remains? A glass of *eau sucrée*, a marble table, and a game of dominos!

I have also, not without emotion, traversed the whole island of Saint Louis, an unknown neighbourhood, a city forgotten within the city. At the point of the island, formerly stood, disdainful and proud, the hotel Lambert. The ceilings were covered with the rarest specimens of art, the walls were laden with the noblest paintings. The palace of Farnese, the work of the Caracchi, is not more splendid and magnificent. All the great artists of the great age counted it an honour, and a duty, to embellish this rich dwelling. . . . O profanation! the gallery of Lebrun has become a deposit for military beds; the rich cabinets where you might behold the most wonderful remains of Lesueur's genius, the vast saloons, the cabinet of *love*, the cabinet of *the muses*, the beautiful works of Herman Van Swanevelt, the magnificent chambers by François Pérrier, François Romanelli, Patel; the interminable refectory where the whole city used to dine, where all that was young and beautiful, and witty, and powerful, and rich, was welcome; this rendezvous of art, and taste, and genius, and imagination, which makes something out of nothing, this elegant dwelling, bought by Voltaire, but never inhabited by him, through which J. J. Rousseau passed, when the hotel Lambert belonged to M. Dupin the farmer-general, that *Gallery of Hercules*, in which Napoleon held his last council during the Hundred days,—is nothing but a ruin, open to every wind that blows. Singular Paris! singular misery! strange society! what strange men! they go here and there, picking up the slightest toys of former times; they buy at an extravagant rate, worm-eaten furniture, pieces of broken porcelain, the least relics of former license and grandeur; the possession of the smallest canvass of Watteau's, of Lancret's, or of some dauber of the last century, is disputed with fury by the amateurs; but if the question is to save an exquisite gallery, adorned by the best and most illustrious masters in all the arts, not one purchaser presents himself, not one man who will accept this glory, for which the artists would so warmly thank him! But perhaps they ask a high price for the hotel Lambert? This noble house, built and filled with these beautiful works, would be sold, for what is barely the price of a few metres of land, on the Place de la Bourse, or near the galleries of the Palais Royal.

There were also splendid paintings in the hotel Bretonvilliers, which is falling into ruins just like the hotel Lambert. All these noble houses, once inhabited by so many honourable magistrates, now shelter, although in very small numbers, some of the poor creatures, who are too poor to pass their lives in the dark unwholesome streets, in the narrow, dirty houses, in the noisy crossways, in all the joys of the Parisian. A melancholy abode this island of Saint Louis, with so goodly a prospect, so well placed on the borders of the river, so well surrounded by water and verdure! But silence, repose, sleep, are joys which appear so many torments, to our gentlemen the inhabitants of Paris!

The death of M. Alexandre Lenoir was a great misfortune to antiquarians, for on that day, the arts lost, if not their most eminent, at least their most courageous defender. In those times of shameful memory, at the fatal moment when the whole French society was murdered upon the scaffold, the wretches who regretted that France was not comprised in one single head, in order that it might be cut off at a single blow, began to attack the oldest monuments of this great and living history. They commenced a crusade against chefs-d'œuvre, axe in hand, cutting down without remorse, the altar of God, the throne of the king, the tomb of the dead; and yet, in the general stupor, not one voice was raised against the bloodthirsty profaners. It will be told to the dishonour of the age, and to the shame of the country; statues were suffered to be mutilated, as if they were only living heads; museums were dispersed, as if nothing but the relics of saints; from the books of the royal library were torn the covers stamped with the fleur de lis, too happy if they escaped forming a large fire. Alone, in this multitude of cowards, a poor man, who was nothing but an antiquarian, followed the track of these sad profanations. Alas! he could prevent nothing; he could not preserve from destruction, a single one of those chefs-d'œuvre which were so basely injured, but he could groan aloud, but he could follow the spoilers closely, and of this France in shreds, he could gather up some remnants, with a pious respect. This is exactly what he did; this man who showed himself to be more courageous than even Madame Roland; he disputed, piece by piece, morsel by morsel, all these brutal spoliations; he assembled in his house, all these melancholy remnants of the great centuries, the stones condemned to death, the massacred marbles, the emblems, the paintings, the virgins, the kings and queens, the ancient honour of history; the constables, the admirals, the chiefs of the magistracy; notched swords, broken sceptres, torn ermines, a frightful assemblage of mutilations and outrages. Yes, he dared to pick up these relics, even before the multitude, in the very presence of the executioners themselves. It was he, he alone, who dared to defend, in full Sorbonne, the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu. This tomb was the master-piece of Girardon, the well-loved sculptor of Louis XIV. A blow from a bayonet, stretched M. Lenoir at the foot of Richelieu's tomb; but, as he fell, he thanked his tormentors, for the beautiful marble was saved. You cannot doubt, that, although the only one amongst the honest people of France, he yet assisted, at the insolent opening of that great royal ditch called the *abbey of Saint Denis*. He was the witness of that dreadful reaction of the populace against the kings, which commenced with Dagobert, and finished with Louis XV. And you may judge of his dismay, when all these royal races, withdrawn from the funeral night, strewed with their remains the sepulchral flags. Well! in these frightful circumstances of modern history, M. Lenoir's courage did not fail him; he gathered up the scattered bones, and as the crowd stopped respectfully before a soldier, whose gray moustachio they thought they recognized, M. Lenoir pronounced the name of Henry IV.; at that great name, all the red caps bowed. From the abbey of Saint Denis, the ruffians went to all the churches in Paris, to Notre Dame, to Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, to Saint Eustache, to Saint Germain des Prés, overthrowing

and demolishing everything in their passage. But always, after these bands, arrived the worthy antiquarian, collecting, saving, protecting these spoils; and when he could save nothing, he returned home, his hands empty, his heart swelling with grief; he had lost his day. Poor man! no one admired him for his devotedness, or his courage; no one, not even the lawful monarch, thanked him for the many wrecks he had saved; and yet the little that France knew, of the facts and the monarchy of former days, it owed in part to M. Lenoir.

The other antiquarian whom France lost, shortly after the death of M. Lenoir, was M. du Sommerard. All those, throughout intelligent Europe, who take an interest in ancient poetry, in the manners, the habits, the furniture, the costumes of former days, know the name of M. du Sommerard. He was one of the first honourably to reinstate the thorough and minute study of the history of France. Of the nameless shreds, the worm-eaten remnants, the dust of ages, collected at so great a price, M. du Sommerard composed at once a poem and a history; a poem full of ingenious fictions, a history in positive proofs. M. du Sommerard was avowedly the man of his favourite passion. Although now, by a recent law, the French Chamber of Deputies have adopted this noble museum, of which they have made a national glory, M. du Sommerard had never felt the ambition of forming a museum, but simply an admirable collection of all kinds of forms, of relics, of tatters, which he alone could understand. Before becoming a museum, his house was at first an immense accumulation of things, the future value of which he well knew.

History will doubtless tell you, and with much more anger and indignation than we do, by what a succession of profanations, all the past of France was thus injured and destroyed, in the year 1793. With equal certainty, when arrived at this sad chapter of murder and ravages, history will consult the notes that M. du Sommerard has collected; the statues and bronzes sold by auction, the populace assembling tumultuously around the cathedrals, and with horrible delight making a bonfire of the paintings and the images; the church of Sens deprived of its statues; Saint Etienne du Mont robbed of the bas-reliefs of Germain Pilon; at Mayence, *the Descent from the Cross* by the same artist broken in pieces; at Gisors, the windows of the church reduced to dust by blows from stones; at Strasburg, the statues of the cathedral falling by thousands; everywhere, in fact, wherever art and civilisation had passed, at Meudon, at Soissons, at Marfontaine, at Port Malo, at Saint Lô, at Coutances, at Port Brienne, spoliation, and ravages, the most senseless and the most melancholy fury had left traces of their passage. "The Vandals of the fifth century never destroyed so many master-pieces," often repeated M. du Sommerard. Now you can believe, that it was a great act of courage in these frightful days, to dare only to pick up the smallest fragment, which had escaped the rage of the Vandals, the Visigoths, and the Ostragoths of the Reign of Terror.

Apropos of M. Lenoir and M. du Sommerard, I have heard it said of a learned bishop, the honour of French episcopacy, that one day he was walking with much alarm, in the garden of Versailles. How the gardens were changed! The beautiful

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Eugene Lami. W. Wallis.

The Church of St Etienne du Mont.

L'Eglise de St Etienne du Mont. *Die Kirche St Etienne du Mont.*

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turf, which the greatest beauties of the court scarcely pressed with their delicate feet, had been faded by the trampling of a vile and furious populace; the solitary alleys where walked, formerly, Bossuet and the great Condé, had been devastated and ruined by the hundred-armed Briareus; in the basins, the waters plashed sadly around Naiads, whose urn was broken; through that still half-opened window, the alarmed eye could discern the violent mutilations of the canaille.—In the garden all was silent. The crowd had gone with the king and queen of France, carried off in the same tornado. Our pious bishop, then young, walked sadly through the desert, when, amongst the wrecks with which the ground was strewed, he discovered a decapitated head. . . . Do not be alarmed, it was a marble head; some beautiful countenance of a severe and chaste antique statue, Minerva, Juno, Proserpine, the mother of the Gracchi, or Cornelia. It was so beautiful, even thus, that our young man could not resist the inclination to carry home with him the noble sculpture. From the garden and the palace of Versailles, to pass to a mansard in the Rue Saint Jacques, after having been the guest of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., to inhabit only the chamber of a proscribed priest, of one condemned beforehand! Such was the history of this beautiful marble; but at that time happy was he, who knew where to find a hiding-place for the night, sure of becoming a wanderer again on the morrow.

At last, after much hesitation, the young Levite took possession of the broken head, and concealing it under his cloak, he carried it off, prouder and happier than the chevalier Desgrieux, when the beautiful Manon conveyed him beyond the walls of Saint Sulpice. Arrived at the gate of the garden, our young antiquarian is stopped by a terrorist of the place. "What are you carrying under your cloak, thief?" And seeing the noble head which had come from so great a distance, from Rome, or perhaps from Greece, to be thus mutilated after an interval of two thousand years, "Ah," cried the bandit, "here is the queen's head, I must have yours in return."

And immediately, the trembling abbé is led to the district. "I am ruined," says he to himself; "it will be found out that I am a gentleman and a priest." He enters. The president questions him. Fortunately for him the president conceals a noble heart under his *carmagnole*, and a clear head under his red cap. "What has this citizen done?" he asks the accuser.—"He has stolen a statue," replies he.—"A statue?" answers the president, "it is impossible. You could not have been carrying a statue! He has only taken a piece of the tyrant's marble. Let him go, and give him back his marble."

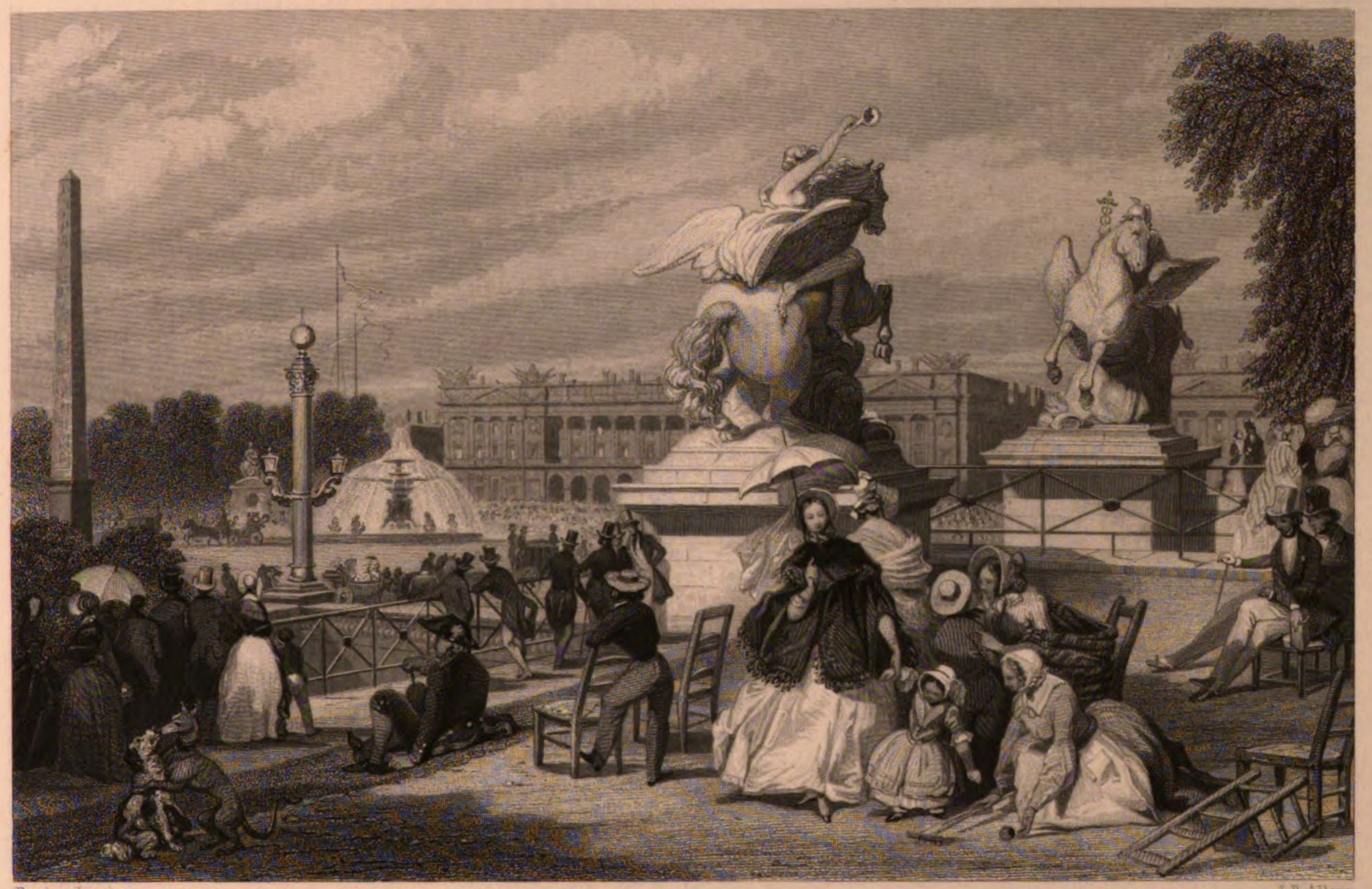
But to return to M. du Sommerard. By means of care and respectful research, was formed, in the mind of this excellent man, a kind of history in examples, in models, in relics, to which nothing could be compared. He had realized the whole history of France, but of France studied in detail, in the chapels, the manors, the palaces of her kings, in the cemeteries of her churches, in the houses of her citizens. This people of France whom the historian shows you in action, in battle, in belief, M. du Sommerard saw,—not fighting, not in the action itself;—but he knew, the hour before and after it, how the soldier was dressed, and what mail the captain wore, and how the scarf was

woven, which the fair damsel waved from the top of her tower, and by whom the tower had been built, and on what instrument the favourite page played, and what sculptor had embellished the high portal. Thus supported by such incontestable examples, he reduced the whole history to a thousand little details of the greatest amusement; carpets, ribands, garments, windows, halberds, laces, dresses for the ladies, armour for the heroes, books for the learned; he knew the condition of the people under Charlemagne by their cabinets; he knew the position of the court in the time of Francis I. by their dishes and plates. It was a strange and rare history, of which he had suppressed all the noise, all the movements, all the facts, all the clamour, and left nothing but the external appearance. The hotel de Cluny, thus furnished by three historical centuries, was, strictly speaking, the palace of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood. All slept, all passed, all grew old.

The hotel de Cluny, thanks to M. du Sommerard, is so well known, that it is useless to repeat a description so often given. The learned and benevolent antiquarian did not wish to keep all his riches to himself; on the contrary, he did the honours of his house very willingly. There was one day in each week, when all the lovers of historical relics were welcome in the old mansion. You first entered the chapel, (1490) which was in excellent preservation; and there suddenly, among the canopies, the wreaths, the grapes, the vine branches, the emblazoned arms of Charles VIII. and Louis XII., you will find yourself in full middle-age. Here the altarpiece of the abbey of Everborn, ornamented with the finest Flemish figures; farther off the beautiful portable crosses, the *ostensorium,* in gilt copper (1304) the cross of red ivory, the chorister's stick, and farther still, the embroidered apparatus of copes and chasubles, and stoles, and tunics, and the colours of Limoges, and the Grecian encaustic paintings; the reading-desk, and upon it, beautiful manuscripts, one of which bears the arms of Henry III.;—the illusion is such, that you inhale the old incense of the oratory, a vanished incense, an obedient and faithful incense, which has returned in the train of all this religious art.

From the chapel you pass into the *chamber of Francis I.,* or rather of *queen Blanche,* and here you have before you, an entire collection of all the magnificence, royal or popular, of past ages. The door of this chamber of Francis I. had been the door of the château d'Anet; a discreet door, with a sill of ivory and gold, which remembers Diana of Poictiers and Henry II. The chess-board had belonged to Saint Louis. A city of France had offered this rare treasure to Louis XVIII.; Louis XVIII., who cared for nothing but his throne and his repose, gave the chess-board of the pious king to a man in his household, and this man sold it to M. du Sommerard. Vanity of associations and of respect!

The bed in this room of Francis I. was in fact that of the knight-king. The frieze panel was painted by Primaticcio, the Christ is by Albert Durer; here are the stirrups and the spurs of the king of France; here is the complete armour, the buckler, the helmet, the armed vizor, the Spanish dagger, *the good lance of Toledo,* as modern drama has since called it, the haulmes, the morions, the head-pieces, the



Eugene Lami. J.B.Allen.

The promenade of Longchamps, Paris.

Longchamps. *Spaziergang Longchamps, Paris.*

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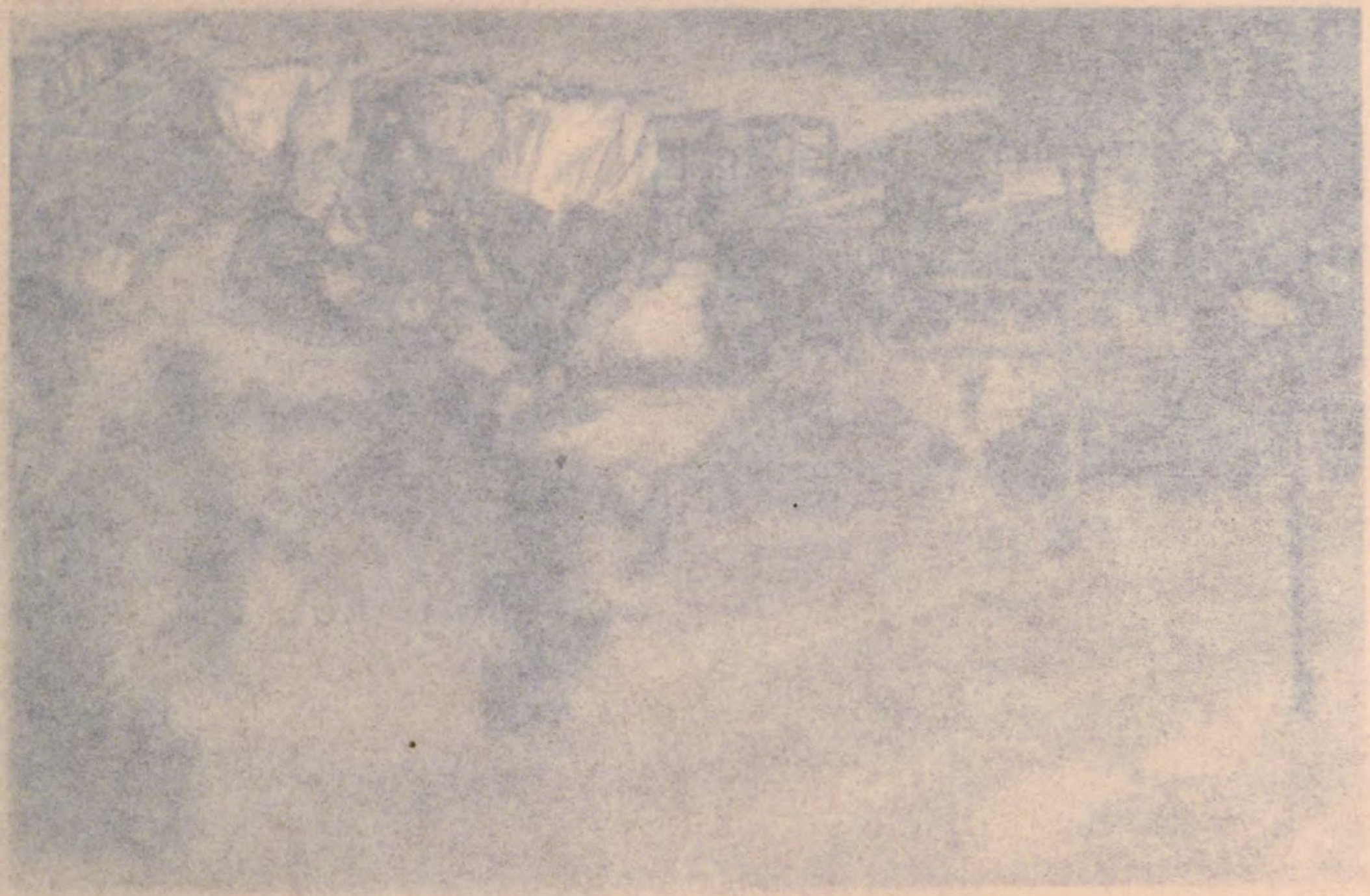


partisans, the lances, the arquebuses, the gauntlets, the knee-caps, all the apparatus of the soldier and the knight.

But now comes in its turn the paraphernalia of the coquette; the mirrors, the worked toilette covers, the wooden distaff and its spindles; the medallion of Francis I., the purses, until at last, in the great saloon, you find the entire collection of ebonies, images, crystals, little figures, Italian, Flemish, and French ivory, mosaics in hard stone, birds, landscapes, cornelians, inlaid work, shells, miniatures, cabinets, china, bas reliefs, jugs, coffers that are named in Brantome, plate, low cupboards, all the apparatus of good living, vases as brilliant as gold, cups, basins, glasses, the massive Flemish side-board, everything clever or ingenious that has ever been produced by the manufacturers of Faenza, of Montpellier, of Limoges, of Flanders, and of France, in a word, the finest works of Bernard Palissy, and his pupils. How joyous these banquets must have been! what bon mots! what merry jokes! what Gallic wit!

Such was the admirable collection to which the stranger knew the way, and of which the Parisian was proud, as he is proud of his Louvre and his Jardin-des-Plantes. By his hospitable benevolence, M. du Sommerard still more increased the interest of his Museum. He did its honours with exquisite politeness, explaining everything after the fashion of a very learned man, who has not lost his right of imagination and of invention. But M. du Sommerard is dead; he died at Meudon, speaking of the passion which had occupied his life: but he died, not like an antiquarian, in the darkness of the hotel de Cluny, within the ancient walls, under the worm-eaten canopies, beneath beams as old as the house of Valois; no, he had better objects for his last view—trees laden with fruit, leaves still green, limpid water, and a clear sky. Thus vanished, beneath a brilliant ray of the sun, all the clouds, all the mysteries, all the dust, which had been the joy of this worthy man. And so, however a man may like to live among antiquities, he prefers to die beneath the trees and the sun.

But what are we doing? and what fancy has seized us, ever and anon, to sadden the happy pages of a splendid book, with these recollections of deaths and funerals? Come, let us no longer talk of these miseries, let us throw off the funeral crape, let us be calm, and happy!—Let us turn to the alley of the Champs Elysées; it is truly the carrousel of the spring fêtes, and summer pleasures. For instance, the promenade of Longchamps,—where will you find a more animated sight? We are in the last days of the holy week. Easter already throws its green palms in the forest, Passion Wednesday is not far off, and yet, there is suddenly a strife, as to which can show the richest ornaments, the newest dresses, the most magnificent harness, the most modern carriages. This day a trial is made of elegance, of luxury, of the toilette, of brilliancy; the promenade at once assumes a grave and imposing appearance. People are no longer there merely to exhibit themselves, but to be judged. At this moment, every lady trembles for her empire, every cavalier for his horse. She would fain be so beautiful! He would fain appear so well mounted! Both the one and the other, in order that they may be better seen, go slowly; they cross the crowd which looks at them; and amongst that crowd, stand most attentively,—for they play an important

part in this affair,—the milliner who has decorated the bonnets, the seamstress who has trimmed the stuffs, the coachmaker who has fitted up the carriages, the dealer who has sold the horses on credit. They see themselves pass in all their glory, they applaud themselves, they admire their own work. For them, this day will decide the success of the next season; it is a question of popularity or death. In fact, *to succeed*, here is the whole history of the men and women, the poets and artists, the orators and soldiers, the merchants and coquettes, of the city of Paris!

Mercier, among other very curious paradoxes, which he has lavished as the prodigal lavishes his gold, has written a book called, *The Year two thousand four hundred and forty*. I have read this book, and what proves better than anything we can say, the progress of the Parisian world, is, that Mercier's dream, the fabulous tale, which certainly passed in his own days for a fool's imagination, is accomplished, not as he barely hoped, in six hundred and seventy-two years, but in less than sixty years at most. What a city, in which if Epimeridus were to sleep twenty years, he would not recognize, on waking, the place in which he composed himself to rest!

Mercier supposes then, that he goes to sleep in 1768, and that he wakes in the midst of Paris, after having slept six hundred and seventy-two years. You can imagine how complete is the surprise of our sleeper; he can see with a glance of the eye, all the streets which are such thoroughfares, all the elegant, well lighted and well-aired houses. Almost before he is awake, his old dress annoys him, with its faded and absurd embroidery; he lays by his sword, his three-cornered cap, and takes a round hat, a frock coat, and a cane. He shakes the powder from his hair, which re-assumes its natural colour. His neck is warmly wrapped in a good cravat; his foot is enclosed in handsome shoes or boots; he no longer resembles a marquis, but, to make amends for this, he looks like a man. Thus clad, he notices that the streets are neat and clean, that the carriages are driven carefully, and run over no one; the streets which bore bad names have received the names of the greatest men in France; the Pont-au-Change is relieved from the abominable houses which encumbered it. He dreams also, delightful dream! that the Bastille is demolished, and that its frightful stones are scattered, here and there throughout the world. In the meantime, the garden of the Tuileries is open to all pedestrians; the Hotel Dieu is cleansed; in the purified house of the Biçetre there are no longer cells, in which madmen are confined like wild beasts; the powder-magazine is removed to a distance from the city. Every one throughout France enjoys freedom of speech, and the liberty of writing as he pleases; a monument is raised to Corneille, to Molière, to La Fontaine. In the colleges, Latin, Greek, and history are rarely learned, but the greatest attention is paid to the French language. Having reached the site of the Sorbonne, our man asks himself where is the Sorbonne. There is no longer a Sorbonne, that is to say, there are no longer theologians who burn people, philosophers who condemn them. He dreamed also, at that time, that the Ocean and the Mediterranean, that England and Italy, that Prussia and Spain, were at the gates of Paris;—the dream is accomplished, it is surpassed a hundred times; steam and railroads have given to Europe the unity

which it previously wanted. Could Mercier now return to the world, how would he start, alarmed and delighted, to find his dreams exceeded by the reality!

But night comes upon the city of the year 2440, and immediately, thanks to a thousand brilliant fires, it is as light as day. But the clearness which illuminates the streets every evening, the blazing gas which circulates in the air, like water in the stream,—this is what Mercier never dared to imagine. He also dreamed,—and this is fulfilled,—that the city was guarded by a citizen militia, that the sons of the king were educated with the children of the people, that the dead man was never removed from his house until after twenty-four hours of hope and respect, that the cemeteries abandoned inhabited neighbourhoods, to take refuge upon the heights. Already, even at that time, Mercier dreamed that in the *works of Voltaire*, the all-powerful king, several useless volumes could be retrenched. They do better than this in France, they no longer read any but the creditable passages of his complete works, no longer do they play *Mahomet*, nor *Rome Sauvée*, nor the American *Alzire;* even the *Henriade* has scarcely left its name upon the list of epic poems. He dreamed also, good man, (I speak of Mercier) that the writers in the kingdom of wit, would at last put an end to their calumnies and their abuse; the prediction will be accomplished, but much later, and when the time of which he dreamed is forgotten. One idle day, our man of the year *two thousand four hundred and forty* went to the French Academy; *it had preserved its name,* but the number of academicians was no longer limited. At that time, to obtain admittance into its learned enclosure, it was not enough to be a bishop, a duke and peer, or marshal of France. The proverb which said, "*No one can enter the Academy without an equipage,*" had been abolished.

The same changes had taken place in the exhibition of paintings; sanguinary battles, and the atrocious crimes committed by the children of fable, were proscribed: the heathen divinities remained concealed in their shame. Henry IV. feeding the city which he besieges,—Sully,—Trajan,—Marcus Aurelius,—such were the heroes of modern painting. Pictures were no longer exposed, in the street, to every wind, but were placed in the Louvre, in the midst of the vast galleries; even the Louvre itself was open to foreign artists. At last, France, aroused from its unjust prejudices, acknowledged as great masters, too long neglected, Poussin and Lesueur, and all justice was rendered to them. Allegory was not forbidden, but it must be clear, distinct, and lively. Wretched heretics, consumed on the pyre, illustrated the ages of ignorance and barbarism. The eighteenth century was represented by a beautiful woman, of threatening aspect; her bare neck and arms were loaded with diamonds and pearls; her cheek was covered with paint, her smile was seductive and deceitful; two rose-coloured ribands concealed the chains which bound her hands; her dress was magnificent, but the hem of it was stained with mud. This woman had several pale, wretched children; in vain did she try to hide them beneath her purple cloak, the livid countenances of the poor little things appeared through the holes of her mantle. They asked food with cries and tears; the mother, with a sparing hand, gave them black bread. The back-ground of the painting represented superb castles, marble

palaces, vast forests peopled by stags and deer; the horn resounded from afar; joy, feasting, and abundance were seen in these rich dwellings; but the surrounding country was badly cultivated, the labourer, worn out with fatigue, died of hunger upon his sheaves of corn; taxes and salt duty devoured the substance of these unhappy creatures. So much for painting. As for sculpture, it had again become the grave serious art of the palmy days of Greece and Rome. The sculptor would have blushed, to chisel heads without glory, or countenances without modesty; he reserved his work for great men, and noble actions. He knew that marble is immortal, and must not be abused. Engraving naturally obeyed the two arts which it is destined to render popular; the revolution was the same in all the arts.

This man had yet another dream; he dreamed that the ladies married without dowry. He dreamed also,—and this explains the *without dowry*,—that all the young women were gentle, modest, and patient, that their language was kind and free from affectation, and that all their delight was to bring up their children, and not to appear beautiful and well-dressed. In desperate cases, he summoned divorce to the aid of married people. What is very strange in all this, is, that even in France, this dream of divorce has not been unfulfilled. Divorce has visited the laws of these people, and it has left them as it entered them, without making any great change in their manners.

The chapter on commerce is no less singular than the chapter on taxes. Taxes, says our dreamer, will only be paid by willing men. As for commerce, Mercier has ideas upon this subject, which the different custom-houses of Europe have not adopted. He proscribes with one stroke of the pen, tea, coffee, and tobacco, three great sources of revenue, three great causes of pleasure. And here we launch into one of those dissertations, which were so dear to the philosophers of last century. The question was thus put,—it was a grave one, although it appears ridiculous to us now:—Can a gentleman be allowed to engage in trade? The Marquis de Lasay,—one of the malcontents of the year 1736, the author of several songs much liked by the black and gray musketeers,—maintained that trade was the loss of all nobility; but M. de Lasay was answered by the example of the English nobility; one of their peers, Lord Oxford, had a brother who was a manufacturer at Aleppo; the minister of state, Lord Townshend, was one of the city merchants. It was a great subject of debate; people stopped at that definition of a gentleman which says, *He is a gentleman who can serve his country gratis*. Yes, but at least the country or the king must employ all these servants, even for nothing; otherwise, what will become of them in idleness? who will give them the food and clothing of each day? Leave the nobles in their castles, and they will be besieged there by famine; and besides, why wish to condemn a whole race to misery? why forbid them this privilege? You will make officers of them, say you,—but in time of peace, France is contented with seven hundred and twenty thousand soldiers, under the conduct of fifteen thousand officers. Louis XIV. himself, when he made war on the whole of Europe, commanded five hundred thousand men, guided at most by thirty thousand officers. What is this, for so many people? fifteen thousand

places to give, in a kingdom of thirty thousand square leagues, without counting Lorraine, and when each square league reckons two noble houses, each house containing six gentlemen, which makes three hundred and sixty thousand officers, for thirty thousand places at most!

And if, to these, you add the nobility of the cities, you will reach the number of five hundred and forty thousand individuals, who dare not confess their poverty, because they are noble. But now, run through these seigneurial estates which cannot support their lords,—these farms, the harvest of which is seized beforehand,—these castles which crumble to dust, and of which nothing remains but the escutcheon attached to their fronts, and tell us what is to become of so many poor men, crushed beneath their nobility? Permit them, then, to make their fortunes by trade. It is a useful profession, which returns more than it costs, which needs all arms and all minds. Permit these gentlemen to cultivate the land, to drain marshes, to seek throughout the world the elements of fortune,—navigation, agriculture, marriage, kindred, labour,—all things which are connected by a necessary bond; let the nobility become rich, and they will become great. Commerce has drained the marshes of Holland; nobility has ruined Poland. Let us take pity on these unhappy gentlemen, who, for want of a little money, are deprived even of necessaries;—with difficulty do they keep the portion which returns to them, of the corn and wine which France produces. It is not for them, that Abbeville weaves her cloths, Lyons her silks, Beauvais her tapestry; it is not for them, that Valenciennes produces her laces, that Paris sends to every place her glasses and her fashions; for them, that the colonies cultivate sugar, coffee, and cotton. Luxury is not within their reach; only too happy are they, when they have a coat to cover them. Do not then, force them to confine themselves within the barren limits of their devastated estates. Land fails them in their own country, let them take possession of the sea, *that one of all inheritances of which monarchs claim the greatest share,* said Cardinal Richelieu, and yet it is the one, over which every man has a right. The real titles of this dominion are might, and not right. And indeed, what a fine inheritance for those who have no other. With one hand, France touches the Mediterranean; with the other, the Ocean. Colbert had thrown a bridge across the sea, but under Louis XV. this bridge crumbled in every direction. England is everywhere with twenty thousand sail, and a hundred and fifty thousand sailors employed in her traffic. But what are our gentlemen about, in this universal eagerness? They go to Versailles imploring favours from the king; to lawful gain they prefer royal alms. Themistocles said in his time, *He who is master of the sea is master of all.* Why banish from the sea, the most intelligent men in France? And finally, on which side is honour, decency, importance, dignity, true nobility? on the side of the gentlemen, who spend with equal uselessness their money and their lives, or of the trader who makes his own fortune and that of his neighbours?

And besides, every gentleman is a merchant, who sells his corn, his wine, and the wool from his flocks. In vain did Scipio Africanus boast of having bought nothing, and sold

nothing; he had undertaken a difficult problem, to remain at the same time inaccessible to poverty and fortune.

Such was the controversy with the gentlemen of the last century; they had a great wish to become citizens, but dared not frankly own their wish. They saw that the activity of those who were not noble, encroached upon them on every side: they saw that idleness was their ruin and their misery; but yet, how could they escape from it, how contradict the opinions of past times, how acknowledge that they had so long been the dupes of a false privilege? These uncertainties were cruel, they lasted a long time, too long, for at last the day of awaking proved a terrible one; they were surprised in their profound idleness, as they were reading Crébillon's last romance, wearing their last uniform, driving in their gilded carriages their last mistresses, trying to appease their last creditors;—the Revolution took them, and precipitated them into the abyss with a pitiless hand; it broke the Venetian glasses, tore the Gobelin tapestries, threw down the statues of Coustou, effaced from the brilliant walls the works of Vanloo and of Cochin. With one blow it destroyed everything; first the throne, and then the duchies, the peerdoms, the marquisates, the earldoms, the baronies. Such a lady, who used to have her jewels reset every year, found herself obliged, in the middle of winter, to wash the linen of her former servant, now become her mistress; the coxcomb who could hardly carry his sword, became a porter at the door of the hotel once his own: revenge for the past was complete and terrible. It was against such misfortunes as these, that our dreamer Mercier wished to guard. He had foreseen all these miseries, he had studied all the follies of the economists, and this was why he carried reform everywhere; into the courts, and the interiors of houses; he surrounded with respect the father and the mother of the family, he took from the rooms all the fragile toys, the porcelain, the varnish, the gilding; he required that the conversation should be grave and useful, that the youths should resemble men and not children; that the females should be demure, reserved, modest, and busy. He prohibited cards, the harpsichord, and the violin; but he tolerated the flute, and sweet human voices. In the city of the year *two thousand four hundred and forty*, people went to bed early, that they might rise early; it was as much a point of honour to be in good health, as to be an honest man. A beautiful dream, as yet unfulfilled, while it appears the easiest of all to bring about; but to make up for this, Mercier imagined improvements which have been accomplished; the telegraph, the science of languages, the cultivating of waste lands, the equality of men. He required also that the state should contract no more debts; that the right of mortmain should be suppressed in all the demesnes of France; that inoculation should be established; here the reality has surpassed the dream, vaccination has been introduced. Farther still, he arranged, according to his own fancy, the Ottoman empire, and the empire of Germany. He gave to France, Egypt and Greece; to England, Portugal; and to Russia, Constantinople. He imagined that the French wines became the beverage of all the nations of Europe, but then they were the pure, unadulterated juice of the grape. In this way he

proceeds in his dreams; he will have no more pensions from the state, each must gain his own livelihood, and be prudent on his own account. He goes so far as to predict to France, the future possession of Africa; and, finally, he maintains, that, one day, which in fact was not very distant, you would be able to walk under the waters of the sea; in a word, he is a delightful and ingenious dreamer. I own, for my part, that I have read very few books, which interested me so much as this history of the year *two thousand four hundred and forty*.

The author of this strange dream, so strangely accomplished, dreamed again—and this time the thing appeared impossible,—that, when he was dead, his corpse would not be thrown to the worms. He said the day would come, when the bodies of those we have loved, preserving their natural form, would be saved from the last outrages of the tomb, and, above all, from the insults of the embalmer. "No, no;" said he, "the surgeon will no longer be seen plunging his knife into the mortal remains of so many great men, who have saved, enlightened, and ennobled the French nation! Better than that, France will be able to contemplate them after death, such as they were during life. Here—the old father will say to his son—here is the great captain who gained that fierce battle I was describing to you yesterday! Here is the poet who wrote the beautiful verses you repeated to me the other day! So that, thanks to this preservation of the body, we shall really have a more complete and more ornamented Pantheon than the Roman Pantheon!"

What a misfortune for this poor Mercier!—that he could take no part in all these changes which have surpassed his hopes. He died, without having heard of the economical cooking-stove, the camp-chair, steamboats or railroads; he died, without having pressed with a triumphant foot the bitumen of Seyssel or of Polonceau, and the wood pavement; he died, without having his last days enlightened by the brilliant gas, or the *bougie de l'Etoile*, without having been able to read the *Memoires de la Contemporaine* or the *Memoires de Vidocq*, without having been present at a representation of the *Tour de Nesle* or the *Saltimbanques;* when as yet M. Daguerre was far from discovering the daguerreotype; when the Ruolz process was unknown; when they were still seeking, in this vast kingdom of France, the great art of making coffee from chicory, sugar from beet-root, paper from the beach-tree, and tea from the leaves of roses; he died—O sorrow! even before the first stone was laid, of the palace on the *quai d'Orsay*.

At length, after the Parisians had so long forgotten it, as they forget all the monuments which they see commenced,—the palace of the quai d'Orsay, released from the ignoble palisading which has surrounded it for thirty years, displays to the astonished beholders, its white walls, and its windows filled with glass. Of this monument, which has so often changed its destination, M. Thiers, who never questions anything—and this is precisely why he is M. Thiers—said to himself, one day, when he was Minister of the Interior, that he would arrange this palace for his own use; and in fact he had already fitted up the apartments of the minister, in the way which appeared to him most suitable for such a functionary;—paintings, statues, bas reliefs,

gilded ceilings,—nothing was wanted. Once installed in this magnificence, the young minister would soon have proved, that the government of such a country as France would admirably suit the richest house in Paris. But after all, in doing this, M. Thiers had thought more of future ministers than of himself. But the time for long administrations is passed for France, as is also passed the time for ministers sufficiently disinterested to lay the first stone of a mansion destined for the successors of their successors. On the contrary, all these transitory, passing agents of a revolution, so long as they feel their precarious position, will easily content themselves with the large furnished houses in the Rue de Grenelle, where they tread the old, well-worn carpets of the Emperor's ministers; and will not even take the trouble to make any alterations in them. It sometimes happens, that for the sake of not being crushed beneath their ruins, they have these crumbling houses repaired; but if they do add saloons or staircases, they carefully preserve the old furniture; there are the same arm-chairs formerly gilded, the same paintings representing the Greeks and Romans, of the time of M. David. They sleep in the same beds and the same sheets,—sad witnesses of many a sleepless hour. Bad furniture, ill-closed windows, smoky chimneys, clocks which gain time—too faithful emblems of ambition—*impropriated* servants, in these common antechambers, who smile with pity, as they count upon their fingers the number of their masters, and think that the new minister is a hundred times less certain of his post, than the usher who is at his command. What shall I tell you? cellars badly supplied with wine bought the day before, saloons without intimacy, a study filled with chagrin and perplexing cares, a lobby inundated with newspapers, and consequently filled with insults; an old worm-eaten carriage; broken-backed, broken-winded horses, who know by heart the way to the Tuileries; a dirty, ill-clad coachman; nothing of home, nothing of family enjoyment, nothing which resembles every-day comfort;—this is what is called the hotel of a minister! Let us continue our route, and take pity on the sad inhabitants of these paltry lodgings, through which have passed so many men of rare talent and prudence—poor creatures, envied, insulted, calumniated in these ruined houses, which are open to every affront, and to all the winds of the south and the north!

But why do we speak of the winds of the north? The month of June is here in all its brilliancy. At the present moment, no one remembers what winter is. The poor man, happy to live, warms himself in the sun; he assembles around him all the ineffable joys of the poor,—a beautiful sky, trees, rich foliage, galloping horses, passing liveries, songs sung to the music of the Barbary organ, songs the chorus of which celebrates glory or love, the Emperor—or Lisette; little popular poems written expressly for the poor, in which the garret is praised, where one is so comfortable at twenty years old. The rich man, on the other hand, is not less happy than the poor creature who watches him passing, with curiosity, but without envy. The rich joyfully quits this city, to which he will so gladly return; he bids farewell to the landscapes copied by painters, that he may enjoy the real landscape of the good Creator, the eternal landscape which returns each year with the spring-roses, always younger and

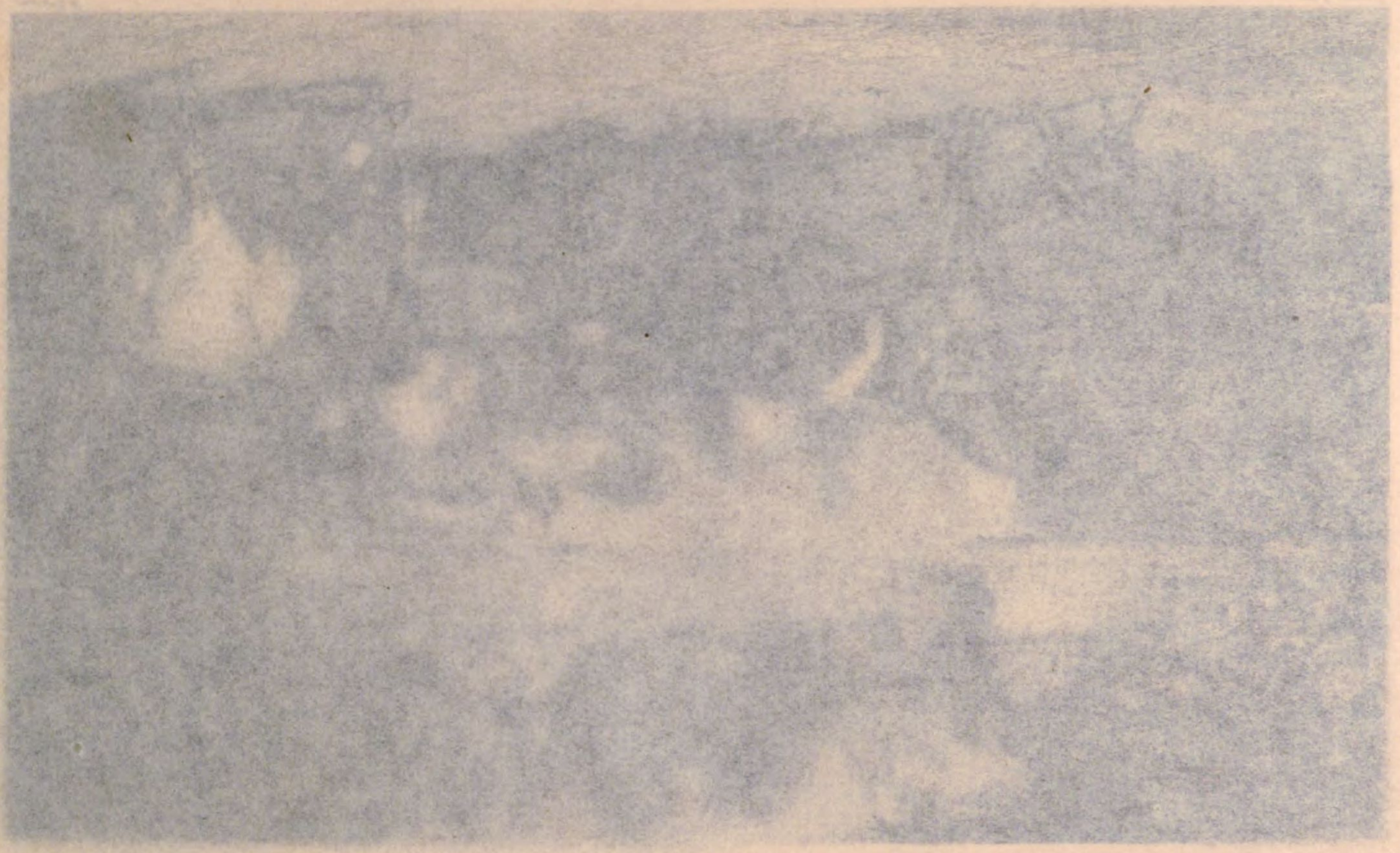
Eugene Lami. R. Staines.

Arrival at the Château.

Arrivée au Château. *Ankunft am Schloss*

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON_H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

more smiling. For the sweet aspect of [illegible]
the vast forest filled with [illegible]
which commences with [illegible]
country all the [illegible]
the evening, when [illegible]
of the angelus, the [illegible]
heavenly sounds of the past, but the mountain
Parisian country! And do not fail to notice that
the city, that it is open and affordable to all,
equally the masters of the verdant plains.
commence before the third visit before the
rustic blue-bell, which grows [illegible]
Sundays and holidays, [illegible]
to his passion, for the [illegible]
does he greet the [illegible]
self as handsome as [illegible]
are a little less eager to [illegible]
They breakfast in all haste, the [illegible]
listen to it with the [illegible]
church, than they wait again and [illegible]
that chance which makes pleasure [illegible]
a *tapissière*. This vehicle is [illegible]
young people, the old, [illegible]
straps; the whole is drawn [illegible]
ing all these people, [illegible]
a hand-seat, to [illegible]
other, [illegible]
a little shudder [illegible]
a clever man, [illegible]
always ready [illegible]
dine. People [illegible]
usually [illegible]
They know nothing [illegible]
go, sometimes to the [illegible]
cut down as many old [illegible]
threatening dungeon; [illegible]
the Bastille! The [illegible]
time-worn and neglected [illegible]
all the lamentations and [illegible]
was confined the unoccupied Mirabeau, with his fathom locks, [illegible]
youth, violent love—and what vengeance did he afterwards take, for that [illegible]
captivity! Stoop, and at the bottom of the door you can still see the place where the



more smiling. For the sweet appearance of the hill covered with palace and shadow,—the vast forest filled with shade and mystery,—for the enjoyment of the morning which commences with cock-crowing,—for the mid-day fête which brings to the country all the brilliancy of the sun,—for the peaceful and smiling meditations of the evening, when you may hear echoing from afar, mingling with the silvery tinklings of the angelus, the song of the nightingale, the lowing of the herds, the thousand heavenly sounds of the plain and the mountain, nothing,—no nothing, is equal to the Parisian country! And do not fail to notice, that the country is at the very gates of the city, that it is open and accessible to all, to the poorest and the richest;—both are equally the masters of the verdant plains. For the young Parisian girl, equality commences before the thick turf, before the sweetbriar laden with roses, before the rustic blue-bell, which poises its pretty head among the wheat. It is especially on Sundays and holidays, that the Parisian yields himself to his love,—what do I say?—to his passion, for the country. He has worked all the week, but then, with what joy does he greet the Sunday sun! All are sure to rise early; the young man makes himself as handsome as possible, the girl assumes her prettiest look; the father and mother are a little less eager to start, and yet they hasten; this day recalls to them their youth. They breakfast in all haste, the ladies go to hear mass at their parish-church, and listen to it with the greatest fervour. Yes,—but no sooner have they quitted the church, than they meet again, and together they ascend, by chance,—you understand, that chance which makes pleased hearts and happy marriages—a large vehicle called a *tapissière*. This vehicle is a whole world; the father, the mother, the children, the young people, the old dog and the puppy, find room upon these seats hung by leather straps; the whole is drawn by a trusty horse well fed and well beaten, who, by carrying all these people, rests from the hard work of the previous week. They set out at a hand-trot, to arrive walking. What delight! what enjoyment! They salute each other, express their good wishes, and recount the stories from the old newspapers, a little slander sprinkling the joyous conversation. To each party is sure to be invited a clever man, proverbial for his wit, one of those good fellows who are always hungry, always ready to laugh at everything, and to amuse the amphytrion with whom they dine. People listen to him, more than they love him. They invite him, because usually he invites himself. Forward then!—to what place is the happy caravan going? They know nothing about it, they are on the way, and will see by and by. Thus they go, sometimes to the bois de Boulogne, rather vexed by the fortifications which have cut down so many old oaks; sometimes to the bois de Vincennes,—overlooked by the threatening dungeon; Vincennes, the state prison which was even more dreadful than the Bastille! The oak, under which sat Saint Louis, to administer justice to all, that time-worn and respected oak, does not yet throw a shade sufficiently thick, to cover all the lamentations and miseries which have been shut up within these walls. There, was confined the unvanquished Mirabeau, with his delirious frenzy, eloquence, passion, youth, violent love—and what vengeance did he afterwards take, for this abominable captivity! Stoop, and at the bottom of the fossé you can still see the place where the

last Condé, the duke d'Enghien, was murdered in the night, by gunshots.—No, the royal oak of Vincennes has not power to blot out this foul stain! Since that day, the Parisian goes less frequently to the bois de Vincennes. Tell him of the valley of Montmorency, green and tufted,—beautiful shadows—resounding dales,—the house inhabited by the author of *Heloise,*—the white horse painted by Gérard, the richest sign which ever swung at the door of an inn;—but at the time for lilacs and fresh verdure! for nothing in the world will the Parisian consent to go anywhere, except to the bois de Romainville. Romainville is the watchword of Parisian joy; it is the country of garlands and rose-coloured scarfs, of impenetrable thickets and gay dances; at Romainville, the Parisian is at home;—there he reigns,—there he breathes,—these are his lands—*mea regna videns!* You should see with what a joyous step they tread the brilliant moss. They look, they contemplate, they admire! They can hardly distinguish the poplar from the oak, barley from wheat, an apple-tree from a pear-tree; but it is just on account of this happy ignorance of all which forms the country, that the Parisian so much enjoys it. Then, at a certain hour, when there is a little shade around the tree, suddenly a whole banquet is drawn from the immense carriage. O happiness! all that culinary art can prepare, in a citizen's household, is found in this vehicle of abundance; pies, cold fowls, hams, salad, biscuits, a nice light wine of Mâcon's, the *pelure d'oignon,* cherries, nosegays for the ladies, and even hay and oats for the horse. No thing and no person is forgotten. They have breathed air, health, and hope, for a week's work. Thus for real enjoyment, the environs of Paris have nothing to envy, in Paris itself.

If you knew all the delight of these happy spots! how the white houses sparkle and shine with new brilliancy, in the month of June, beneath the flowering chesnut-trees! How much art, how much taste, how much mind is shown, in the arrangement of the little chateaux, which you would think painted expressly by some Flemish landscape painter! How much intelligence is employed, in laying out these parks of an acre, in which nothing is wanted, neither fountains, nor statues, nor turf, nor the rarest flowers, nor the orange-trees which open to the sun. Paris in summer is a fête by daylight. The most delightful gardens filled with foliage, shelter the city with their benevolent shadow. The trees on the boulevard give to this long, living street, almost a country appearance. The Champs Elysées resembles an inhabited wood; the water is clear, the river sings as it glides to a distance; the horse is more lively; the child more joyous; the Parisian lady appears to you younger and better dressed than in the winter. You understand that the crowd of beauties inhabit these fairy heights, for the Parisian does not like to go far from his beloved city. At all hours, the rail-road, that new servant of every amiable desire, carries here and there whole cargoes of poets, dreamers, lovers, happy idlers, and transplants them, sometimes into the midst of old Versailles, sometimes into the sweet villages which border the Seine as far as Fontainebleau; most frequently, for it is a favourite resort, the delight of all travellers,—it is the forest of Saint Germain. Saint Germain!—the whole history of that past which no longer exists. The vast forest stocked with game, still remembers

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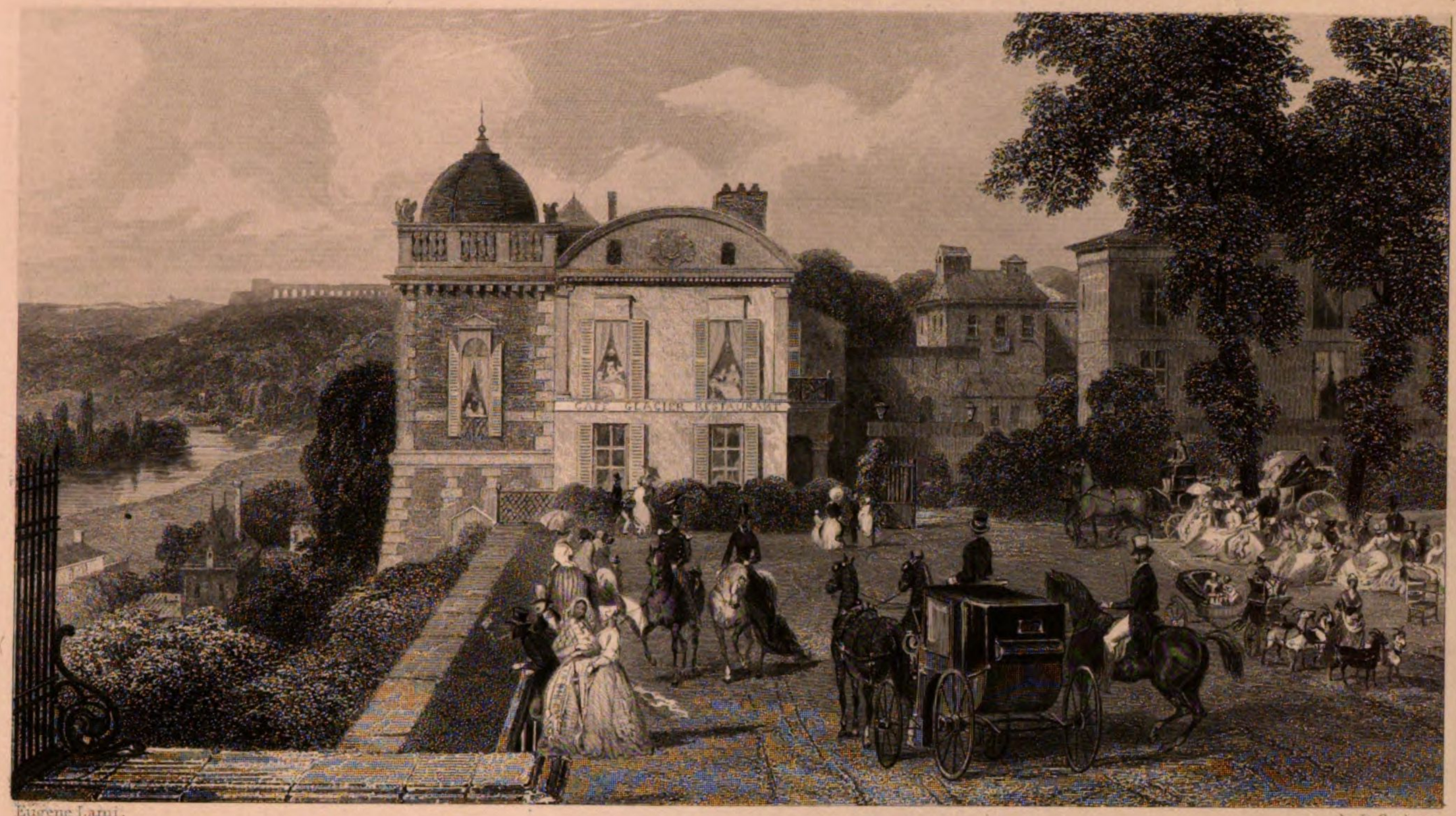

Eugene Lami.

R. Staines,

Saint Germains

(The Café Pavilion of Henry IV.)

St Germains

St Germains

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON_ H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

Eugene Lami.

Frederick A. Heath.

Peasants Ball

Bal de Paysans

Bauern Ball

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON—H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS

Henry IV. The old chateau, [illegible] of human splendours !—[illegible] Louis XIII. Almost before [illegible] terrace receives you, and [illegible] and ambition, which [illegible] and poetry ! [illegible] the bank [illegible] Normandy, [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] hall of [illegible] and unequalled magnificence [illegible] the turf trod by a [illegible] in its *entrain* the [illegible] fête, but there is the [illegible] the more [illegible] at [illegible] of the [illegible] the [illegible] of Paris [illegible] grace [illegible] of [illegible] place at [illegible] present [illegible] young [illegible] the [illegible] The [illegible] who [illegible] composed [illegible] Even the [illegible] who is himself a [illegible] be rather [illegible]

Peasants Ball

Bal de Paysans

Peasants Ball

Henry IV. The old chateau, motionless and sad, filled with malefactors—oh, vanity of human splendours!—was once the dwelling of the elegances and chaste affections of Louis XIII. Almost before you arrive, the inviting shade salutes you; the immense terrace receives you, and from these salutary heights, you still see the Paris of business and ambition, which struggles at your feet. These are the moments for enthusiasm and poetry! On all sides arrives, with its sound of pleasure, the obedient steam;—upon the bank of the stream, you see pass, as quick as lightning, the new-comers from Normandy, from England, from the Atlantic Ocean, that most pacific ocean in the world; while in the midst of the river, the steam-boat,—that surpassing wonder, before which the Parisians have bowed for the last ten years, as before a miracle,—slowly, and with a disheartened course, ploughs the waters, which obey with regret: indeed, this now exceeded wonder of speed and space, is almost regarded with pity and contempt. In these silent and delightful contemplations, night appears, it softly glides beneath the beautiful sky; then commence other fêtes; the *pavilion of Henry IV.* on the slope of the hill, is illuminated from top to bottom, in honour of the hungry ones of the city; the royal echo of the forest, concealed in its picturesque depths, repeats the sound of the horn, and the barking of the docile pack which the huntsman is exercising.

Meantime, in all the neighbouring villages, preparations are made for the ball; not the winter ball, sparkling with the blaze of diamonds, laden with rubies and pearls, the ball of enchanting melodies, bare shoulders, and unequalled magnificence; but the country fête, half lighted up by jealous rays; the turf trod by a heavier step than the floor; the noisy orchestra which only resembles in its *entrain* the dancing harmonies of Strauss or Musard. No, it is not a similar fête, but there is the same enjoyment; they are not the same dancers, but there is the same delight. Look carefully at those pretty girls in white dresses, the duchesses of the neighbouring hamlet, the countesses of the surrounding country, the flying squadron of the beautiful days in the month of June; and you will recognize even in this village elegance, the Parisian of Paris; it is herself; in vain does she try to conceal it, she is betrayed by a certain grace and gentility, which no philosopher can satisfactorily explain. You were speaking of revolutions just now; well! what prevents your believing, that this fête takes place at the distance of a hundred years? Ask the joyous, happy dancers, who is the present king?—they can scarcely tell you. The sovereign majesty of these sprightly young men and lovely girls is the present hour! Ask the old minstrel, who makes his violin swear under the bow, if he ever heard of Rossini or Meyerbeer? He also, the worthy performer in the open air, has learned nothing, and forgotten nothing. The round which he is now playing, was left him as an inheritance by his father, who received it from his grandfather; it is a true *chacone,* which M. de Lulli composed for the young king Louis XIV., and which Louis XIV. danced so well. Even the words of this chacone are preserved; I have them from a gentleman, who is himself a delightful poet, of flowery imagination; a clever fellow, who would be rather awfully grave if he were not naturally full of urbanity and benevolence;

one of those great lords, who spend their time in hearing and recalling old vows, old attachments, old songs. You must take one verse as a specimen:

" La jeune Iris aimait Cléandre.
De tous les bergers du hameau,
Cléandre eut été le plus beau,
Mais il n'etâit pas le plus tendre.
Ohé! oh là!
Voici, voilà
Comment l'amour vient et s'en va."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Royal Stables at Chantilly—The Chantilly Races—The Race for the Gold Cup—Return to the city—Toilette of Paris—Effect of Revolutions—The Postman—A welcome Messenger—An invitation—The Croix de Berny—The High Road—The Steeple Chase—Enthusiasm of the French—The Circus in the Champs Elysées—The Green-room of the Actors—Their freedom from affectation—M. Baucher—*Partisan*—The Champs Elysées—The *Allée des Veuves*—The Comet of 1843—A sudden recollection—Reasons for returning to Paris—Powerful attractions—Rouen—A happy circumstance—Opening of the Railroad—Cordiality of the French and English workmen—Liberality of feeling—The *Exposition* at the Louvre—Discussion about the Paintings—Eagerness of the Artists at the opening of the Exposition—The Portraits—M. Ingres—His portrait of M. Bertin—His portrait of Count Molé—M. Champmartin—M. Winterhalter—Likenesses of the Duchess de Nemours—M. Dubufe—His impartiality as a painter—His admiration of the ladies—M. Guizot—Death of Madame Guizot—Isabey—*Vandalism of the French.*

On a beautiful day in the month of May, I was in one of the most lovely spots on the earth; so beautiful that the opera of Cicéri has not finer decorations, more transparent and more limpid waves, greener and fresher turf,—I was on the vast *pelouse* of Chantilly. At the end of that verdant plain, and below the river which rolls slowly along, between those magnificent jets d'eau of Bossuet and the great Condé, which are never silent day or night,—do you see that modest house, having almost the appearance of a citizen's dwelling, and concealing itself beneath the budding shadow of the poplars and the willows? And on this nearest bank, do you see that magnificent palace, the lofty domes, the large open arcades, through which an entire army might pass abreast? The palace presides over the whole by its imposing aspect; at its feet dash the waves of the river, softly murmuring its inarticulate complaint; at its feet springs the down of the early grass. The palace crushes by its majesty the humble house, which becomes small in its presence, and which conceals to the best of its power, its gilded walls, its ceilings painted by Watteau, its piers supported by Cupids, all the elegant and coquettish luxury of the last century, which it contains. And the smaller the house appears, the more superb does the palace become; the more silent the house is, the more does the palace sound and resound with cries of pride.

Well! this superb palace, this lofty dome, this imposing mass which attracts all the sun and all the verdure, all the noises of the plain, and all the trees of the forest, all the admiration of men, and all the colouring of the artist, all the poetry of the last century and all the associations of history,—is nothing but the stable of the small house which you see below, modestly placed at the foot of these walls, which you would say were constructed for the abode of giants. Since the time of the great Condé, who built it in one of those moments of magnificent leisure, which were natural to him, the royal stable of Chantilly has, like all the great things of this world, sustained the vicissitudes of fortune. And at the present day, if motion is restored to this fresh turf, if noise has re-entered the ancient forest, if the castle revives, astonished at these young and joyous accents, if the horn again awakes the old echo, if the stag is forced to take again the fatal start, if the dogs return to the quarry, if this beautiful spot has once more seen Parisian youth and Parisian beauty, the pride of elegance and fashion, if all is life again, beneath these trees,—you may thank the stable for it, that masterpiece of magnificence and taste, which the great Condé chose to raise, in honour of his old and noble companions, the coursers of Rocroi and Fribourg.

But meantime, since the melancholy, inexplicable, and, in all the circumstances, cruelly unfortunate death of the last Condé, what had become of the stables of his great predecessor? They were silent, they were deserted, they regretted their ancient glory, when the magnificent chateau, now demolished, served as an asylum for so many kings and princes; when, in the very stable itself, the kings of the north used to dine in great state amongst the horses of the prince; when the immense folding-doors opened daily, to allow the egress of this tempest on horseback, which repaired to the plain, to the noise of trumpets, in pursuit of the stag. Happily there are some ruins which seem to last for ever. If the chateau de Condé has been demolished and sold piecemeal, the stables have remained uninjured, to attest the magnificence of these Bourbons, who by victory alone, have been brought near to the throne of France. But what shall be done, henceforth, with these devastated stables? how can you restore to them the noise and movement which they have lost? There is no longer a prince in France who can, or who dares fill, for his own use merely, the stables of Chantilly; and yet so skilful is the revolution of July, that it has found the means of filling them!

It has been imagined then,—and the idea is ingenious,—to summon, not the hunt, but the race, to Chantilly. The stables have been opened, not only to the horses of the young princes, but to all the fine coursers of those, who are rich enough to love beautiful horses, to love them with that generous passion which knows neither fatigue nor sacrifice. They now therefore arrive from all parts, at the first signal; they arrive, urged on by glory, and so beautiful, and so young, and so full of life! Let them come, then; open to them the folding-doors of the stables of Chantilly, prepare them for the race; pay them every honour!

And in fact, on the day of which I speak, Chantilly had an unusual appearance of fête. All rich Paris, the Paris of the idle and the young, who know how to make

even their leisure and their follies useful, had repaired to the vast *pelouse*. The forest was as animated as at its most brilliant fêtes of Saint Hubert; the stables had re-assumed all their importance, and summoned all their pride. It was the day of great prizes and great acclamations, an hour of complete triumph for the horses, for the young men, and for the ladies, three aristocracies which agree admirably well. The arena was the turf of Chantilly, a turf covered with Olympic glory,—saving the dust. The tents had been erected since the morning; the road was traced, the goal was marked out beforehand. In the stables, in their magnificent stalls, the eager coursers, impatient for glory, pawed the earth with their feet, and displayed the flashing eye, the open nostril, the mane flowing to the wind.

Soon the trumpets begin; it is time to arrive, for the arena will open to the very moment. The hurry is great, the eagerness unanimous, the confusion complete. The brilliant calash arrives post, laden with feathers, flowers, and sweet smiles. The peasant comes at a hand-trot on his little horse, carrying his young daughter behind him, as curious and animated as if she were going to a ball. Long wicker vehicles come walking, bearing whole families, rich farmers, who from the height of their *cariole*, see without envy, these beautiful ladies in their silken calash. Here all vehicles rank alike, here all horses are equal, the dragoon's horse and the labourer's; but at last, every one is in his place, we now only wait the heroes of the entertainment, the princes of the day. Sound, ye trumpets! and you, herald, open the field!

What a drama! what efforts! what assembled beauties of different kinds! what vigour! How boldly the nimble coursers throw themselves into the field; what power, what energy! You see them,—now you see them no longer! They leap forwards,—you think it is the race? No, it is mere play! they run a league to take breath. Thus they try the field, they recognize the earth, they look at the men, they look at each other and admire each other, and already think that the palm will be difficult to gain.

At the given signal, they suddenly start. At first you would think they were walking, next that they run, then that they fly. The fascination is at its height, each one holds his breath, in order to see them better; so many hopes are placed upon these noble heads! What pleasure! the course of Chantilly! the attentive crowd! the ladies, who forgot to observe each other, that they may look at a horse! bets in which pride has yet more interest than fortune! This is the drama! this is the theatre; and for actors, you have the most beautiful, the most artless, the most charming, the most modest, the most admirable creatures.

To tell you, victory by victory, the name of the rivals, to tell you, word for word, the details of the race, would be impossible. And besides, how can I describe a defeat, which is decided in a quarter of a second? How can I take upon myself, to put in the first or second place the eager competitors of the race-course? Let us leave these little particulars to the sporting gentlemen, and as for us, as the French fabulist says, *Ne forçons point notre talent.*

Very soon, another race is announced, the race for the gold cup. The cup is passed

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Soon the trumpets begin; it is only a rehearsal, for the arena will open to the very moment. The livery is great, the equipages grandissime, the confusion complete. The brilliant cabriolet moves past, laden with feathers, flowers, and sweet smiles. The peasant comes at a hand-trot on his little horse, carrying his young daughter behind him, as curious and animated as if she were going to a ball. Long wicker vehicles come walking, bearing whole families, rich diligences, who from the height of their *cariole*, see without envy, these beautiful ladies in their silken *calash*. Here all vehicles rank alike, here all horses are equal, the dragoon's horse and the labourer's; but at last, every one is in his place, we now only see the horses of the entertainment, the princes of the day. Sound, ye trumpets! the gate is forced, open the field!

What a drama! what effect! what incredible beauties of different kinds! what vigour! How boldly the horses launch themselves into the field; what power, what energy! You see them no more, you see them no longer! They leap forwards,—you think it is the first heat, it is a mere play! they run a league to take breath. Thus they try the ground, they compass the earth, they look at the men, they look at each other and admire each other, and already think that the palm will be difficult to gain.

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After this, another race is announced, the race for the gold cup. The cup is passed

Eugene Lami. J.C.Varrall.

Chantilly Races.

Courses de Chantilly *Wettrennen zu Chantilly*

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through the ranks, so that every one can see it. This time, it is not a large piece of gold or silver, without shape and without style; it is an elegant work, artistically formed by one of those ingenious sculptors, which France alone possesses at the present day—by Antonin Moine, or M. Triquety, or M. Klagman, the beloved children of Cellini. The cup, when gained, is carried off in great triumph by the owner of the horse; and the same evening, under the arched roof of Chantilly, the winning horse, without being any the prouder for it, eats his hay from the golden cup, by the side of his vanquished rivals.

But there is yet another race, and the most difficult of all. This time, it is the struggle of man to man and horse to horse, between the owners of these fine steeds. On this occasion the interest is increased, for the struggle which was between horses is to be between men. There is now at once a race and a danger. There is a field to cross and a hedge to clear. You must arrive, and be the first to leap.

There is a costume adopted expressly for this race, in which elegance and simplicity are happily combined. Long boots, buckskin indispensables, a red silk shirt, a rich front, elegant cuffs, a little velvet cap on the head, and within all this, a handsome young man of twenty-five years of age. Thus dressed, he mounts his horse, and you at once see that he is its master. Our cavaliers start then at the first signal, leaping the hedges, as if they would break their own necks, and kill their horses.

Such is this race. It has been brilliant, animated, hardly contested, and without accident. All have done their duty, the horses and the men. The race being over, they separate. The horses return to that noble stable, which assisted their triumph; as for the men, some have retaken the road to Paris; others have returned to the joys of their inn.

Very early,—too early,—I was returning to the city which I had left the evening before. The city still slept, as if she wished to recover herself after our fatigues. The countryman quietly returned, having deposited upon the stones of the market, the immense heap of provisions which Paris consumes in a day. At this early hour of the morning, the city is a melancholy sight, each house is mute, silent, slovenly; the streets, so clean in the day-time, are obstructed with filth;—a lamentable population,—oh what misery! wretched beings in rags, broom in hand, perambulate this city of fêtes;—abominable tumbrels pass at a distance, with a noise like an engine of war; in the half-open sewers, glide poor creatures, who live, or rather who die a lingering death, in this infectious darkness. Ah! the toilette of this sumptuous city is lamentable. Its price is the toil of the miserable, the life of men, the most horrible of labours.

Since I was in a mood for contemplating miseries, I obeyed my destiny. I went straight before me, by the light of this gloomy Parisian aurora. I trod with a sad step, the hopeless ruins of the archbishop's palace, one of the oldest monuments in the city. No one can tell, what has become of these beautiful ruins of a chef-d'œuvre, which the people destroyed in one day of fury; they have disappeared like the straw which the wind carries away. Revolutions are more destructive than time; time

effaces, revolutions overthrow; time changes, revolutions destroy; time leaves its print and its respect wherever it passes, revolutions leave behind them only the stain of blood, and the traces of flames. Revolutions make a clear space; never does anything they have torn up, blossom again; time, on the contrary, that beneficent divinity, conceals all its ravages beneath the harvest and the flowers. Time is old age, it is still life; a revolution is death.

I was just entering the door, when I heard the postman spelling out my name, with the most imperturbable coolness. These Frenchmen have the habit of giving all names a French termination. If you bore a Teutonic appellation of the time of Frederick Barberousse, or an Anglo-Saxon nomenclature of the time of William the Conqueror, the postman would make of you, a regular inhabitant of the Chaussée d'Antin, or, if you prefer it, of the faubourg Saint Honoré. For the rest, this humble and very sprightly officer of the government is well worth the trouble—let us make acquaintance with him.

The postman is naturally, a kind, active, simple man, whose life is regulated for him day by day, and hour by hour; he is only at liberty before six in the morning, and after six in the evening; the rest of his life belongs to the administration which covers his hat with oil-skin, which makes his coats, which gives him his shoes, which draws him in a handsome carriage with two horses, which supplies to him the place of father and mother, which confides to him the most important things in the world, the secrets of private persons; the postman is every one's man, he is loved by all, he is expected by all; he is Hope in regimentals. He comes, he goes, he returns, he goes away again, and upon the whole of his route he finds nothing but smiles.

But do you know what invitation this letter contained—for me, who had but just returned from the Chantilly races? I was asked to be present—immediately, to start at eleven o'clock and arrive three hours later—at the steeple-chase of the Croix de Berny. The letter was written in a very pressing and thoroughly French style. I was praised if I went, I was ridiculed if I did not go. I was promised the society of the beautiful ladies, whom I left last night, in the midst of the waltz and the ball. Shall I suffer America, in my person, to be conquered by these fragile and lovely creatures, who are as flexible, and yet as hard, as steel? How can I refuse? Thus there is no rest, no delay, I must start again. . . . We will go, then! and now behold us immediately on the road; you would have thought, had you seen us galloping by, that we were about to save the monarchy. . . . We were simply going, after having seen horses dispute the prize at the Chantilly races, to witness a struggle between men,—a struggle depending partly upon chance, and partly upon dexterity. And the more speed was necessary, because this is a fancy recently imported into Paris; and the French are as proud of having acquired this new emotion, as if they had won a battle. You would have said, that all Paris had made an appointment upon this high road, where generally, almost the only passengers are couriers, ambassadors, the mails, and the large herds of oxen which repair weekly to the market at Sceaux. But now the road had a most unusual appearance. The finest and most celebrated

Eugene Lami. J. B. Allen.

Steeple Chase.

Course au Clocher. *Wettrennen.*

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON — R. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

horses the city can produce, the most elegant equestrians, and the youngest and loveliest Parisian girls who ever turned their attention to English steeds, the old amateurs who can no longer ride, the very young men who have not yet begun to ride, the noble duchesses of the Chaussée d'Antin, and the merry marchionesses of the rue du Helder, the English, who are the leaders of France in this kind of pleasures, the Jockey Club which gives the signal for these fêtes, the old, elegant, broken-winded horses from the riding-houses, jogging along amongst the fine coursers of the faubourg Saint Honoré,—all were at this rendezvous, so full of interest and excitement: without reckoning the splendid calashes, the mysterious coupés, the imprudent tilburies, the stately berlins, the large *chars-à-banc*, the gentlemen ushers, the grooms, the couriers, the postilions with their long reins, the four horses galloping at their greatest speed, the heavy diligences and the heavy carts, and the harmless cuckoos, and the astonished hackney-coaches, which stopped at the sides of the road to see everything; and the beautiful ladies, whom we have not counted, half satin, half velvet; half winter, half spring; and all the noise, and the motion, and the clamour. Forward, then, since we must, and let us march as quickly as possible.

Thus we arrive breathless, upon the spot, between two ditches, between two flowing streams, between two meadows, which are still wet, on the course of the Bœuf Couronné, near the Croix de Berny. Each one takes the best position he can find; upon the road, at the side of the stream, in the meadow, or in the garden of that pretty little house at the right,—a fruitful garden on such a day, for it brings to its master, as much as an estate of two hundred acres in Normandy. You would not know how to believe the drama, which passes at this hour upon the high road. The general excitement is intense, the betting is at its height, those hazardous bets, *eight to one!* All the horses which are entered, are made the subject of conversation; their ages, their names, their exploits, their defeats, their paces, their genealogy,—all is told; just as they would discuss a new-comer into the diplomatic arena. In this agitated crowd, more than one lady's heart secretly palpitates, so heavy is the stake now, a stake in which the heart takes so deep an interest! The moment is well chosen for this headlong race, the sun is brilliant and yet moderate, the air is clear and transparent; you will certainly be able to see the cavaliers from a distance. This is the reason why so many await their arrival, why the anxiety is so general.

After an hour of this delightful expectation, do you not at last see in the distance, through the weeping willows, through the white branches of the poplars in the meadow, do you not see coming, a light red or blue mist? . . .

Yes, here they are, it is they, it is the racers of the day, all *gentlemen riders*, they have already, in five minutes, shot over a league and a half of slippery and difficult ground; twice they have crossed the gracefully winding Bièvre, they have leaped, without hesitation, more than twenty barriers; they run, will you applaud? . . .

But their task is not finished; after all the barriers which they have leaped, a far more difficult one remains. Did I say a barrier? it is a terrible ditch! This ditch is at the end of the race, upon the Bœuf Couronné road, and full of water; the ascent

to it is perpendicular, then, when you have reached the top of the acclivity, you must leap downwards across a formidable ravine, so much the more dangerous, because it is impossible for the horses to discover it. Thus all the interest is centered in this last trial; upon that, is fixed every look, every mind; there is the peril, there is the glory, there is the triumph. Would you not say that these eager minds, these curious looks, the kind of alarm that all seem to feel, are indications of some great catastrophe which is about to happen? What an enthusiastic people, who throw into the most trifling objects, all the energy, all the instincts, all the dramatic vivacity of passion!

But if you admire perilous leaps, feats of strength, and all the dangers of horsemanship,—above all, if you enjoy, on a mild summer's evening, an amusement without fatigue, go to the Olympic Circus. It is the favourite resort of all those men for whom the Opera has no more mysteries, of all the fashionable ladies, beautiful exiles from the Italian theatre, who employ themselves in seeing horses leap, whilst awaiting the return of Lablache, Rubini, Madame Persiani, and the other nightingales with melodious throats. The Olympic Circus is the most extensive and the most solid encampment in the Champs Elysées. The architect wished simply to erect, not a theatre, but a tent; and yet on your entrance, you are at once struck with its gigantic proportions. Painting, velvet, lighted chandeliers, are all around you. Imagine,—but where am I to find comparisons?—imagine the amphitheatres of Nîsmes, imitated upon a small scale, in gilt wood and painted card-board, and transported there as a counterfeit of that giants' circus, and you will have the Olympic Circus of the Champs Elysées.

Nothing has been forgotten, either within or without, that could adorn this fragile structure. On the outside, M. Pradier has placed the most charming bas reliefs; in front, a beautiful amazon breaks an unruly horse for mere amusement. Skilful artists,—for it is one of the royal customs of France, to summon painting and sculpture to its aid, on every occasion,—have covered the cupola and the walls with all kinds of brilliant fancies; you enter without ascending, and suddenly present themselves to you, a great variety of staircases, corridors, and passages, which lead to all parts of the edifice, in the centre of which, an immense chandelier presides by its brilliancy, over some thirty smaller ones. It appears to us, that the area is rather small for so imposing an enclosure; but what signifies the area? The real amusement is the vast saloon, filled with men and women of all colours, in sparkling confusion, assembled there by the only great artist who is sure to fill a saloon, by the only actor who is always welcomed, always adored by the public, always in voice, always in breath,—a low price.

Since it was necessary to see everything, we went into the green-room of the actors. This green-room is large, airy, well inhabited; you may enter, without the slightest notice being taken of your presence; not a salutation, not a smile or a look will you receive, even from the young leader; these worthy performers are wholly absorbed in their appointed parts; when their turn comes to appear upon the stage, they go there naturally, without exclamation, without gesture, without even

…reached the top of the ecclivity, you must …, so much the more dangerous, because it is …. Then all the interest is centered in this last …; there is the peril, there is the glory, …! What powerful emotions these eager minds, these curious looks, … reflections of some great catastrophe …! These are intelligent people, who throw into the most … dramatic vivacity of passion!

… gymnastic exercises, and all the dangers of horse-…, an amusement without … favourite resort of all those men for … the fashionable ladies, beautiful exiles … in seeing horses leap, whilst awaiting … Perchini, and the other nightingales with … the most extensive and the most solid … The architect wished simply to erect, not … entrance; you are at once struck with its … lighted chandeliers, are all around you. … imagine the amphitheatres of … wood and painted card-board, and trans-… stone, and you will have the Olympic …

… without, that could adorn this fragile … the most charming bas reliefs; in … for mere amusement. Skilful … to summon painting and sculpture … cupola and the walls with all kinds of … without ceasing, and suddenly present themselves to … a great variety of staircases, corridors, and passages, which lead to all parts of the … in the centre of which, an immense chandelier presides by its brilliancy, over … smaller ones. It appears to us, that the area is rather small for so … saloon, filled with men and women of all nations, in sparkling confusion, assembled … by the only genie who is able to fill a saloon, by the only actor who is … always welcomed, always adored by the public, always in voice, always in breath,—… a low price.

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Eugene Lami.

C. Mottram.

Franconi's Olympic Circus. Champs Elysées. Paris.

Intérieur du Cirque.

Innere des franconischen Circus. Paris.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON.—H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

looking at themselves in the glass; their task accomplished, they return to the green-room, not in the least elated by the applause lavished upon them by the crowd. They never paid the most insignificant clapper, to enhance their merits to the injury of their rivals. They never insulted or calumniated each other, for a part which they thought particularly suited themselves. Never did you see, in this model for green-rooms, the coquette displaying her jewels, the tyrant in the act of having his white hair painted black, the arguer tottering upon his legs; they are all sober, grave, and serious, they are contented with their daily food for salary; they do not have a single dispute with the wardrobe-keeper, for a piece of cloth or velvet; they obey the manager as a faithful servant would obey his master. The excellent green-room! there you can neither smell musk, nor patchouli, nor eau de Cologne, nor dried rose-leaves; there you can neither see false tufts, nor powder, nor rouge, nor ceruse, nor patches, nor false teeth, nor false calves; there, all his real, old age and youth, beauty and ugliness, strength and grace, intelligence and passion. The excellent green-room! And yet people are so obstinate as to call it a stable!

What was it we were saying just now, about the steeple-chase? Was there any necessity then, to go so far, in order to meet all these difficulties and all these dangers? Will not the Olympic Circus satisfy all the equestrian feelings of the Parisian? Do they know any man who mounts a horse better than Baucher, Baucher the conqueror of *Neptune* and of *Partisan?*

Never was there a greater assemblage of difficulties, a more slippery area, more frightful paths, more perfidious leaps, even at the ditch of the *Bœuf Couronné,* than at the Olympic Circus! If you go there, you will perhaps be fortunate enough to see the reins of some young horsewoman break, before your eyes, and without the price of seats being raised for it. Not a day passes, in which the equilibrium of some of the riders does not fail them; sometimes it is the horse which goes too fast, sometimes they go too fast for the horse;—what faithful emblems of the passions! One girl broke her arm, and when she was raised up, smiled upon the petrified crowd; another sprained her leg, and held herself erect upon the other one; the audience thought it was a part of her performance. There are some, who, furious at seeing themselves dismounted before the assembly, chase their trembling coursers, and then there is the most incredible re-action between the rider and the horse; the horse falls on his knees, and asks pardon with his two hands joined! The lady pardons him, and takes pity on him. . . . It is a horse!

In the finest summer days, when you leave the Circus, if you know anything of Paris, you will take care not to return immediately to your hotel. Yield yourself, on the contrary, to that faithful guide, that devoted cicerone called Chance. Every one returns to the Champs Elysées: I know not what powerful attraction for ever brings you back to it. They are still embellishing it; all kinds of pretty, little, smiling houses rise in the midst of well-designed little gardens; from all parts you may hear the soft murmur of fountains. Singers in the open air boldly attack Rossinian melodies. In the *Allée des Veuves,* upon the very site of the house which

belonged to Madame Tallien, that beautiful and benevolent queen of a dying republic, beneath those shadows which Bonaparte the young Corsican pressed with a timid foot, in the suite of Josephine Beauharnois, the charming Creole,—the Parisian has established a country ball; at this ball, there is dancing every evening, and not one of the dancers suspects the events which have taken place in these alleys, trod by so many delightful or terrible feet.

Thus you pursue your continued quest after brilliant magnificence, beneath the starry canopy of heaven. The Allée des Veuves reconducts you to the calm, proud river. You throw an astonished glance upon a light building, of the style of the middle ages: it was brought from Fontainebleau stone by stone, and placed there beneath the trees, which are astonished at such exquisite elegance. A long succession of lighted lamps brings you back to the Place Louis XV. In the distance appears to you as you proceed, the dome and the hotel of the Invalids, and the Chamber of Deputies, and that long suite of delightful houses which border the river,—and the Institute—and again and always, the palace of the Tuileries,—motionless, full of shadow, calm, repose, and majesty!

Beautiful hours of the starry nights! Aurora borealis of the Parisian sky! One evening, I was thus walking and enjoying the silence of night, when I suddenly perceived in the heavens, which were unusually clear, I know not what strange appearance, which resembled the brilliancy of an unexpected sun. Never was the city more dazzling, never was the sky more serene, never were these heights more grand and noble. It was the triumphant comet of 1843, which, with its hand ornamented with stars, knocked at the door of the Observatory, saying, *Arago, thou sleepest!*

Amongst the enjoyments of the beautiful season in Paris, the Exposition at the Louvre merits particular notice. This exhibition of modern painting is a yearly event; it is the subject of conversation two months beforehand; for two months, it excites the most feverish impatience:—you cannot hear yourself speak for the noise.—Who is to be seen this year? what paintings are as yet concealed in the studio? what is M. Ingres doing? what battle is M. Eugène Delacroix preparing? Will M. Delaroche have finished his new drama? Do you know that M. Paul Flandrin has had two portraits refused? You may hear in advance of the wonderful landscapes of Jules Dupré, and the beautiful canvasses of Marilhat. Is not Morel Fatio's sea-piece an exquisite thing?—Look at those *dealers in ebony**—how furious they are, how horrible to see!—You know, and it is certainly true, that that skilful and clever sculptor, Antonin Moine, has begun to draw in crayons, and that his portraits are full of grace, elegance, and life? So much the better for the painters, if Antonin Moine becomes a painter; so much the worse for the sculptors, if he renounces sculpture.—I can tell you the name of Pradier's new statue, it will be called *Cassandre*.—And I saw yesterday (by risking one eye) two of Eugène Giraud's paintings. The fresh, beautiful young girls that he has drawn! how well he knows how to dress and adorn them,

* This alludes to a painting which represents the capture of a slaver.—E. T.

without appearing to take any trouble about it!—They say wonders of Maxime David's miniatures, such good likenesses, and so well painted.—There is one thing certain, and that is that Camille Roqueplan will not send anything to the Louvre; Tony Johannot is very busy preparing beautiful prints for the book-trade; Ary Scheffer, the solemn painter of *Faüst* and *Margaret,* will shine this time by his absence; even Decamps, who excited so many emotions and so much praise, will let no one enter his studio. What a strange man he is! The minister wished to give him the *croix d'honneur;* "I should much rather," said he, "have permission to hunt."—Have you not seen the beautiful sketch of *Charles V. picking up Titian's pencil?* Depend upon it, this will be one of Robert Fleury's best pieces. Léon Cogniet will alarm you with his *Le Tintoret at the death-bed of his beloved daughter.*—For my part, since Redouté died, carrying with him the last flowers from his garden, I have seen nothing finer than the *Garland* of M. Saint Jean.—In point of historical paintings destined for the Museum at Versailles, you will have, they say, two copies of Achille de Harlay, one by M. Vinchon, the other by M. Abel de Pujol.—The other day, I waited upon General Beaume; he was fencing, pencil in hand, in the plain of Oporto; he led Marshal Soult to victory right valiantly.—I have heard that Mademoiselle Journet has taken pity on the learned Lavoisier, and produced a painting in honour of this clever chemist, who fell by the hands of the executioner.—Such conversations, and many similar ones, are held at the door of the Louvre. At last, however, the Louvre is opened; the crowd of artists and of the boldest virtuosos enter in haste; each looks first with an anxious eye for his own picture, and then for that of his neighbour.—It is to be hoped the Council of painting have not turned out of the Louvre, the work which has cost its author so much trouble and so many sleepless nights!—It is to be hoped these pitiless judges have not banished from public view and admiration, that beautiful canvas, that exquisite statue!—They go, they come, they look, they hasten, they push each other, they examine the catalogue. And besides, will they be well placed upon the walls of the Louvre? No, the place is bad.—Too much sun!—No sun at all!—A glaring light!—Profound darkness!—I should have been so much better in the square saloon!—They have hoisted me above a door!—And I have been put by the side of the Flemish gallery!—Thus, when once the Louvre is open, the outcries are renewed on every hand. We, however, who are only cool spectators, traverse with a somewhat solemn step, this magnificent collection of all the fine arts.

The sun shines brilliantly in these galleries, which are thronged with an immense crowd. Amongst the admirable *rapins,* (an emphatic word to designate great, but unknown artists,) you will see long beards, long hair, long teeth, long hands appearing beneath coats which are too short. There is a brilliant, animated, above all sarcastic conversation; bon mots fly in all directions, and will even strike the very centre of the frightened, trembling canvas. Whoever you are, beware of this first hour at the Saloon, it is pitiless; sarcasm is in every eye, upon every lip. Nothing is spared, neither name, nor sex, nor age. But especially if the Institute should happen to send

here its rarest masterpieces,—the Institute, which is composed of the members of the Council which opens or shuts the Louvre, spends there an unhappy quarter of an hour, and it is the least they can expect, if their cruelties are repaid by raillery.—Oh! oh! says one, here are Couderc's *generals*, they are all blue.—No, says another, they are white.—A third maintains that they are black. The fact is, that not one painting has, at first, its natural colour; they must become accustomed to the day-light.—Have you seen, says one, the beautiful painting of Eugène Delacroix? Have you seen, says another, the abominable painting of Eugène Delacroix?—How ugly the *Trajan* is! exclaims the second.—How beautiful the robes are! answers the first.—Come to the left into the great gallery; I will show you Gudin's *Bosphorus of Thrace*.—You mean the *phosphorus of Thrace!*—But we should never end, if we were to attempt to tell you all this innocent spite.

But the first thing we seek, in this collection without confusion, is the portraits which, every year, encumber the saloons of the Louvre; so numerous are the great men and beautiful women of France! Of all the works of painting, the most important for the traveller who wishes to know the men of a nation, and above all the most difficult for a painter who understands his art, that which speaks most to the imagination and the memory, is the portrait. From merely seeing these great men of peace or war, it seems to you that you can recognize them. You listen, as if you expected to hear them speak. The more important were the historical epochs, the finer were the portraits of those times. The age of Leo X. is justly proud of the likeness of Leo X. by Raphael; king Charles Stuart had, for his painter in ordinary, no less a person than Vandyke. The terrible Henry VIII. sat to Holbein; Louis XIV. who had Lesueur, contented himself with Mignard. As for the emperor Napoleon, of whom there does not now remain one good portrait worthy of such a model,—the emperor Napoleon, although he never suspected it, had at his command an artist equal to the greatest portrait-painters—M. Ingres.

Let me tell you a little incident, which will enable you to form some judgment of the stroke, and the fabulous rapidity of Winterhalter, the author of *Décameron*, that brilliant sketch, which might be taken for a posthumous and exaggerated work of Sir Thomas Lawrence himself. When the Duchess de Nemours had been presented to the court, to France, and finally to Paris, there was, in the world of the fine arts, a strange emulation, which, among all the painters, all the sculptors, and all the engravers of medals, should take the portrait of the new duchess. Independently of the rank which she occupies with so much grace, simplicity, and modesty, the princess is so young and so beautiful, her complexion is so clear and lively, her beautiful light hair floats in the breeze, so silky and so luxuriant, that not one of the portrait painters, who are among the most skilful, would have refused the honour, of giving a faithful image of this young woman, even without any other charms than the spring-charms of youth and beauty. At last, one day, two artists were introduced at the palace of Neuilly, to the duchess de Nemours, the one to take her portrait, the other to prepare a medallion of her. They arrive, they enter;—already the painter is at

work, and whilst the engraver, with an attentive eye, studies his royal model, our artist throws upon the canvas this charming head; he proceeds like a man who improvises with wonderful readiness. Meantime the engraver slowly arranges everything; he traces with a light hand, upon the complaisant wax, the features which must afterwards be reproduced; he is grave, he is slow, he is solemn. He had, therefore, scarcely commenced his medal, before the painter had entirely finished his picture.—"Madam," said he, "your Royal Highness is released from me; I have finished."—"But it is impossible," cried Barre.—"Look, then," replied Winterhalter. And in fact there was the faithful likeness of the duchess de Nemours; it was her beautiful colour, her infantile grace, her small head, a head which Greuse himself, in his brightest days of poetry and elegance, would not have disowned.—"That I may not trouble your Royal Highness," said Winterhalter to the duchess de Nemours, "I will take away the portrait; I will paint the dress at home;" and he did as he said. And what is still more incredible, is, that it is a work full of spirit, life, and talent.

Among other portraits worthy of attention, the portrait of M. Guizot, which all America has asked from M. Paul Delaroche (a well-merited honour), has deserved the sympathy of all. The engraving which M. Calamatta has made of this portrait of M. Guizot, is exceedingly good, and quite worthy of the model.

It is the puritan appearance of that convinced writer, who has passed through so many vicissitudes of fortune. Poor, without name, urged onwards by the inward feeling which promised him such great things, he had, at first, difficulty in finding a newspaper which would consent to print his finest pages. M. Guizot had no youth; his father, who died upon the revolutionary scaffold, had bequeathed to him the everlasting grief of his remaining parent. In his misery, the young man no longer knew whence liberty was to come; liberty had killed his father.—But, this monarchy which traces back so far,—must it be abandoned to that abyss into which it is throwing itself headlong? It is known, that at this moment in the history of France, more than one honest conscience felt itself troubled and uneasy. This uneasiness, this trouble, was the presentiment of future revolutions. That which decided M. Guizot in his devotedness to the house of Bourbon, was the flight of king Louis XVIII., forced to quit his throne in the middle of the night, whilst Bonaparte advanced at the head of the legions which he had assembled on his route. That which alienated him from the Restoration which he had so well defended, was the pride, the insolence, the ingratitude of that Restoration, which had reached its highest point of power and splendour. The pride of M. Guizot was, for him, like an irresistible force, in his days of misfortune. When he saw himself turned out of his places, driven from his pulpit, odious to that monarchy which he had so faithfully served, not like a courtier, but like a good citizen, M. Guizot retired without uttering the slightest complaint, and then you might have seen him, such as he really is, unruffled and invincible. Poverty, so dreaded by all the men who govern France at the present day, has never alarmed M. Guizot; and it is just because he knew how to be poor, that he has reached his

present high and incontestable character for probity. In his occupation as a writer, his wife was constantly associated with him, his trusty, devoted wife, with her firm, rare mind, calm good sense, admirable courage, and profound resignation to the decrees of Providence.—Poor woman! she died happy, for before dying, she had foreseen the new destinies of her husband; and that, at no very distant day, in a great tempest, which was gathering, France would not vainly invoke the genius, the courage, the wisdom, the foresight, of that man, who found himself reduced to become the translator of Latourneur's Shakespere, in order to obtain a livelihood.

But what will be said to these French people, who profess to be such warm admirers of the arts, when we add, that during the Exposition at the Louvre, the chefs-d'œuvre of the old masters,—Titian, Rubens, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Cuyp, Gerard Dow,—are covered by an ignoble baize, upon which are hung the paintings of modern artists? And they ask how the Louvre could be filled, if it were completed, when they have not a gallery for their Exposition, without forcibly taking possession of a place, which every true artist would hold sacred to the masters of antiquity! Fy on them! fy on them! My Yankee brethren,—notwithstanding the oft-repeated assertion that they are so absorbed in money-making, as to have neither time nor inclination to form a taste for the fine arts,—would never have been guilty of such Vandalism, as to cover the paintings of those men to whose genius the world does universal homage, by the ephemeral productions of their own pencils. England may make you pay for the privilege of entering her Exhibition; but at least she gives you free and full permission to admire, at your ease, the riches of her National Gallery. France is the only country that will not permit you, at once to view ancient and modern artists. . . . But perhaps she is right; it may be that she fears the contrast. . . .

The annexed plate has, very properly, been made to represent the Louvre, in those months of the year when its rightful owners are permitted to retain possession.

Eugene Lami. Chs Rollis.

Convalescence

La Convalescence *Wiedergenesung*

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A visit—Bellevue [illegible]
Versailles—The [illegible]
Bœuf—the Chapel [illegible]
1826—Versailles [illegible]
Paintings—Vernet [illegible]
Triumphs—Victoriously [illegible]
Guard—The Chateau [illegible]
Philippe—Scene of [illegible]
Franklin—Invention [illegible]
of Saint Cloud—Interview [illegible]
Park of Saint Cloud—A [illegible]

My first visit was [illegible]
whose hospitality [illegible]
lady who [illegible]
observations and [illegible]
will be impossible [illegible]
attempt what you cannot perform, not [illegible] by what passes
Thus she spoke, with the most affable [illegible] and the kindest look. A
of Parisian conversation, I [illegible] of the [illegible]
her saloon, sheltered from [illegible]
most delightful chatting [illegible]
beloved by her friends, [illegible]
able to tell whence came [illegible]
a being! Wavering health, [illegible]
which suddenly [illegible]
smile.—Let [illegible]
a dog look as [illegible]
trembling, expressive [illegible]
her pensive [illegible]
played, in [illegible]
do you know [illegible]
suffered much; [illegible]
dress herself, [illegible]
of fate. [illegible]
assuredly [illegible]
they exist [illegible]
I imagine, [illegible]

CHAPTER XIX.

A visit—Delicate health of the Parisian ladies—Convalescence—Parisian *Causerie*—Europe a vast saloon—Versailles—The Railroad—The Windmill at Versailles—Louis XIV. at Versailles—His chamber—The Œil-de-Bœuf—the Chapel—Louis XIV. the real King of Versailles—Louis Philippe at Versailles—Fête of June 10, 1839—Versailles now a Museum—Statue of Joan of Arc—The old Marshals recognizing themselves in the Paintings—Varied Tastes—The Petit Trianon—Marie Antoinette—A vision—The Railroad—The Arc-de-Triomphe—Fontainebleau—The Gardens—Historical Associations—Napoleon taking leave of the Imperial Guard—The Chateau—Abdication of Napoleon—Great changes—Francis I. and Napoleon—Ambition of Louis Philippe—Forest of Fontainebleau—The *Roche-qui-pleure*—Other celebrated rocks—Saint Cloud—Passy—Franklin—Anecdote of M. de Richelieu—*La Muette*—M. Erard—Mount Valérien—Madame de Genlis—Terrace of Saint Cloud—Interview between Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau—Ville d'Avray—Lantern of Diogenes—Park of Saint Cloud—A Ball—Fireworks—Forgetfulness of the French.

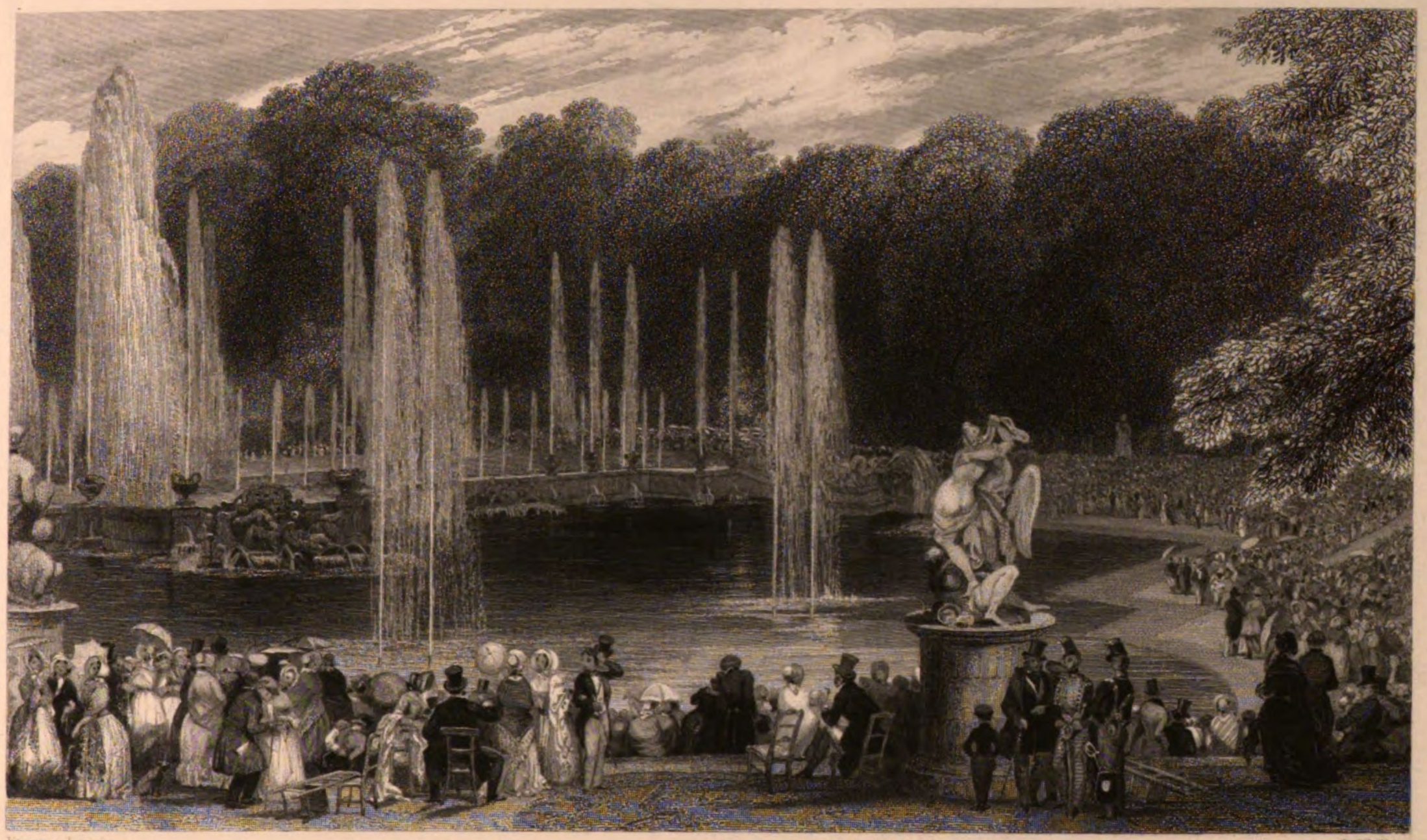
My first visit was naturally due to that beautiful and charming Madame de R——, whose hospitality had been so unreserved and so complete. It was the same benevolent lady who constantly said to me last winter, "But you work too hard; you push your observations and your study too far; if, as it is said, *Paris was not built in a day*, it will be impossible to understand Paris, in less than a century; be calm then, do not attempt what you cannot perform, but profit simply by what passes before your eyes." Thus she spoke, with the most affable smile and the kindest look. All that I know of Parisian conversation, I have learned at the house of this amiable woman; for, in her saloon, sheltered from literary and political disputes, the most friendly and the most delightful chatting has taken refuge. Alas! since my departure, this lady, so beloved by her friends, had been ill. She had been seized with fever, without being able to tell whence came this invisible shudder; but the Parisian is so delicate a being! Wavering health, languishing beauty, large eyes full of fire, but the fire of which suddenly disappears and is effaced, beautiful pale cheeks, a soft, melancholy smile.—Let lightning flash through the heavens, let a little wind howl in the air, let a dog bark at night, let a door be noisily shut, and our Parisian is immediately trembling, enervated, incapable of exertion. A mere nothing is sufficient to make her pass from joy to grief, from laughter to tears; a knitting of the brow, a pin badly placed, an unpleasant look or gesture; no one knows what has caused it, nor indeed do they know themselves, unhappy creatures! At any rate, Madame de R—— had suffered much; not so much, however, but that she had found strength enough to dress herself, time to make herself beautiful, and to give her drawing-room an air of fête. Oh these women, the honour of elegance!—I know not how they die;—but assuredly they cannot die like the rest of their fellow-creatures. With their last sigh, they must think that it is necessary to be lovely even in death. More than one, I imagine, ponders beforehand, the embroidery of her winding-sheet. Poor creatures,

distressed and yet courageous, devoted to their beauty, as Cato was devoted to virtue! For the rest, there is a French line which expresses exactly what I wish to say,

"Elle tombe, et, tombant, range ses vêtements."

The Parisian ladies have another good quality, which is, that nothing astonishes them. Madame de R—— had bade me farewell, as if she were never to see me again. She had even had the kindness to present to me a cheek already feverish; she thought me far distant by this time, and yet—It is you! said she, giving me her hand, just as if we had only parted the evening before. I had a presentiment that you were not really gone; you were attracted to Paris by too great a curiosity and admiration; and besides, what is there to hasten you? You return to us; you are quite right.—You see, replied I, that when once a person enters Paris, it is impossible to quit it.—Thereupon the conversation became general. There was present, an old gentleman of title, of elegant life, of clear, lively thought, a friend of General Lafayette's, a brother in arms of Washington's, who, both from his intelligence and want of other occupation, played an important part in the first revolution. The conversation naturally turned upon the last century, which this nobleman loudly regretted, as one always regrets the happy moments and the extravagancies of youth; then he began to speak of all the men of former days, and all the women also, of the Duke de Richelieu and M. de Voltaire, of the painter Greuze, and of Sophia Arnould, of whom Greuze made so beautiful a portrait. According to this good gentleman, this famous Sophia Arnould,—to whom the eighteenth century lent all its bon mots, for the very good reason, that people lend only to the rich,—was not the shameless woman that she is represented to us, in all the memoirs. He then attempted to defend the character of Madame Dubarry, by showing that she was not the *origin* of all the vice of the age! The poets of the last century were discussed. They spoke also,—but of what did they not speak? of the private life of king Louis XV., of the Great and Little Trianon, of the prisoners in the chateau de Pignerole and the chateau de Vincennes. M. de Richelieu was not forgotten in these histories, of which he was the central point, as a lover, as a soldier, and as a nobleman. The whole evening passed in this friendly and intimate chatting, of which France alone, amongst all polite nations, has still preserved the secret. After which, as it was near midnight, a very late hour for our invalid—"Come," said Madame de R., "it is time for all to retire; we must separate. And you, my lord," added she, looking at the old gentleman, "ask pardon of these ladies for you and for myself, for our having involuntarily carried them back to this history, which is but too far from the history of our own times.—Alas!"

But again I repeat, that nothing can equal Parisian *causerie* in grace, vivacity, and wit. Sparkling and animated, its arrows are pointed, its very good nature is satirical. No one is better acquainted with the anecdotes and the ideas, the passions and the facts, the poems and the tales which agitate the world, than the Parisian gentleman, and with yet more emphasis may it be said, that no one knows them better than the Parisian lady. In this respect, Europe is like a vast saloon, all the members of which seem to be acquainted, from the fact of their living in the midst of the same elegances.



Eugene Lami. R. Wallis.

The Grand Waterworks, Versailles.

Les Grandes Eaux à Versailles. *Die grosse Wasserwerke zu Versailles.*

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON.—H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

London, St. Petersb[illegible] mind, are occupied, [illegible] the same books, [illegible] writes the [illegible] of a drawing [illegible] I am [illegible] shade, [illegible] mind, [illegible]

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[illegible] issued [illegible] succession [illegible] composed the [illegible] of his comedies [illegible] which the [illegible] filled with their [illegible] and the [illegible] the Graces, [illegible] the [illegible] all? [illegible] a [illegible] to [illegible]

[illegible]

London, St. Petersburg, Paris, Naples, Florence, those noble cities of intelligence and mind, are occupied, almost at the same day and the same hour, with the same poems, the same books, nay more, with the same dress and the same gauze cap. He who writes the history of a drawing-room in St. Petersburg, writes, very nearly, the history of a drawing-room in Paris; and therefore, in spite of the reality of my emotions, I am not without uneasiness for the book which I write amidst Parisian flowers and shade, so well do I remember that everywhere there are the same flowers, the same mind, and the same spring.

Magnificent amongst all the royal dwellings, the château de Versailles had been arranged for the express purpose of affording a suitable shelter to French royalty, as king Louis XIV. understood it. Just as he said, *the state is myself,* the sovereign master of so many millions of men ought to have been able to say, *Versailles is the whole of my reign.* It was, indeed, the whole of his reign, for the life of the king and the fortune of France had been employed in raising these walls, in planting these gardens, in forcibly leading, to this dry ground, sparkling fountains! Amidst this long succession of stones cut with a golden chisel, surrounded by all his children, all his gentlemen, all his poets, all his captains, all the beauties of his court, the king led a truly royal life—an endless representation of every day and every hour. In this place, the grandeur of which astonishes you, met all the reports of the age, all the feelings of kings, all the hopes of nations. It was the centre of everything; thence issued all the movements of this great kingdom. So long a reign in such a long succession of royal dwellings!—Such beautiful walks, under those trees, where Molière composed the most delightful scenes of his comedies!—such long hunts in these woods which the great and little Mews filled with their magnificence!—*The Tapis vert!*—and the groves which surround it—and the Orangery at the foot of the château—and the basin of Neptune,—and the marble court!—Who would dare attempt to describe all? Who would wish to do so? Well! this would be precisely the whole history of a century, the whole history of a monarchy which finishes, as the old fairy tales used to begin; *There was once upon a time a king and a queen!*

It was on June 10, 1839, that king Louis Philippe I., seeing his task accomplished, and wishing the whole of France to partake in the power and brilliancy of his triumph, invited, to inaugurate the palace of Versailles, all those men in Paris who were distinguished in politics, in the army, or in any of the arts of peace and war. This fête of June 10, has left—even in France, where everything is forgotten,—lasting remembrances. People asked themselves how, in so short a space of time, in the midst of so many cares, and so much business, the king had been able to repair this immense ruin? At his voice, the sleeping palace of Versailles had arisen; the folding-doors opened as if Louis XIV. was expected. Louis Philippe had said to the palace of Versailles, "*Open your gates, you are the property of France.*" And thus, for the space of four years, from the top to the bottom of this palace, which is larger than a city, in the foundations or beneath the roofs, within the walls, beyond the walls, into

the most obscure corners or the most splendid saloons, this indefatigable king has carried his fortune, his labour, his will, his historical science, his admiration for all the illustrious names, his respect for all the acquired glories, his boundless devotion, his profound and sincere admiration for all which constitutes the history of France.

Most certainly, to build the palace of Versailles, to plant these gardens, to bring fountains on to this barren plain, to shelter beneath these shadows a whole nation of statues, worthily to employ Mansard, and Lebrun, and le Nôtre, and Pujèt, and Coysevox, so many illustrious artists who died at this labour; to spend more than a thousand millions of francs in accomplishing this impossible wonder; to summon to his aid, all the power, all the genius, all the money, of which the greatest king in the world could dispose,—was very difficult: but yet, I do not think this work of the erection of Versailles can be compared to the task of that king, who has undertaken, to save, by a revolution, from its silent, inevitable ruin, this immense palace.

At the present day, then, the palace of Versailles is nothing more than a museum. Louis XIV. is confined to some few of his saloons, and to his sleeping-room; it is no longer he who fills with his majesty the dwellings which he has erected. He is no longer alone—he is surrounded by all the dynasties, by all the royalties, and even by all the revolutions, of France. Anywhere but in the palace of Versailles, it is a collection which would not be devoid of grandeur. All the epochs of France are represented in this succession of paintings, some of which are worthy of the artists who have signed them, while the greatest number evince the haste and mediocrity of the moment. Fabulous times are not forgotten here. France, the Gauls, even the Romans, have their place in this medley; Charlemagne appears in it with his dynasty of feeble monarchs; every commencement, every origin, every people, is painted upon these walls, which are astonished at so many anachronisms. The feudal barons, the knights of the crusades, pontiffs, ministers, abbots, all have their place on this vast page of a unique book, upon which was formerly written the unique praise of Louis XIV.—Farther on, Francis I. appears to you, surrounded by his brilliant escort, and leading by the hand that beautiful sixteenth century, which could not be conquered and surpassed, except by the following one.

Do you see—beyond, under that verdant horizon of the great trees—at the very end of the Tapis vert, farther than the canal which serves as a mirror to all this royal magnificence—do you see that house of such smiling aspect? Certainly, by the side of the Versailles of Louis XIV., the *Petit Trianon* would attract but a small portion of the attention and respect of men. . . . And yet what delightful associations recall to us that small park, those beautifully simple walls! To this turf which she pressed with so light a step, the queen of France came, to forget the ennui and the etiquette of royal majesty. Once at the Petit Trianon, the lovely queen felt more happy. All her diadem was the flowers of her garden; she held, with a joyous hand, the light crook; in this dairy of white marble, she herself prepared—with such delightful awkwardness—the milk of her cows! Poor queen! how much she must afterwards have regretted

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in the most splendid saloons, this indefatigable king has carried his fortune, his labour, his will, his historical science, his admiration for all the [illegible] genius, his respect for all the acquired glories, his boundless devotion, his profound and sincere [illegible] for all which constitutes the history of France.

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Eugene Lami. Chas Rolls.

Grand Fête_Palace of Versailles.

Grande fête au Château de Versailles. *Grosses Fest im Palaste von Versaille.*

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON_H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

the sun, the waters, the flowers, the cream, and the strawberries, the sheep and the heifers, of the Petit Trianon.

For myself, it appears to me, that I see her still, in these sweet spots, so gladdened by her royal beauty. The birds in the yoke-elm trees still sing of the queen of France; the swans of the basin seek her, as they skim with timid wing, these peaceful shores; it is on her balcony in the evening, when the moon is veiled by some cloud from Paris—it is on the balcony of the Petit Trianon, that the light and sacred shadow rests, by preference. Trianon by the side of Versailles, is the garland of flowers placed upon the giant's staircase.

What a delightful and well-filled day! what a beautiful domain! what an interesting visit!—You go by the railroad; you halt upon the steps of the Palace of Versailles, and on the same evening, you may bathe your burning forehead in the basin of this lively and beautiful fountain, which the Arc-de-Triomphe protects with its shadow and its majesty.

After Versailles, our next excursion must be to Fontainebleau. It is true, that this time, we have a less imposing grandeur, but where will you find more delightful, and more ingenious chefs d'œuvre? . . . Here, the associations are sufficiently numerous, but it seems to me, that they do not bear so strongly as at Versailles, the print of that sadness and melancholy which all vanquished things have about them. We will start, then; it is a beautiful road. The clouds which covered the sky have fled, driven away by a favourable wind. The rain, which fell in torrents, has ceased; the sun kindly throws upon us his warm rays; you may see, rising, as if by enchantment, the approaching harvest, which, only last evening, sadly lay upon the ground; the merry postilions urge on their horses in a transparent whirlwind of dust; this is really enjoyment!—dust, and sun, a true Neapolitan sun!

Here we are! How magnificent are the gardens of Fontainebleau! Oaks, which were contemporaries of Francis I. and of Henry IV.; old yoke-elms, which lent their shadow to the varied whims of Louis XIV., even before that young king had traced out the plan of Versailles; waters so abundant and so clear that they have given their name to these lovely spots; everywhere, in the château, beyond the château, in these thousand interminglings of stone and turf, of marble and flowers, there is a natural appearance of majesty and grandeur. Water circulates in the fossés, like a river in its bed; the fish-pond shines at a distance, like a vast mirror, the only one which is worthy to reflect these splendours of nature and art. Notice, in the midst of this pond, a pavilion erected by the Emperor Napoleon. During the summer, his very victorious majesty was in the habit of holding his councils there. Do not forget to salute these carp, whitened by time, which were no younger in the sixteenth century of the history of France, silent and tranquil witnesses of so many revolutions, which have glided over these waves, without leaving there one trace of their passage. These beautiful fish are a source of great amusement to visitors; they swim to them to ask a pittance. One of them carries a ring, a gold ring which King Francis I. gave to it. The garden is open to any one who wishes to see it; there is no barrier, no obstacle; you are at

liberty to promenade in all these enchanting grounds. But look at the château ; it is the work of Primaticcio, that Italian, who passed near Dante, without even touching the border of his cloak ; near Raphael, without perceiving it—if not afar off, yet so far, that the artist did not even think of following him. The château is magnificent, affluent, and natural, like French genius. Strange and happy assemblage of all kinds of things; ornaments without end, sculptures without motive, caprices, chances, dreams—turrets, towers, arrows, masterpieces ! And within, what brilliant fêtes ! how many lovers concealed beneath these shadows, how many handsome young men gliding over these waters, intoxicated with art and poetry, accompanying with their soft murmurs the sound of the violins and the hautboys ! it was the admirable and delightful hour when France returned from Italy, where she had been to seek—science learned so quickly !—the great art of ornaments and dresses, beautiful pearls, rich jewels, magnificent armours, long poems written under the enchantments of poetry and art. Already, it is another France which reveals itself, it is feudal France disappearing, it is Louis XIV. who allows himself to be solicited !—Again I say, walk slowly upon the border of these limpid waters, the swans in the basin salute you, by beating their wings; lay yourself upon the grass, repeat the verses of Virgil, beneath the shadow of the flowery banks, sleep if you wish to sleep, you are the master of these lovely spots. But why sleep ? This time, also, a whole history, a whole poem, summons you ; we will repose, at a later hour, when we have traversed this magnificent *ensemble,* when we have studied all these masterpieces, when we have penetrated into some few of the mysteries of the château de Fontainebleau :—here, Biron arrested by order of Henry IV. ;—a little farther, Queen Christiana of Sweden, the suspicious queen, the jealous woman, assassinating Monaldeschi, her chamberlain, to the great scandal of the court of France, which was alarmed and indignant at such ungoverned fury ;—and then look at that stone at the head of the staircase. Upon that superb slab was unfolded the greatest drama of history.

It is hardly thirty years ago—already two ages !—since, in that same court of the Palace of Fontainebleau, which at the present day appears so calm—stood, motionless, silent, afflicted, concealing their tears, the old guard of the great Imperial army. This old guard, whose very name overthrew capitals, had fought upon every field of battle in the world. They were at Arcola, at Aboukir, at Marengo ; they were the soldiers of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Friedland, of Madrid, of Wagram ; and now, after having passed through so much glory, and so many perils, they found themselves, vanquished and decimated, in that narrow space, which was their last kingdom, their last field of battle ; and even this they must quit on the morrow, never again to see it—this corner of desolated earth ! In this Palace of Fontainebleau, each door and each window of which is now open to the sun of May and the flowers of the garden, the Emperor Napoleon concealed himself, in his grief and his anguish ; in vain had he resisted allied Europe, the Imperial eagle, mortally wounded in the sky of Moscow, had barely strength enough to come here and expire, beneath the heavens of Fontainebleau. And finally, the hour had come when the emperor himself must lay down this sword, which

The Palace of Fontainebleau

Palais de Fontainebleau

Palast zu Fontainebleau

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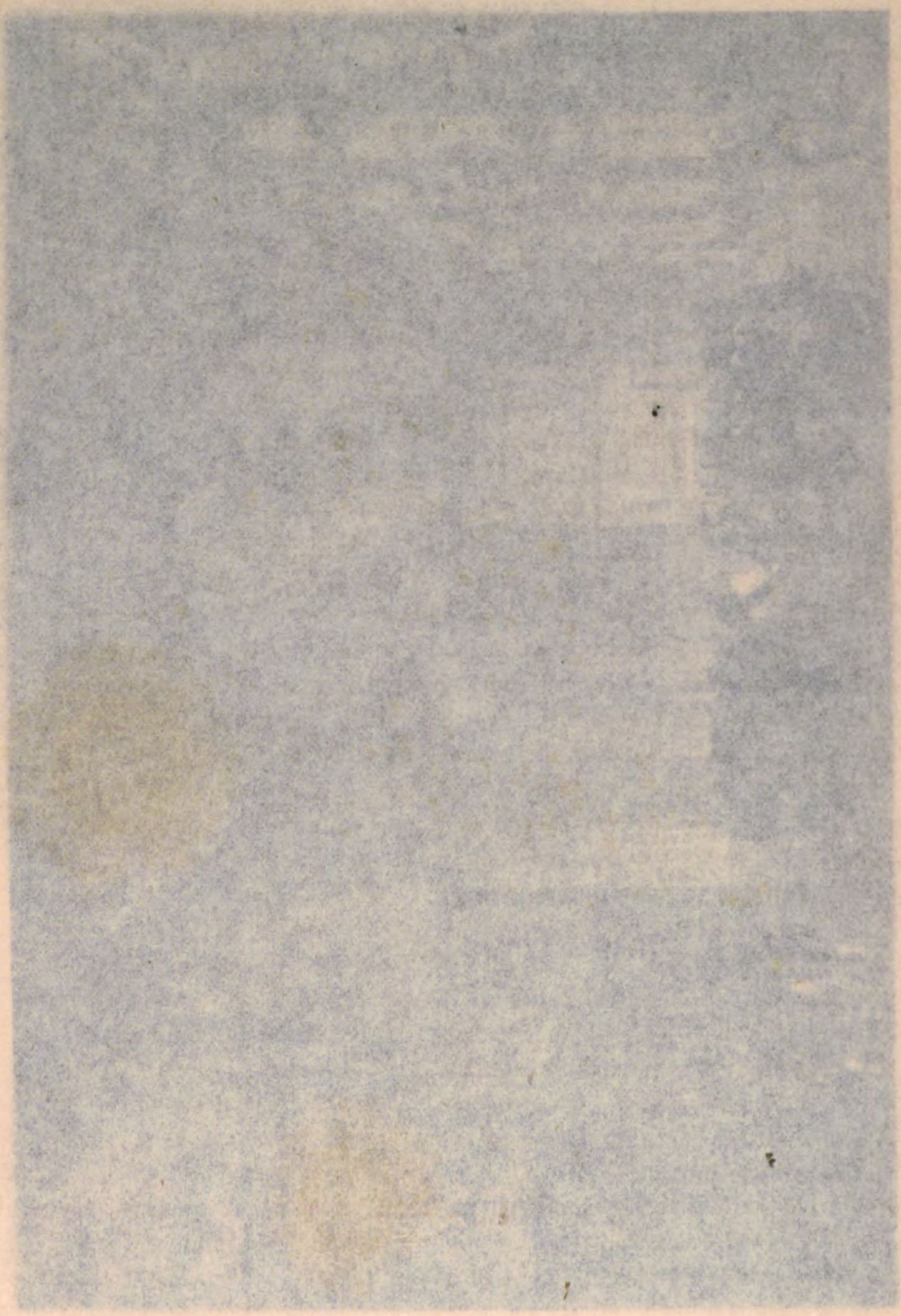

had weighed so heavily in the balance of the world; his sacrifice was completed, like his glory. Then opened the door of the palace; the old guard, which was below, presented arms—hearts beat so quickly!—tears were in every eye! They waited. At last, this army, or, to speak more correctly, this handful of brave men, saw descend into the frightened court, which seemed to recoil before him, a single man, with a proud look, and a bold step, sad, but not prostrate; he was wrapped in the gray riding-coat; he carried in his hand the hat of the Little Corporal; a single month of these misfortunes had aged him more than ten battles would have done. His old soldiers, finding him so great in adversity, were profoundly affected, and could not understand, poor heroes! how and why the emperor and they were thus separated, they, who were always the great army, he, who was always the emperor. A well-known voice aroused them from their stupor.

"Soldiers," said he to them, "I bid you adieu. During the forty years that we have been together, I have been pleased with you; I have always found you in the path of honour!" After which he embraced the eagles, and re-ascended with a firm and tranquil step, that same staircase of Fontainebleau, now laden with flowers.

Thus they separated,—in that same spot,—the emperor and the great army, to go and die, here and there, all in the same sadness, in the same glory, in the same destitution.

But let us penetrate into the palace of so many absolute monarchs, only we must take care to have with us the thread of Ariadne, for once entered there, you will soon lose yourself; it is the most wonderful labyrinth that ever astonished human imagination. There is nothing but vast galleries, immense saloons, amphitheatres, giants' staircases, mysterious passages, sweet retreats concealed in the walls, balconies of marble and bronze. All times, all places, all arts, all monarchs, are represented within these walls. The sixteenth century has thrown there all its caprices and all its poetry; Henry IV. and Louis XIII. have left upon the walls, their impression, at once Italian and French; Louis XIV. carried within them his royal and budding grandeur; the Emperor Napoleon came here to await the Empress Maria-Louisa of Austria, who allied him with the kings of Europe, while separating him from the people of France. But such was the majesty of this place, that each of the powers who passed through it,—were it only for a day,—felt himself obliged to add a new magnificence to these splendours. Such a king, in order to signalize his visit to Fontainebleau, built a whole palace by way of continuation to the primitive palaces; another erected a church; the third a theatre, or, at least, a gallery; a fourth had barely time to engrave there his name and his cipher, after which he was carried away by the tempest; his name has been effaced by the whitewasher.

At the present day, thanks to the same thoughtful foresight which has raised the palace of Versailles,—in Fontainebleau, now repaired and saved, everything is revived: the tottering foundations are again settled, the staircases crushed by so many passing grandeurs are re-established upon their bases, the statues lying upon the ground again

ascend their pedestals, the portraits return into their frames, the old plaster of the saloons is driven away like dust, and behind this ignoble coat re-appear, in their new brilliancy, the chefs d'œuvre of three centuries. It is done; the restoration of the monument is complete, within and without; the ceilings are renewed like the walls; the deal doors have given place to others made of oak; the painted paper vanishes, and leaves room for the historical paintings; echo repeats anew the sonorous names of former days; the cellars are again filled, and also the wood-houses; velvet and gilding are restored to the furniture; the worms regret their prey; the gothic windows are replaced in the window-frames; the chimneys which had fallen down are built up again; with the minute care and the exact patience of the antiquary, the slightest details are found of that exquisite sculpture, which changed wood into a masterpiece, stone into lace, marble into heroes and beautiful women. The mosaic re-appears always young and brilliant, and bursts forth fresher than ever, from beneath the oak floor which covered it like a tomb. Everywhere, from the top to the bottom of these vast walls, the same attentive and repairing hand has been carried; everywhere again shines forth gold, paint, enamel, marble, stone, shell, ivory, silver, wool, bronze. This Palace of Fontainebleau,—not ten years ago,—was a desolate dwelling, abandoned to every wind of heaven; to-day it is a magnificent palace, worthy of the greatest kings. Thus the astonishment is immense among the royal shadows. "Who, then, has repaired my galleries?" cries Francis I.; "glory to him! he has replaced upon the walls my arms and the cipher of my beautiful mistress."—"Who then has raised again the staircase of Fontainebleau, and preserved even the slightest traces of my departure?" cries the Emperor: "glory to him! he has no fear of eagles or recollections, any more than of the standards of the great army." Thus talk together these tranquillized shades. At the same time, at the hour of midnight, re-appear, light as happy shadows, all the ladies who reigned for a day in these royal dwellings. They glide gently upon these soft carpets; they take their seats upon the restored thrones; they rest upon the regilded sofas; they smile at their own beauty in these Venetian glasses, which erstwhile reflected them so fair and so beautiful; they dance in chorus beneath these arched roofs, where everything recalls to them former days. What a great and beautiful task has this head of a dynasty, in fact, imposed upon himself! To save the ruins, to save the glories, to save the remembrances of his country; to aspire rather to the title of preserver than of founder; to erect little, but to preserve all; to be prouder of drawing a palace from its ruin than of commencing it, and then leaving it imperfect at death; to turn to advantage, to restore to all their primitive brilliancy, all the luxury, all the enterprises, all the follies, all the royal expenditure, of three centuries; thus to arrive at the most admirable result which ever crowned the work of the greatest architects, that is so say, to finish all the monuments which are begun; the same day, to restore to the column its Emperor; Louis XIV. to Versailles; Francis I. to Fontainebleau; Mademoiselle to the château d'Eu; and the king to the Tuileries;—and on the *morrow* to aspire, by way of rest, to the glory of finishing the Louvre;—and all these incredible

efforts, all these enterprises, superintended in person, all this, in the midst of clashing parties, of tumult, of civil war, of disorder, beneath the poniard of the assassin,—this is what may be called, to design and to execute!

But you must hurry on, in spite of your admiration. To traverse the palace of Fontainebleau is a whole journey. "But," say you, "let me examine these entwined ciphers, Henry II. and Diana of Valentinois; let me study the emblems of this chimney-piece of the most beautiful Ionic order, mingled with garlands, festoons, devices, clever inventions of Philbert Delorme's and Guillaume Rondelet's;"—you must proceed, you must pursue your route, without stopping at each vision. In the gallery of Francis I., just as in the gallery of Henry II., you will find the same Primaticcio, not only the great painter, but also the great sculptor. In decoration, painting must not be abandoned to itself; if you wish it to produce all its effect, it must be accompanied by sculpture. It is sculpture that gives relief, that is to say, motion and life, to the masterpieces of the painters. It completes, it forms an excellent accompaniment to painting; it augments its power and grace. From this intimate union of two great arts which so wonderfully accord with each other, has resulted that gallery, which must have been the wonder of the sixteenth century, of all the splendours of which it is an admirable summary.

If you understand what you are about, you will not leave Fontainebleau without going through the forest, which is one of the most beautiful and most picturesque in France.

You ought to see the Forest of Fontainebleau in the morning at a very early hour, when the bird sings, when the sun shines, when all the points of view extend themselves to infinity before your delighted eyes, when all these stones, heaped up beneath these aged trees, take a thousand fantastic forms, and give to the forest the appearance of the plain on which the Titans fought against heaven. The Forest of Fontainebleau is full of mystery, of noises, of by-ways, of light, of obscurity; there are profound caverns; there are little paths which sweetly wind beneath the shade, upon the flowery turf; there are waves of sand, which escape from the half-opened rock; there is a drop of dew, which falls with a soft murmur from an inert hill; there are a thousand strange forms, as there must have been many on the earth after the Deluge, when the waters had disfigured, at pleasure, everything in creation; at each step you take in these mysteries, you meet some of these novelites, as old as the world, but the effect of which is all-powerful. The artists, the poets, the romancers, the lovers—those great poets—have, from time immemorial, made the Forest of Fontainebleau, the empire of their dreams. It is composed of nearly forty thousand acres of ancient and majestic trees; it is bound on the west by the Seine, on the south by the canal de Briare, and is no less than twenty-eight leagues in circumference.

In the midst of this admirable confusion of rocks, and lawns, and old oaks,—several of which are called Saint Louis, Charlemagne, or Clovis;—in the thick groves, at the bottom of these deep defiles, in the depth of these caverns, on the summit of these aerial palaces; far from the Seine which sparkles at a distance, or on its very borders;

beneath the shadow of the pines or the birch trees, the maple or the beech, the firs or the elms; upon the heath, among the rose trees, on the moss or the gravel; by the cry of the ravens, the joyous songs of the lark, the plaintive notes of the nightingale; whether the adder displays in the sun its varied colours, or whether the deer vanishes with a bound, after having thrown upon you one animated and curious glance,—do not forget to seek the favourite sites of the princes and poets, the famous rocks, the *repos de chasse*, the very sight of which recalls so many old legends. There is a certain art in visiting Fontainebleau, without which, all is chance and confusion. Go then, step by step, from the *Table du Roi* to the *Vallée de la Selle*, from the *Rocher de Saint Germain* to the *Mare aux Eves*, from the *Carre four de Belle Vue* to the *Gorge du Loup*. Among all these magnificent horrors, covered with beautiful shadow, do not fail to visit Franchard, the most romantic of all these picturesque valleys. At Franchard, they will tell you legends, they will show you the ruins of a monastery; you will hear the history of the monks; then by coasting a little lake,—upon which floats a young oak of some twenty years of age, overturned by the wind,—you will soon behold with delight, the *Roche-qui-pleure*.

The *Roche-qui-pleure* is a hill naturally placed amongst several others of smaller height; around it, all is desolation, silence, and aridity; you feel thirsty, at the mere fact of finding yourself upon these sands, amongst these rocks, beneath this burning sun. But listen; do you hear the silvery sound of a drop of water, which falls from the sky into a nacre-shell? It is strange,—this pearl which detaches itself from this vast rock, this drop of pure water which falls with a murmur from this immense granite! At all times, in all seasons, beneath the hottest sun, in the coldest winter, the same rock eternally gives the same drop of pure and unalterable water, never more, never less. There are still, among the renowned places, the *Mont de Henri IV.*, the *Rocher d'Aran*, the *Mont Aigu*, the *Ventes de la Reine*, the *Erables*, the *Table du Grand Venuer;* the spectre huntsman leads the midnight chase to the barking of his ghostly dogs; the *Grande Taille*, the *Village d'Aran*, the *Pressoirs du Roi*, the *Bouquet du Roi, Henry IV. et Sully*, two old oaks admirable amongst all the oaks, and the *Rocher des Deux Sœurs*. Oh! what terrible and touching histories, stories of hunting and of love, of treason and of vengeance, this aged forest has covered with its shadow—an ancient, silent, profound shadow—and which is reached by no other noise than the stag braying, the bird singing, the horn resounding through the wood. And yet, what I prefer for the beauty of the landscape, is the lovely spot which I visited yesterday.

This lovely spot, which I prefer even to the stately pile of the palace of Fontainebleau, is the park of Saint Cloud, which is overlooked by the heights of Bellevue. The very journey from Paris to Saint Cloud is a true fête. Saint Cloud is at the gates of Paris; you may go there by traversing the bois de Boulogne with its marvellous paths. If you wish to do it properly, you will take the barrier of Versailles, and ascend the gentle acclivity which leads you to the village of Passy,—Passy, an American city—the hospitable hamlet which Franklin chose, for the sojourn which he made in

Paris, at the time of the universal enthusiasm. It was a strange thing to see this man, who was the ambassador of a revolution, walking without sword, without embroidery, without powder, without ruffles, amidst the crowd of the courtiers of the king of France. This man was good sense suddenly let loose in the midst of poetry; he was the citizen, who treated on terms of equality,—and for their good,—with all the great lords of this worm-eaten royalty. Ah! if these improvident men had but listened to the advice of the American printer;—if they had but known how to read that simple book, *Poor Richard,*—the Revolution, which was advancing with a giant's step, would not have surprised them in all the disorder and in all the misery of ruin and bankruptcy! This new-comer from America would have taught the friends of king Louis XVI., the flatterers of king Louis XV., that great word which comprehends the life of nations and men,—foresight. Passy remembers Franklin; one fine street in this beautiful village is called the *rue Franklin.* They still show the elevated esplanade, from the summit of which our compatriot drew the lightning from heaven, as an aspiring epigraph says, *Eripuit cœlo fulmen!* As for having torn the sceptre from tyrants, *sceptrumque tyrannis,* Franklin had not so much ambition; and if by *tyrant,* the Latin verse intended the good king Louis XVI., the Latin verse would praise Franklin for an action which would have horrified that honest, kind, worthy man, who was equally incapable of cowardice and cruelty. Passy remembers the time when it was the rendezvous of all the fashionable world, and of the *most* fashionable world. In the simple view of these beautiful houses, these vast gardens, all this exterior decoration, it is easy to find vestiges of 1730 and some following years. More than one little house, at the present day honestly inhabited, was built upon the edge of the wood by king Louis XV., for some favourite of the moment. From Versailles, the good sire came across the fields; and, once within the small, discreet, gallant house of Mademoiselle de Romans for instance, the mother of the abbé de Bourbon, he forgot the annoyances of that royalty of France, which is so heavy when it is idle, and which felt itself conquered and surpassed by an irresistible force. I have seen this house, which formerly belonged to Mademoiselle de Romans; the trees which the king planted have now become magnificent; the house is of simple and elegant appearance, but—and nothing can be more reasonable—this house, with which the king of France was contented, has been embellished, enlarged, and worthily finished by a good citizen of Paris. In the dining-room, it has more than once happened, that Louis XV., urged to it by the vivacity of the discourse, was obliged to strike upon the table, saying, "*The king, gentlemen!*" Suddenly, each one would return to the attitude of respect. Another time, in a moment of good humour,—and I must own that M. de Richelieu had, at that instant, more wit than Voltaire,—Louis XV. gave a box on the ear to M. de Richelieu, who was seated at his right hand. He was certainly in a delicate position. What should he do? how should he behave? how prevent himself from being vexed and looking red? and on the other hand, how receive such an affront without complaining? M. de Richelieu recovered from his astonishment, and gave the blow to his next neighbour, saying,

"The king wishes it to pass round!" The blow passed; but I have yet to understand how the gentleman, who was seated on the king's left hand, extricated himself from the difficulty.

Quite at the end of the *Grand rue* of Passy, *La Muette,* (another erection of king Louis XV., but this time for the reigning mistress Madame de Pompadour) throws its aged shadow across the path; it is the sweetest spot in the world. The park is laid out with wonderful ingenuity; the garden is blended with the wood; the château is built with the ornamental rapture of the architects of former days. In this house, long resided, like a great lord as he was, amid the finest statues and most excellent chefs d'œuvre of painting, the celebrated M. Erard. He was a great artist and a clever connoisseur; he invented in France, and indeed throughout Europe, the piano,—that wonderful instrument, to which we owe so many masterpieces, and which has so happily served the genius of that poet named Franz-Liszt. You salute *La Meutte* as you pass, and, still going by the wood, you regain the brink of the water.—Proceed a little at hazard, as you must, if you would see everything; look at Mount Valérien;—formerly it was a burial-ground, now it is a fortress. Some of the noble dead interred there, were obliged to be removed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, like all the dead of the present generation. There nevertheless reposed, till the end of the world, (at least, she believed so,) the most turbulent and most restless woman of this century, which is nevertheless the century of turbulent women, Madame de Genlis. Did she sufficiently display, in her miserable fashion, her beauty, her wit, her intelligence, her style, her talent? Has she been wandering enough, truant enough, sufficiently beaten by all the blows of misfortune? Did she have enough dangerous connections; and, among so many foolish things, has she left one delightful little chef d'œuvre, *Mademoiselle de Clermont?* She died in time, before the Duke of Orleans, whose governess she had been, ascended the throne of France. This was one of the blessings of his majesty king Louis Philippe, to be delivered from the dotage of this good woman, who would have become insupportable in his present elevated rank.

A beautiful open-work iron bridge—light and aërial,—crosses the Seine; an easy route will conduct you to Saint Cloud; Saint Cloud ready dressed and adorned, and filled with wandering melodies. The village displays itself upon the benevolent height; the proud Seine bounds at a distance. The park is a chef d'œuvre of art, seconded by every natural elegance; the château, placed between two terraces, between two avenues, presides over this collection of meadows, of verdure, of lawn, of basins.

A fine avenue of beech-trees planted by Louis the Fourteenth's own son, that unworthy pupil of Bossuet's, will conduct you to a charming spot named Ville d'Avray: Ville d'Avray is the peaceful village abandoned to its own good nature; here you will find no kings, no princes, no great lords; but simply rich bankers and a few clever artists, who do not like to lose sight of their beloved city. One of the dearest romancers of France,—a clever man, a subtle observer, capricious, fantastical, unequal, he who, next to M. Scribe, has contributed most to the amusement of his own epoch,—has built himself a picturesque cabin on the line of the railroad, which travellers point out

to each other as they pass. King Charles X. hunted by choice at Ville d'Avray, and in this hunt he displayed all his royal magnificence. The dauphiness, a pious woman amongst all the pious, had an estate at Ville d'Avray. To her we owe that beautiful road which surrounds the whole neighbouring country. On the other side of the same hill, the château de Bellevue formerly raised its delightful terrace. There lived, in the midst of the villagers who blessed them, Mesdames the sisters of king Louis XV., with their humble virtues! how long their earnest prayers arrested the anger of which the heavens were full! The valley de Fleury fills all the opposite space with its magnificence. But we must certainly have more than one day, to contemplate these mild aspects, to tell you all the beautiful spots in this vast forest, and what delightful houses the forest protects with its shadow. Picture to yourself an immense ocean of verdure and of flowers, mingled with cries of joy and sweet songs.—But what am I about? I had almost forgotten to remind you of the Lantern of Diogenes, placed at the top of an obelisk erected for that purpose by order of Napoleon, in one of the finest spots in the park. A spiral staircase leads you to the summit, whence you may obtain a varied and magnificent view. This lantern—which during the Imperial government was always lighted when the council was sitting at Saint Cloud—is now a place of rendezvous for parties of pleasure, who meet again there, after straying in the plantations.

When evening comes, the same rural labyrinth insensibly leads you back to your point of departure,—the park of Saint Cloud;—in good time—the sun is now less powerful. The oldest trees form a long, principal alley, other *centenary* trees fill the space. The Parisians have arrived, and have already spread beneath the yoke-elms; the cries were never more joyous, the groves never more thronged; the road is filled, the steamboat brings each hour its lovely cargo of young men and girls. Listen! the music is beginning! It is the ball, always the ball, which gives the signal. Before long, and when the shades of night are really fallen, a thousand lights of all colours will invade the park of Saint Cloud. The bird, awoke amidst the foliage, and thinking it is day, will commence his morning hymn;—soon interrupted by the sound of the morning watch, recalling the dragoons to the neighbouring barracks. Still later, a brilliant firework will burst in the heated air. Without fireworks, there can be no good fête for the Parisian. The country is at peace, he is engaged in making his fortune, he asks nothing but to live and die in this happy calm,—but to die a long time hence; and yet, gunpowder always pleases him; he loves its blaze, he loves its noise, its smell, and even its smoke; he looks at the powder burning, he enjoys it with all his heart; *he dreams the rest,* while singing Béranger's songs!

Alas! in these same spots, filled with the popular wave, not one of these ungrateful men remembers the good king Charles and the little royal infant, whose anniversary, in bygone days, filled the park of Saint Cloud with so much joy; and this long alley, in which walked with a silent step, a gun upon his shoulder, poetry in his forehead and love in his heart, a lifeguard who called himself Alphonse de Lamartine,—the last Bourbon guarded by the last poet of France!—Oh vanity!

CHAPTER XX.

The July Fêtes—The Mât de Cocagne—The Parisian on the Seine—His awkwardness—Various Amusements—The Place de la Bastille—Beaumarchais—Destruction of the Bastille—Monument of July—History of an old man—Phantoms of the Bastille—The Colossal Elephant—The Revolution of July—Mineral waters—the lake d'Enghein—The family of Montmorenci—The village of Montmorenci—Rousseau—Gretry—Saint Gratien—The Marshal de Catinat—Eaubonne—Sannois—Epinay—Rousseau—The forest of Montmorenci—Imagination and reality—A horticultural fête—Ennui of the flowers—The dahlias—Useful flowers—Barbarous Latin—Nomenclature of the Roses—Vexatious ignorance—Tulips—Daisies—Pansies—Flora and Pomona—Vegetables—Fruit—Flowers—Talent of the Parisian ladies—The carnations—Favourite names.

Ungrateful people! they forget everything, except to be punctual at the fêtes that are given to them. During the many years since the people triumphed in July, almost every year has brought back to them its three days of idleness, of relaxation, of illuminations, of wrestlings and plays, in the vast space of the Champs Elysées. It is a sight worth witnessing—a whole people abandoned to joy! The *Mât de Cocagne* entices, with its bait, the most terrible and the most active ambitions; the difficulty is, to seek, at the top of a greasy pole, the presents of the city of Paris; a gold watch,—a silver plate,—a bracelet. The pole is surrounded by vast numbers from Paris, and, above all, from the faubourgs, who are eager for the prize. They push, they jostle, they attack each other; they cry, they look, they blame, they approve. The crowd, with extended necks, endeavour to find out who will be the victor in the game. Bets are laid, at the very foot of the tree; partnership societies are formed.—"If I have the watch, you shall have your share of it!—If you get the silver plate, we will melt it, and, what is better, we will drink it together! it is agreed!" So that, no sooner is it gained, than the national recompense is carried in great triumph, to the silversmith of the city, a true Florentine chaser of the best ages,—a great artist learned in the art of the sculptors.—Of him it may be said, *Materiam superebat opus,* the manner is yet more excellent than the matter; in a word, it is Froment Meurice, the admirable goldsmith, of whom I speak.—"I have won! I have won!" cry the joyous bandits, bringing the appearance of the watch or the casket of the plate, "I have won! buy my watch!"—And Froment Meurice buys the watch, the same watch which has been used nearly thirteen years, which is sold and gained, at least twice per annum, to the great joy of the Parisians. Good people! how small a thing is sufficient to amuse them!

Another delight of these three days is the joust upon the water. The Parisian loves his river, he knows it by heart; his great enjoyment is to keep, on the borders of the Seine, a little canoe painted green, which goes by oar and sail, until a sudden squall capsizes the vessel, and those who are in it, like a true John Bart. Besides, the river is a fine theatre, well placed in the midst of the city, between two magnificent

CHAPTER XX.

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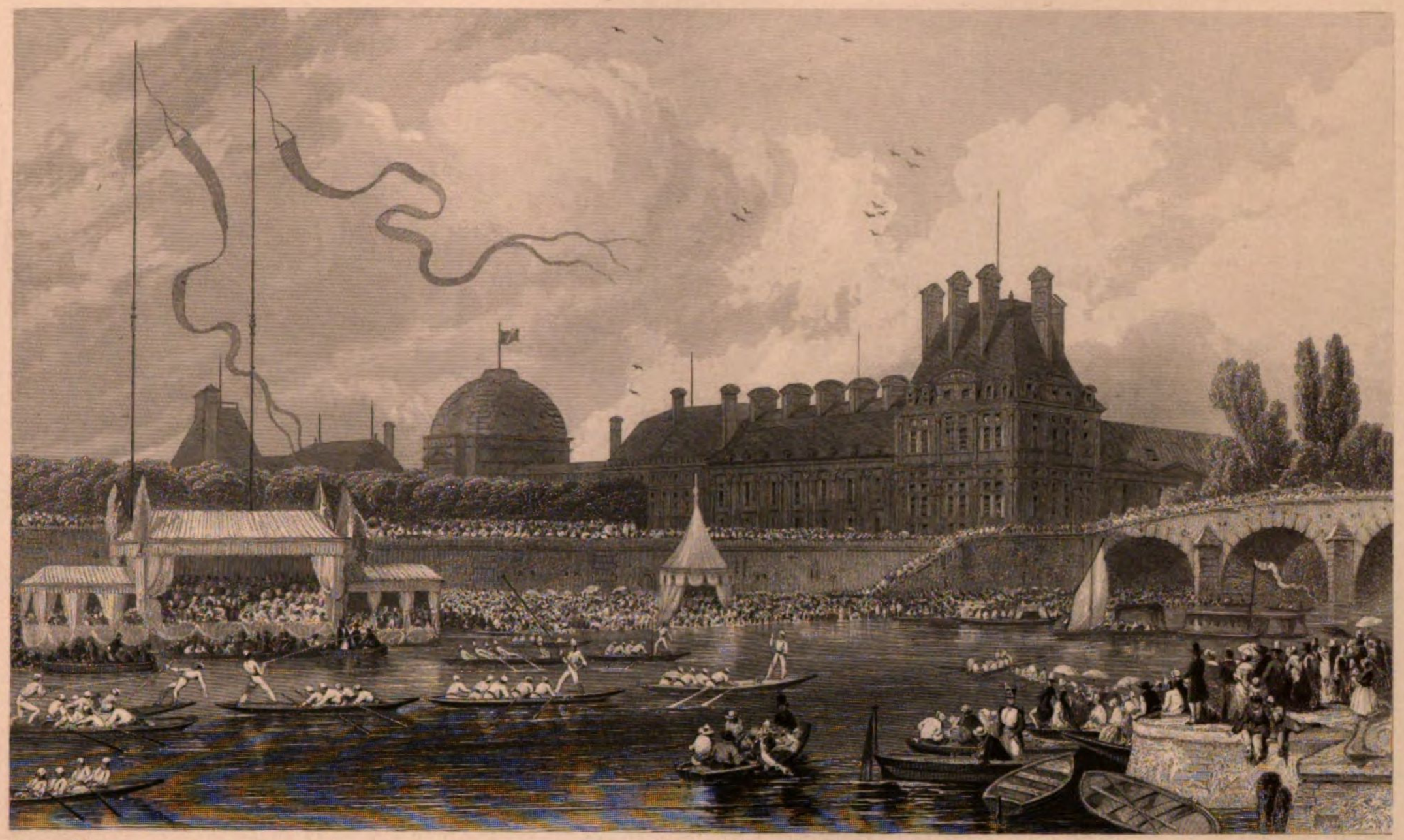

Eugene Lami. J.T.Willmore, A.R.A.

Tournay on the Seine, during the July Fêtes.

Joute sur la Seine. *Fahrt auf der Seine.*

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quays.—The actors, lightly clad, are so happy and proud at having so many looks turned upon their tricks of skill and strength. In all justice it must be owned, that upon the water, a leathern cap on his head and an oar in his hand, the Parisian is the most awkward of mortals; but this is so much the better, if the awkwardness causes bursts of laughter. As for me, I love all this noise, all this motion, all this crowd,—these martial exercises,—these combats between Arabs and French tumblers, upon the trestles,—these learned dogs,—these two-headed monsters,—these dwarfs, these giants, these ostlers, that woman who plays with a lion like the widow of Androcles. But then, after these turbulent enjoyments, it is very sweet, again to find a little calm, repose, and silence! The crowd have slowly started towards the Champs de Mars, to the barrier de Vincennes, in order to be present at the double fireworks; the dome of the Invalids sparkles from afar, beneath the last beams of day. Let us leave the crowd, and remain alone, to look, to listen, to recollect ourselves, to dream.

In this quiet and happy evening meditation, I crossed the whole inhabited space which separates the Arc de Triomphe from the place de la Bastille. The spot is deserted, and awaits future houses. There formerly rose, surrounded by his vast gardens, the sudden palace of that revolutionary, so famous for wit, malice, and eloquence, called Beaumarchais. When he saw that every one was working, with mind and hands, in order thoroughly to overturn that old French society, which has now become something less than a dream to us, he set about attacking it, not by wit, like Voltaire, but by sarcasm, by irony, by license, summoning to the aid of his Figaro, which was rebellious like himself, the most wretched women, children more than precocious, and boudoir scenes, which he represented to take place beneath large flowering chesnut-trees. He had thus assisted, by his constant sneer, in the ruin of everything. And, at last, one fine day, when the triumphant people carried away that old Bastille, which was worm-eaten and gaping on all sides, the abominable parent of Figaro laid out for himself, upon the site of the Bastille, English gardens, kiosks, grottoes, cottages, murmuring cascades, a gilded hotel,—a second Bastille, in which he enclosed himself, with the worn-out remains of his wit,—an artillery disordered and spiked in every direction. In general, I know nothing more respectable, than the old age of great men; glory, at its setting, is tinged with a beautiful reflection which renders it more serene and more imposing. The white hair shades so well the noble forehead, which sixty years of courage, of virtue, and of genius have not entirely wrinkled;—but an old punster, who makes the most cruel puns; an old actor, who has taken even the greatest part; a clever pamphleteer; a revolutionary following in the track of others, out of breath, wounded, shrivelled, who, with cool effrontery, comes to place himself upon the ruins of the Bastille, and who, in its wrecks, still echoing the groans and the tears of the miserable, arranges for himself a pretty little retreat, that he may die more at his ease—this is, in truth, a pitiable sight.

Happily, the house of Master Caron de Beaumarchais has disappeared from this palace. These frivolous gardens, planted with old scentless roses, torn from the fifth act of the *Marriage of Figaro,* have partially opened, to form an outlet for the muddy

waters of a horrible canal, which terminates in a ditch. Upon this canal is transported, each night, the filth of the Parisian city; it would be impossible to find a more just emblem of that false mind of the end of last century, laden with pestilence, famine, tumult, and conspiracies, and which led, not to a ditch, but to the scaffold.

However, the site of this funeral city, inhabited by so many wretched creatures, has not been entirely covered; a small part of it has remained unoccupied, doubtless in order that one day, in speaking of the Bastille, the child of the faubourg may be able to stamp his foot and say, *It was here!* When the people of 1789 had, in their play, overthrown, with one heave, these walls which had been undermined by the deeds of darkness committed within them, they returned home, singing, satisfied with their day, and the next morning were very much astonished, when they heard the powerful voice of Mirabeau telling them, with every kind of admiration and praise, that they had, on the evening before, performed an heroic action. The truth is, that the people, in their good sense, knew very well that they had not overthrown the Bastille; they had found it already torn down, they had but dispersed, here and there, the now useless stones. Happily, the people do not understand effecting revolutions; at most, they are useful in finishing them, and in that case, they go to it with no light hand, and in the twinkling of an eye, nothing would have remained of the Bastille but its site; all the rest would have fled like the dust which the wind drives before it, on the approach of a storm.

The Parisian country is so complete, that they have finished by discovering even mineral waters. At the present moment, Baden-Baden, Weis-Baden, Ems with its health-giving streams, Vichy, Aix in Savoy, Spa the relaxation of Belgium, Plombières, and the delightful baths of Lucca, and all those fine rendezvous of amusement and enjoyment which the Pyrenees enclose, have been replaced by the waters of the lake d'Enghien. The Parisian is naturally a person who will not quit the walls of the city within which he dwells; he surrounds himself by railroads expressly for this purpose, —not that he may go and seek other nations, but that all the nations of Europe may come and seek him, in their most splendid attire. The Parisian, without having left Paris, knows the whole world by heart; even without your taking the trouble to question him, he will tell you what is passing in London, what is done in New York, where the Queen of England took her last airing, what brilliant review his majesty the Emperor of Russia has held, what new reform their majesties the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria meditate, in their profound wisdom. The Parisian sees all with one glance; he is everywhere, he knows all the news; he knows nothing else, but then his information on this subject is complete. Why then do you wish him to disturb himself henceforth? He is resolved not to disturb himself, not even to go to a distance in search of health; health is at his gates, a journey of three hours will place it within his reach. For the true Parisian, the lake d'Enghien replaces the bleached and ancient wonders of Switzerland. At Enghien are assembled, in a degree sufficient to content these beings of so much mind, the emotions of travelling, the repose of the country, the flowers of the meadow, the neighbourhood of the hills,—and, above all, the lake,

which reflects in its silvery mirror, the calm, smiling landscape. This narrow space is enough, and more than enough, to refresh these happy men after their hardest labours, to cure them of their most lively passions, to restore to them all the strength and all the vivacity which they have expended during the winter. Thanks to this sweet valley of such easy poetry, even the Alps have nothing to attract them; the voyage round the world appears to them a folly; and, indeed, what is the use of going so far, in order to find the peaceful joys and the delightful freedom of the country, when you have them close at hand, when you can transport yourself there in a few hours; above all, when these poor, delicate, fragile ladies can find, on the borders of this gently-agitated lake, the rest which is so necessary for them? For my part, I have not the boldness to blame them. I wish to see,—and I have seen,—this charming valley, of which poetry recounts so many marvels, which are not, however, beyond the truth. Picture to yourself an immense park, filled with villages and hamlets, gardens and forests, with a fertile soil, limpid waters, and rich culture;—nothing is wanting, not even ruins and old castles. There lived and reigned, in the time of Louis the Gross, that terrible Bouchard de Montmorenci, who was so difficult to tame. Many frightful stories are related of this bandit, who was the head of one of the most illustrious houses in France. But, at the present day, nothing remains of these men of iron, except some ruins of their château, and the remembrance of their glory. In France, glory is the only thing which is imperishable; the feudal towers have been demolished, the gothic churches have been torn down, the princely domains have been sold by auction . . . but not one of the great names of France has been forgotten. And this is the reason that she has continued so great amongst the nations of the world.

Not far from Montmorenci, when you have traversed a small wood of oak, and descended to the bottom of the valley, you will find yourself at Saint Gratien,—Saint Gratien, which was the retreat of the calmest and most sincere of heroes, the Marshal de Catinat. He was the pride of the armies of his majesty King Louis XIV.; the most serious and most amiable man of the great century. Never was the self-denial of any one carried to a greater extent; his courage was equalled only by his modesty. After having gained so many battles, he quitted the court, in order to retire to this beautiful mansion, where, from time to time, the respect and praise of men came to seek the marshal, who had fallen into disgrace with the king.

The shades of Saint Gratien have preserved I know not what imposing grandeur, which has an irresistible effect. In vain has the house been demolished; in vain has the park been divided among the citizens of Paris; I know not why, but people are silent when they pass beneath these trees, as if the illustrious captain were about to make his appearance.

Eaubonne, on the contrary, is a gay, amiable village, of somewhat profane appearance, and which, if need were, could easily recall the follies, the elegances, and the vices of last century. There lived and reigned, less by wit than by grace, less by the youth and beauty of her countenance, than by the kindness and excellence of her heart, that so loved and so charming Madame d'Houdetot, for whom—I had almost

said by whom—was written the *Heloïse,* and who must have inspired Jean Jacques with his warmest pages. In the world of literature, she was called the *Sévigné of Sannois;* and, indeed, she had *her* delightful ease, *her* piquant conversation, *her* witty mind.

From the village of Sannois to the village of Epinay is not far; but what an infinite distance separated Madame d'Houdetot from Madame d'Epinay. The latter, even without trusting too much to the *Confessions,* was an arrant flirt! These men and women of the eighteenth century had very little heart! They amused themselves with this great genius as if he were a frivolous plaything; they treated him like one of the baboons on their chimney-piece. Madame d'Epinay called him her bear; but the bear grew sulky, and once offended would not wait, under the roof which she had lent him, until the month of May had re-appeared, not even till the first flowers of April blossomed; he would leave, leave immediately, beneath this cold December cloud, across the snow which covered the highway, poor, ill, already old, and dragging after him some wretched furniture, which was broken on the road. But nevertheless, leave Jean Jacques to instal himself in his new asylum; suffer the spring, the sun, the song of the bird, all the sweet harmonies of the country, to return, and you will see the great genius himself again. You will recognize him by the lively inspiration of his eloquence. Thanks to this fresh landscape which has yielded him so many honest joys, and so much delirium without danger; Jean Jacques Rousseau is everywhere in this valley, which he has surveyed under every aspect. You find him again at the foot of the old trees, near the fountain which murmurs its plaintive song on the borders of the lake, in the evening, when the moon rises in the softly lighted heavens. The rest of this charming country is equally fertile in associations.

In the month of June, you will suddenly find that you can be present at the fête of the flowers. They have their day of glory and of triumph, their crowns and their golden medals, as well as poetry and the fine arts. The château of the Tuileries is not too splendid, to shelter these fragile but charming wrestlers of the Parisian Flora; the palace of the Luxembourg is not too magnificent, worthily to accommodate them. Suffer me then to conduct you to this beautiful spot, where the wisest horticulturists and the most skilful gardeners of Paris assemble all the riches of their hot-houses, of their gardens, of their orchards, in order to compose, with the four seasons of the year, gathered together in the same place, the freshest, most delightful, and most fugitive of exhibitions.

To speak the truth, it is a wonderful display. You are much astonished, no doubt, when you see arriving at the Louvre, the *Cassandre* of M. Pradier, or the *Caïn* of M. Etex,—mountains of marble or bronze,—but it is doubtless much more surprising, to see running to the Luxembourg, roses and oaks, the carnation and the camelia, the former the honour of the gardens, the latter the glory and pride of the opera boxes, which it converts into so many parterres intermingled with living flowers! Yes, it is strange, to see blended,—not only without violence, but, on the contrary, in the most delightful manner,—corn and grapes, the winter apple and the peach, the monthly

rose and the chilly magnolia grandiflora. Formerly this was the task of the landscape painters, the work of Cabat or of Jules Dupré; they remained the absolute and legitimate masters of the verdant forest, the calm orchard; now, in their turn, gardeners and labourers set themselves to the employment; the landscape painter is surpassed by a power superior to his own: strictly speaking, it is the realization of the speech of Jean Bart to Louis XIV.,—*What he has said, I will do!*

Unfortunately the barbarous Latin of the gardeners of Paris and of England, somewhat spoils—at least with me—the grace, the brilliancy, and the perfume of the loveliest flowers.

Can you imagine that, to speak Latin, at the present day, in this France, so proud of her science, collected from every quarter of the globe—it is not necessary to be the Christian orator in his pulpit, or the political orator in his tribune: the magistrate dispenses with it as easily as the soldier, the philosopher as well as the artist, the prose writer as well as the poet; the disdain of it is general, the exemption is the same for all; but from this forgotten science, the gardener alone is not released. The spade does not preserve from Latin; on the contrary, these vulgar fathers of the most beautiful flowers must speak the most barbarous idiom, if they wish to understand each other. All the names of the mother-tongue, and even those adopted by the poets, are pitilessly banished from the richest parterres; so that you,—who arrive, full of animation, to witness this perfumed fête of the Parisian Flora, and who think yourself sufficiently advanced to understand the patois of our modern Linnæuses, you, who read Horace and Tacitus with ease, are yet completely at a loss what to understand by all these barbarous names, which belong to no language. You ask yourself with alarm, what is this unknown argot, and in what Iroquois country you have suddenly fallen. The best loved and the most familiar flower, that which you see every morning in your garden, that which you offer to the lady of your affections, that which you plant on the tomb of your mother, in order that she may have near her a filial remembrance, those gentle companions of our childhood, the sweet flowers that we imprudently wasted, as if they were only our happy days,—well! thanks to this barbarous Latin, we no longer know their names; we seek, but in vain, to recognize them, we dare not say that we have met them somewhere beneath our footsteps, when we had numbered but sixteen years. Go then and see where you are with such words as these, *liatris squarrosa, lobelia tupa, salvia canariensis, fuchsia coccinea, pentstemon gentianoides, tropælum pentaphyllum!* Assuredly, he who originated this science, and at the same time originated its language,—the great Linnæus, as he is called,—must have been indeed a man of surpassing genius, for the language which he formed, thus to have been preserved, among so many revolutions which have caused much more important things than languages to disappear! At any rate, this Latin of the Parisian gardeners,—not the kitchen, but the garden Latin,—the analogies of which cannot be perceived, is one of the most incredible languages which men ever spoke.

How much I prefer the nomenclature of the roses! I know not why, but it seems to me, that in the vegetable world, this is the only flower which has escaped Latin

designations. This favour has been granted it, that it should be abandoned to all vulgar minds; whilst our hot-house Latinists put themselves to torture that they may forge barbarisms. The amateur of roses, more indulgent and more sensible, gives to his beautiful flowers, beloved names; the names of heroes, of great artists; the names of beautiful ladies, the name of his young wife, or his eldest daughter, or of his infant child; sometimes even the name of his political opinions. Thus you have the *rose Henry V.* and the *rose Ferdinand,* one near the other, and without dreading a duel with thorns; you have the *rose Louis XII.* and the *rose Louis XV.;* the *rose Elizabeth, Colbert, Emilie Lesourd;* the *rose Rosine,* and the *rose Fanchon,* and the *rose Célemène; ma tante Aurore* and *Silene* have each their own rose. These are what I call titles; with these you may recognize them again, when once you have named them! *Général Marceau* and *Marechal de Villars* have also their rose. Alas! there is also the *rose Charles X.,* that dethroned king, that kind, affable gentleman; here is all that remains to us of this king of France, less than nothing—a flower!

It is very vexatious that we should be so completely ignorant of all these wonders; above all, it is very annoying that we have not time to learn this new science, which must render the honest men who cultivate it so happy. Here, for instancs, is a clever horticulturalist, who exhibits sixty-two varieties of plants, from the *fuchsia macrostemma* to the *rudbeckia hirta.* Oh the beautiful tulips! the splendid colours! the sweet flower-cup of exquisite form! The great master of this varied army, whom the conquering spring brings in his suite to thank the sun, is a skilful gardener named Tripet Leblanc. But then, the tulip fades so quickly! It is too evanescent for the honours of the exhibition. In the month of July, the most beautiful tulip is nothing more than a vile onion, melancholy to see. This is the reason that M. Tripet Leblanc, when his tulip is faded, turns all his attention to the most simple and most modest of flowers, the *daisy,* which did not expect so much honour. And if you knew how grateful they had shown themselves, for all the trouble which the clever gardener has taken! These flowers, so humble in their attitude and in their natural dress, have raised their heads, and are now adorned with the most varied colours. They are shepherdesses who have become queens, by the simple power of their native beauty and brilliancy. Then come the *pansies,* a numerous family, to which art and care have given incredible dimensions. Never could the modest flower have dreamed of a richer mantle of velvet and ermine. We stop, we look at them, we ask ourselves if this is really the flower of former days? It is herself, dressed, enlarged, ornamented.—But what sweet odour strikes your delighted sense? what unexpected perfumes? what unknown forms? We are now in presence of all the productions of the south and the sun. Coffee, sugar, cane, vanilla, tea, opium; the most beautiful *chadec* orange trees, with contracted leaves, with myrtle blossoms, or with fading blossoms;—they are obtained without difficulty in the hot-houses of the Parisian gardens. Suddenly, a strong smell of jasmine reaches you; did you not then perceive, laden with their white flowers, those jasmines from the Azores, those odoriferous myrtles, those red-flowered arbutuses? In point of trees and rare plants, salute the long-leaved magnolia grandiflora, the English magnolia,

the myrtle, and the *nerium à feuilles panachées,* the *geranium régine,* the Peruvian heliotrope, and the cactus, the dwarf banana tree from China, and the new bananas from Havanna, and the *golden cedar tree* of M. Soulange Bodin, and his cypress, and his varieties of pine trees, and his fine oaks of seven different species; in a word, all the curiosities of those beautiful gardens of Fromont, so long despised, and which have, at the present day, become a great and noble enterprise! But, indeed, we know not what to choose from this rich display. One has transplanted trees brought from all the known parts of the world; another, less ambitious, has cultivated the *orge d'Imalaya* and the *moutarde de Chine.* This one, forcing every law of nature, brings us in triumph, a *magnolia hartwica.* The history of this beautiful plant is worthy of being related. It is the production of a magnolia grandiflora and a magnolia fuscata. It blossomed, for the first time, at the very foot; it was then only thirty inches high: its flowers were small, as white as those of the lily, and had preserved the sweet smell of the magnolia fuscata, their worthy father.

In point of beautiful trees, you have the silvery fir, the olive-tree of Crimea, the Virginia poplar.

But this is not all; Pomona now disputes the prize with Flora! After blossoms, comes fruit; this is but fair. It is enough to make your mouth water, only to hear their names; the Canada pippin, the Dutch pippin, the various kinds of pears, the *crasanne,* the *Saint Germain,* the *beurré gris,* the *bon chrétien d'hiver,* the *Messire Jean doré,* the *doyenné d'automne.* And the delicious fruits which I forget, ungrateful that I am! the *cerise de Prusse,* and the *poire du tonneau,*—and the sweet, brilliant, velvet peaches—a thousand times more beautiful than the golden apples of the garden of Hesperides! the *pêche-petite-mignonne, Golconde, Madeleine rouge, Malte, Belle-de-Vitry,* newly landed from the village of Montreuil, all blushing, and covered with that fine down which softens their brightest colours.

But how is it possible to remember everything? All the fruits of creation were united to all its flowers! For some two days, the regiments of carnations are under arms, they have assumed their scarlet robes, they have decorated themselves with their most brilliant neckcloths; it is the time when the flower starts up, young, slender, and erect upon its stalk. At this hour, nothing is more beautiful to see, than the thousand children of the great family of the carnations, all varied in form, in colour, in grace, and in brilliancy. Spoiled children of the French Flora, they display to the southern wind their richest cloak of crimson. The buzzing bee, seeing their loveliness, scarcely dares touch them with his honied sting; the fresh morning throws into their flower-cup a drop of his sweet dew. The sun salutes them with his indulgent rays, the evening wind rocks and lulls them to sleep, not without having carefully closed the precious calyx. The dazzled eye knows not where to turn, amidst these perfumed flowers with their thousand colours.

Here is the odorous army of the red carnations, of a deep, brilliant red! Here are the scarlet *flámands,* the *sablés* with their diversified colours, the *bichons* bordered with blue and rose, the *ardoises* of clear pearl colour shaded with red—the powdered

chamois, true chamberlains of the empire of Flora,—the yellow carnations, and finally the *fantaisie*, the whimsical carnation which belongs to each and to all, capricious, coquettish, fantastical; the carnation—a broom-plant which displays all kinds of variegations upon its war helmet. How beautiful, how gay they are, how happy to pass their life of a day? And that they may readily be found again in the flowering season, the clever gardener has simply given them the greatest and most charming names of modern France. Here, we may salute his majesty King Louis Philippe, and his Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville,—and the Duke d'Aumale, carelessly placed at the very top of its stalk; the Duchess de Nemours, so brilliant; and the Count de Paris, that handsome child! There, you may see M. Guizot by the side of Madame Thiers,—Mademoiselle Bertin not far from M. Hugo,—M. Ingres and M. Alphonse Karr. Who else? The Princess de Czartoryska,—Mademoiselle Mars, and Mademoiselle Georges, under the name Melpomène.

After the astronomer, who makes one of the stars assume the name of his young wife; after the enthusiastic traveller, who from the height of the terrace of Saint Germain, when evening approaches, contemplates this immense gulf called Paris; yes certainly, and even after the poet, who gives the appellation of his mistress to a whole century—I know no happier man than the florist, who can thus name, according to his own fancy, all the flowers of his garden.

CHAPTER XXI.

Music—Friendly Réunions—Madame Damoreau—French hospitality to foreigners—M. Monpou—Mademoiselle Pujet—Celebrated Pianists—A family concert—Love of the French for old music—Wilhem—Thoughts of Home—Impossibility of describing Paris—Parisian urbanity to strangers—Dieppe—The Duchess de Berri—Visit of Queen Victoria to the château d'Eu—Mademoiselle—Narrow escape of the French royal family—Arrival of the Queen—Enthusiastic reception—Fête at the Mount d'Orleans—Intended paintings illustrating the royal visit—The Concert—Excitement in Paris whether Queen Victoria would honour that city with her presence—The Queen's decision—Her departure—Parisian Society—A puzzling question—Departure from France.

The great delight, the great occupation of the summer, in Paris, is music. As long as the winter lasts, the Parisians play to be applauded, to be admired, but when summer comes, they play for themselves, not for others. If you take pleasure in hearing them sing, or touch their favourite instruments, well and good, they will permit you to be present; but you are perfectly at liberty, if music does not please you, to go and walk in the garden. It must also be confessed, that this great art is admirably cultivated in this city, the progress of which is so rapid in all the arts. Fontenelle, who had so much wit, and who comprehended things so exactly, said in his time, *Sonata, what would you, from me?* If Fontenelle were living now, he would lend an attentive and delighted ear to the skilful melodies of some happy drawing-rooms which are justly celebrated

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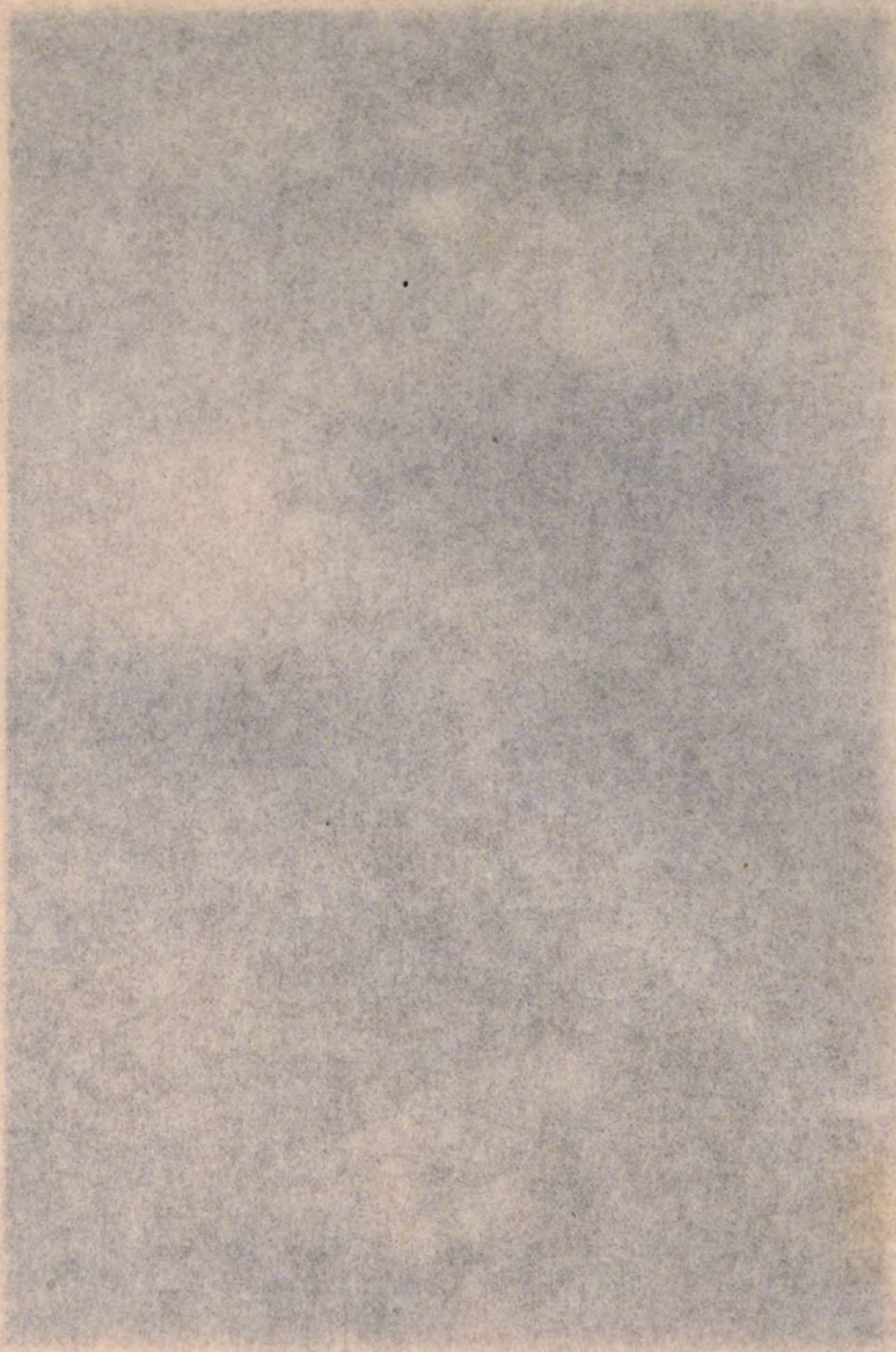
throughout Paris. Music is no longer, as in the time of Clementi and the harpsichord, a *strumming* occupation of the young girl who wishes to be married; it is a complete science, difficult, gravely cultivated even by young scholars, who are trained at an early age, by clever masters. Thus, music is no longer made a frivolous pastime, but is taught as a serious business! I know a certain Parisian house, concealed between the silence of the court and the shadow of the garden, in which, if you have the slightest love for chefs d'œuvre, you will certainly hear the best and most delightful music. There reign, as absolute masters, venerated and admired, Weber and Mozart, Gluck and Beethoven;—all kinds of genius, every great work; the clearest and most beautiful voices, consider it an honour to sing these calm and affectionate melodies. What the master has composed, they sing as he has composed it; nothing more, nothing less. What pleasant evenings are thus passed with the *Freischutz*, or the *Don Juan*, or the *Adelaïde!* Or else, it is some new-comer, who asks aid and protection; it is Schubert, for instance, whose ideal reverie makes every mind fall into a thousand happy dreams. To all these great ideas, the most excellent interpreters are not wanted; these fearless singers are encouraged in their noble task by the first composers of the present day, Meyerbeer, if he is at all pleased with these fine voices, will lead the orchestra; Rossini, if he feels himself to be well understood and well rendered, will preside at the piano. How often I have seen Halévy turn the page of the lady who sang! For all the composers of Europe consider as an honour, this musical fraternity, which unites them to the virtuosos of the saloons. They are so happy and so proud to see themselves thus understood, thus sung! At the same time, the best artists ask their part in this long-dreamed popularity. Madame Damoreau, for instance, is never more charming, never more bird-like, than in these friendly *réunions*, where she can display, at her ease, the rare bewitcheries of this inimitable art.

Music! it is the great pleasure of this city, the great occupation of the drawing-rooms, which have banished politics, and which have renounced literature, from ennui. Question your recollections, and you will see that this great art of music is exercised by those men and women who occupy the highest position in the world. The Prince de la Moscowa, this spring, had the chefs d'œuvre of Handel and of Palestrina, sung by the most beautiful voices in the faubourg Saint Germain. Never did the ancient abbey of Longchamps, in the time of its splendour, resound with sweeter voices, or more sacred airs. The intelligence of these happy artists is pushed farther than can easily be told; they bring to the execution of these beautiful works, all the art, all the science, all the poetic genius of primitive times, when the master himself led, in the sweet songs of harmony, his young children of the choir. Happy he who can take his part in these chosen joys of the first drawing-rooms in Paris! happy he, who is admitted into these assemblies of artists so well disposed for enthusiasm! For my own part, in this, as in everything else, I have no reason to complain of Parisian hospitality; the stranger is loved in Paris, he is sought, he is protected. Approbation brought from afar, the remembrances which the traveller takes back to his own land, are not without value, even in the eyes of the handsomest women, and the cleverest men. If you arrive

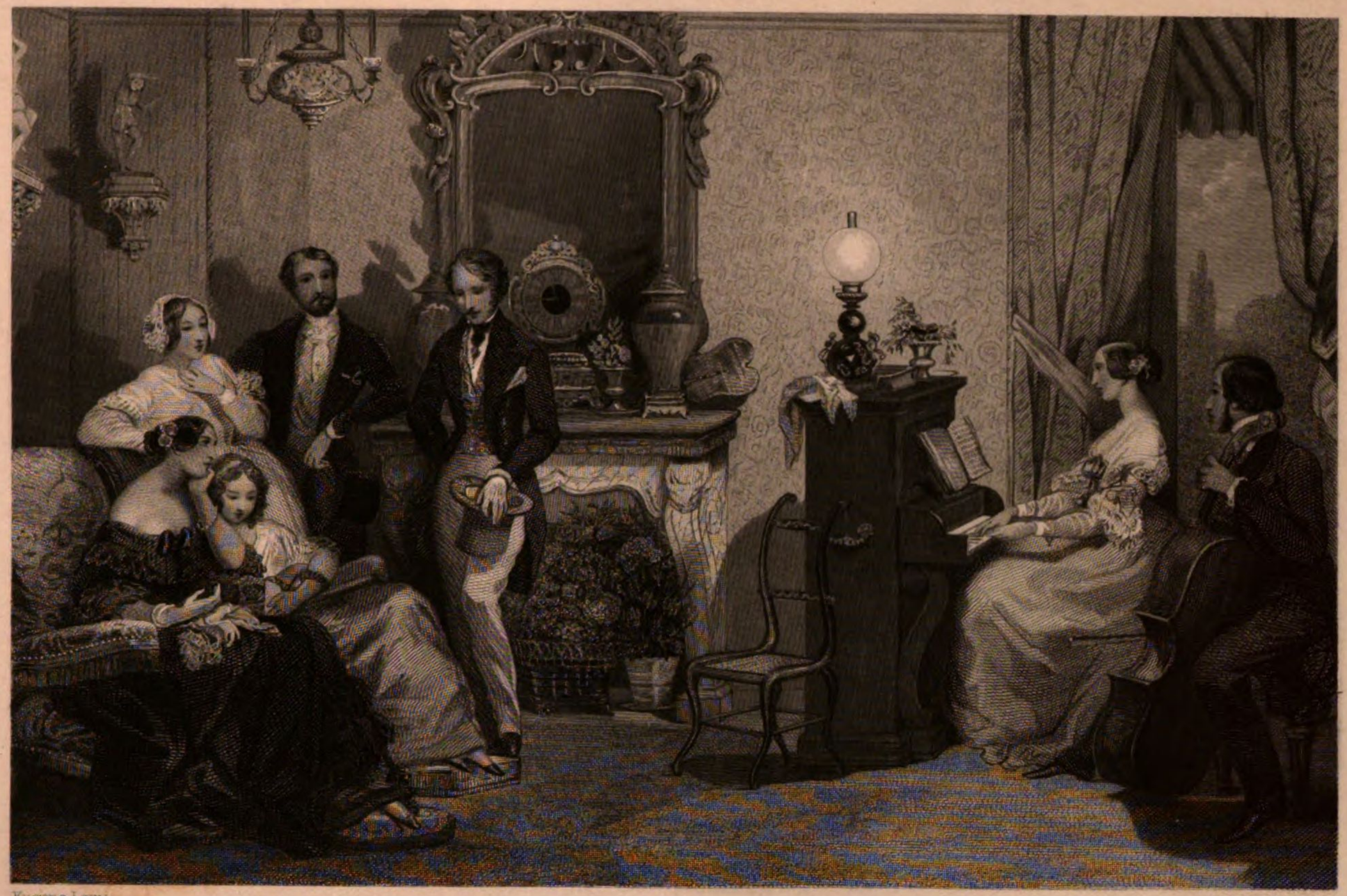
with ever so little benevolence and sympathy, you will certainly be welcome. The position of a traveller who knows how to make himself agreeable to these French Athenians, is undoubtedly a position worthy of envy; every house is open to you, every hand is held out to you. You easily pass the first and most difficult preliminaries of friendship. They remember in your favour, past absence and approaching departure; you are in every one's confidence; you are invited to all the soirées; in all the fêtes you have your part, and your good part too; for you, and for you only, there are no exactions, no despotism. You visit a house every day.—"Well!" they say, "the *Englishman* is weary, and he comes to ask from us, a little friendship and a little chatting."—You are a whole month without calling; "Is it because this poor Englishman is so busy seeing, guessing, understanding everything."—You are at once admitted into the intimacy of these ladies and gentlemen. The ladies do not mistrust you—a bird of passage! The gentlemen have not the least jealousy of you, for, in fact, are you not to leave on the morrow, at latest? Thus you go, you come, you return, you remain, you disappear, you are completely your own master. What a delightful life! But then how sad it is, to know that these Parisians will so soon have forgotten this friend whom they loved so much!

Saloon music has recently sustained a great loss, that of the author of so many popular melodies which are admired throughout Europe; M. Monpou;—he who sang so beautifully the ballad of M. Alfred de Musset, *Connaissez vous dans Barcelone;*—and all that loving history of the Spanish serenade, dark complexion, autumn paleness, young marchioness with the black mantilla, satin dress which rustles as the lady leans from her balcony, to encourage by a look, the lover who fights for her! This marchioness d'Amaeghi was, for a long time, the rage in Paris. When Monpou died, the fashion in Paris was *le Fou de Tolède,* a Spaniard of M. Hugo's, worthy of the Spaniard of M. de Musset. Thus each month of the Parisian year brings with it, its novel which succeeds, its vaudeville which is applauded, its romance which is sung; a dozen vaudevilles, a dozen romances, as many novels, and Paris is satisfied. There is a certain romance, *la Folle* for instance, which has been played upon every piano, during a whole year; this is even the only romance which has found favour with his majesty king Louis Philippe, who is an amateur of about the same standing as the emperor Napoleon. Of all known airs, the emperor loved and tolerated only the *Monaco;* with one of these well-received airs, a man's fortune is made in Paris; *la Folle,* for instance, which has traversed the world. *Je vais revoir ma Normandie,* by a Norman poet and a Norman composer, has become the national song of the province; I have found it in all the steam-boats, by the side of every highway, at the door of the inns, everywhere; and the Norman does not tire of it any more than the traveller. And the romances of Mademoiselle Pujet which I forgot! how ingenious, how copious she is! how she has filled the world with her clearly accented melodies! She is a musical *bel esprit;* they are true dramas which she writes and composes; and by way of rest from her dramas, she produces, from time to time, some lively and beautiful comedy. The fashionable ladies and the most skilful singers, even those of the opera, consider it



[illegible] and sympathy, you will certainly be welcome. The position of a traveller who knows how to make himself agreeable to these French Athenians, is [illegible] every house is open to you, every hand is [illegible] difficult preliminaries of friendship. [illegible] and approaching departure; you are in [illegible] *soirées*; in all the fêtes you have your [illegible] you only, there are no exactions, no [illegible] "Well!" they say, "the *Englishman* is [illegible] friendship and a little chatting."—You [illegible] this poor Englishman is so busy [illegible] are at once admitted into the [illegible] do not mistrust you—a bird of [illegible] of you, for, in fact, are you not to [illegible] come, you return, you remain, you [illegible] What a delightful life! But then how [illegible] have forgotten this friend whom [illegible]

[illegible] a great loss, that of the author of so many [illegible] Europe; M. Monpou;—he who sang [illegible] *Connaissez vous dans Barcelone*;— [illegible] dark complexion, autumn paleness, [illegible] dress which rustles as the lady leans [illegible] who fights for her! This [illegible] Paris. When Monpou died, the [illegible] M. Hugo's, worthy of the Spaniard [illegible] year brings with it, its novel of M. de [illegible] romance which is sung; a dozen vaudevilles, [illegible] and Paris is satisfied. There is a certain romance, [illegible] played upon every piano, during a whole year; [illegible] favour with his majesty king Louis Philippe, [illegible] as the emperor Napoleon. Of all known [illegible] the *Monaco*; with one of these well-received airs, a man's fortune is made [illegible] *la Folle*, for instance, which has traversed the world. *Je vais revoir ma Normandie*, by a Norman poet and a Norman composer, has become the national song of the province; I have found it in all the steam-boats, by the side of every highway, at the door of the inns, everywhere; and the Norman does not tire of it [illegible] the traveller. And the romances of Mademoiselle Puget which I forgot! how ingenious, how copious she is! how she [illegible] the world with her clearly accented melodies! She is a musical *bel esprit*; [illegible] dramas which she writes and composes; and by way of rest from her [illegible] she produces, from time to time, some lively and beautiful comedy. The [illegible] and the most skilful singers, even those of the opera, consider it



Eugene Lami.

Alfred T. Heath.

A Family Concert.

Un Concert de famille.

Ein Familien-Concert.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON — H. MANDEVILLE, PARIS.

a pleasure to repeat the compositions of Mademoiselle Pujet. These lines which I write in her praise, are penned to the sound of military music, which plays her finest airs. Is it not strange, an army marching to fight, while music plays, in the distance, melodies sprung from the head of a young girl? Certainly, this may be called success!

You understand then all the interest presented by a Parisian saloon thus occupied in this vain passion; there, are boldly produced all the compositions of France, of Italy, of Germany; there, come to exhibit themselves, the rarest talents in Europe; there, you may suddenly see enter the celebrated cosmopolites of the musical art; Ernst, whose violin is filled with such sweet strains; Panofka, who will only play to chosen friends; the inspired Hauman; and the great pianists who make Paris their solemn rendezvous, Doelher, the charming and poetic genius; Thalberg, dreams personified; Hallé, who thoroughly understands the genius of Beethoven; and, finally, Liszt,—Liszt the thundering, Liszt the irresistible, who burns, who crashes, and then suddenly brings you the melodies he has picked up, here and there, in the world. It is a delight to hear them, it is a pleasure to see them, as animated as if for a battle! Each year they wish to know where Paris is, what it is doing, and what it thinks; each year you may therefore see them coming to solicit,—better than their approbation,—to solicit the friendship, of these artistes of the fashionable world, their worthy brethren, impartial and benevolent judges, who accept for themselves all the dangers of the struggle, all the sorrows of defeat, yielding to whoever has the right, the triumph, the popularity, the glory! Happily, in all this triumph or defeat, the pleasure is for all.

The day of which I speak, all the family was assembled in the small music-room; there was no one there but a few intimate friends, of those friends who call at all hours, before whom one thinks aloud, and sings in a low voice. The young lady of the house, who is a true artiste, had just played with the most noble instinct, the overture of Der Freischütz, that formidable composition, to which nothing can be compared; her sister, who is still a child, but an inspired child, had sung the Adelaïde of Beethoven, the most touching and most affectionate complaint which ever sprang from the heart of a lover and a poet. You would have said, that, in order the better to hear these sweet strains, every voice was silent beyond the house. For ourselves, we were entirely absorbed in this near contemplation of old masterpieces sustained by young voices. We said to each other, that assuredly it was a delightful destiny for the poet whose verses are repeated by new generations—for the composer, who can yet hear, from the depth of his tomb, the sweet melodies of his twentieth year. On these conditions, a man cannot die; he is arrested by death, but the idea which urged him, still marches onward; his song expires upon his failing lips, but the interrupted air is immediately taken up by some young and noble singer. This respect for the masterpieces of former music, France has carried to a great extent; there is no music so old and so forgotten, that the French have not restored it to honour. They have found again nearly all the musicians of the sixteenth century; they have searched in the

repertories of all the chapels; they have demanded again from the organ of the cathedrals its interrupted chants. They had a great musician, named Baillot, who played to admiration an Italian air, *la Romanesca,* recovered by a happy accident, beneath the splendid arches of the Genoese palace. It is a melody of irresistible effect; only to hear it tremble beneath the bow, it seems to you, that all this beautiful Italian society of the sixteenth century, these young men, whom Ariosto celebrates, these friends of Medicis, these companions of Doria, are about to re-appear in these magnificent galleries, all filled with the chefs d'œuvre of painters and sculptors. Assuredly, when young Paolo took you by the hand, lovely and proud Francesca, to dance with you, the orchestra suspended in its marble balcony, did not play a sweeter, a more tender or a more melancholy air. Nothing can equal, for remembrances, some one of these wandering melodies, which centuries have murmured in the days of their youth, by the light of their stars, by the brilliancy of their sun.

And then, the great art of the French virtuosos, is to give a truly poetic expression to the most simple songs of former days. Of all the airs with which their nurses lulled them in their cradles, of the joyous country rounds, of the terrible complaints in which spirits and phantoms are named, these clever people have made so many duets, songs, grave elegies. From an Auvergne dance, they have composed a romance full of art and taste; from the *Clair de la lune, mon ami Pierrot,* they have drawn the most charming of quartetts. Rossini himself, that great genius, who seizes every light and shade,—did he not write his beautiful finale to the *Comte Ory* from the popular air, *Le Comte Ory disait pour s'égayer?* Following his example, Meyerbeer composed *Les Huguenots* from a psalm of the reformed church; this is what may be called profitably using the smallest parts of the genius of a people. And remember that this passion for music has quickly passed from the drawing-rooms of Paris into the streets, and even the crossways. In the summer, if the night is at all fine, if there is anything like silence in the public place, you suddenly hear the sound of all kinds of beautiful voices, which sing ingenious melodies. To hear them, you would fancy yourself in some city of Germany. It is truly noble music, they are real singers; the people slowly follow them, attracted, and as if fascinated, by these unexpected melodies. Whence come they? They proceed from the school of a man named Wilhem, a worthy man, of natural genius, good to the poor, devoted to his art, the friend of Béranger the poet, whose most charming songs he has set to music. This Wilhem finding that he was idle, and that the theatre was closed against him as well as the chapel, promised himself that he would one day contradict the anti-musical reputation of the good people of France. He would, he said, subdue, to strict time, these bawling voices, these rebellious ears, and replace, by a grave and simple harmony, the indecent song of the alehouse. He wished that in future, whenever the temple needed a thousand singers, a thousand singers should at once reply, *Here we are!* He wished that, on the day when the national hymn was to resound through the cities, these young, ardent voices should make of the national hymn a song of glory and not a death cry. "Ah," said he, "the cannibals have spoiled *la Marseillaise,* they have poisoned it with their

impure breath, they have changed into a scaffold complaint! But imagine this holy hymn, sung in choir by young soldiers just setting out for the frontier! Virtue, probity, innocent enthusiasm, these are what great musicians need, to work prodigies!" Thus spoke the honest Wilhem, who had in himself all the noble instincts of the poet. He is dead, after having accomplished a great work, a difficult task; he has proved to the people of France that they were fitted for musical inspiration. He has introduced music into the schools for little girls—he has made it the most delightful study of the young workmen; and all by the simple power of his own will. All these fine voices, formed by his care, accompanied the coffin of Wilhem, singing as they proceeded!

In the midst of your truest admiration, and most lively enjoyments, in vain will you try—believe me, it will be impossible for you—to forget your absent country; it appears to you often like a hope, more than once like a remorse; a mere nothing recalls it to you—the song of a bird to which you have listened in the garden of your father's house, the sweet or wild smell of a flower, a tree from your native land,—*tree of my country!*—the step of a girl who dances, the veil of a lady who happens to pass you, a look, a tone of voice, a less than nothing, and suddenly you are again in the midst of the heartless transports of your youth, all the happy accidents of your twenty years, all the delightful and maternal love with which those distant and beautiful shores surrounded you. Suddenly, in the midst of the most brilliant fête, sadness comes into your mind, your eyes are filled with ill-restrained tears, you say to yourself—What do I here, I who am a stranger to these manners, to these men, to these customs, to these fêtes, to these pleasures? What do I here, plunged as I am in Parisian idleness, I, whose life ought at this hour to be so filled with activity, zeal, ambition, labour?—With remorse comes the regret of absence—your mother who calls you, your father whom you have not seen for so long, your grandfather whom you will not perhaps find living, your sister . . . . That which has recalled my sister to me, is the history of our musician Schlesinger; it is the music of this unhappy artist, who died so quickly, and was forgotten so soon! His melodies were certainly simple, but they were delightful. To careless minds his music seemed like a faint and distant echo of Schubert's melodies; but he who heard him when he was young—at the mere sound of some few of these plaintive notes—sees again, with a glance, his whole life of childhood. To this air, to which no one listens, we young men wrote our first love-sonnets; we danced our first country dance, to the airy accompaniment of this rich and natural music. Oh happiness! my first waltz, when I held in my trembling hands the elegant figure of Miss Fanny, this waltz was written by the composer of our youthful days. You will therefore readily understand, how, on this last well-filled evening, I found myself possessed with a strong wish again to see our dear America—and never again to quit thee, thou world, which art for me the real world!

Adieu to Paris! I renounce the hope of understanding it better than I have done; I give up the idea of explaining and describing this capital city of astonishment and wonders. Let him who dares, attempt this impossible work; let him who will, try to reproduce the image of this fabulous animal, which every instant changes its form and colour. Strange city, which needs every morning a new revolution, by way of

amusement; an immense crowd, which displays more passions than new dresses, and which is never better amused than when on the edge of the abyss;—turbulent minds, grave geniuses, mad reasoners, a compound of truths and paradoxes, good and evil, vice and virtue, belief and doubt, prayer and blasphemy, mingled in the same whirlwind! From such an abyss, and from such thick clouds, extricate yourselves, if you can, unfortunate travellers! Endeavour to comprehend this strange reality of the Parisian world; you know not where it commences, you know not where it finishes. Is it believing, is it Voltairian? Does it prefer M. de Lamartine to Diderot, the gospel to the encyclopædia? Vice or virtue, to which side does the city lean? Is it true that she encloses all this corruption, and that each morning, from the midst of these blasphemies and sin, Paris gives this frightful proof of the wickedness of man? These accounts of dungeons into which penetrates scarcely a ray of sun, of depraved minds which have renounced even pity and hope, living corpses laden with chains and infamy, —do you believe them? can you ever believe them? The city which *I* visited in the winter fêtes, in the soft joys of summer, was rich and brilliant, and decorated; she lived by intelligence; in case of necessity, she even had enthusiasm and heart. If you knew how dazzling, how active, how young, how well-dressed she is! how she delights in the contemplation of that which is beautiful! what praises she lavishes upon the great artists! what encouragements upon the poets! Oh! I have seen her carelessly seated in the corner by the fire, with her feet upon the Aubusson carpet, or running in wild enjoyment, among the flowers of the garden, the fresh paths of the country, and then I said to myself:—Here is the Athenian city, the city of beautiful poems, of animated conversations, of elegant passions, the city of eloquence and the fine arts! Where then will you meet more urbanity and hospitable grace? you arrive,—hands are held out to you, doors are open to you: in a short time the house has no secrets from you; you are the object of their affection, their confidant, a visitor—above all, you are welcome. The gentleman of the house conceals nothing from you; the lady tells you everything, even her good actions; for these Parisians have time to be charitable; they know their way to the poorest houses. Such a one whom you meet so well dressed,—ask her where she is going . . . she is seeking some wretched roof, beneath which groans some unfortunate being. Such another, on your arrival, hastens, blushingly, to conceal the book she is reading. If you could secretly interrogate the mysterious volume, you would see that the young lady was simply reading in the original language—Virgil or Titus Livy—Dante or Petrarch—Byron or Smollett—Goëthe or Schiller!

From Paris to Rouen, by the railway, and thence to Dieppe, by some older conveyance, was a journey productive of little interest. It is not yet twenty years since Dieppe was the favourite city of a princess, whom France had adopted as her daughter, the Duchess de Berri. To the borders of this complaisant sea, the Duchess de Berri came every year, bringing in her suite all the youth and all the elegancies of that court, of which she was the young and benevolent sovereign. She was good, she was happy, she knew that she was beloved. Her slightest word was graceful; at the very expectation of seeing her, the city of Dieppe clapped her hands. But, alas! with the reverses of the noble princess, the city of Dieppe has lost much of her good fortune.

You would say, that, in leaving, the Duchess de Berri had taken with her all which formed the charm of these delightful réunions. Those cities are indeed to be pitied, whose fortune depends upon the caprices of a lady, the chances of a revolution!

Nevertheless, when I reached Dieppe, the city was as agitated as if the Duchess de Berri were expected; I found the tumult of a fête, the enthusiasm of triumph. Every house was full, and it was with great difficulty that I procured a wretched lodging in this city, which, generally speaking, is nothing but a vast hotel open to all.

But do you know what august person was expected in this neighbourhood? The Queen of England, yes, the queen herself, that young woman who bears so lightly upon her graceful head the weight of three crowns, the object of attachment to so many millions of men, the brilliant pearl of so powerful a royalty, the queen and the delight of the sea. In a happy moment of enthusiasm, Queen Victoria wished to know something of this kingdom of France, and suddenly she determined to profit by the profound peace of waters and nations, of the earth and the sky, to cross that narrow space over which have passed so many kings of England, so many Dukes of Normandy, William the Conqueror and his son, and the Plantagenets, and Henry I., Henry II., Richard Cœur de Lion, without counting the English of Cressy and Agincourt. A happy voyage this! a peaceful voyage of the young lady, who came to visit her fathers' old friend. Thus the winds were propitious, the waves were calm, the ocean restrained his anger and even his caprices. Come then, since fortune favours us so far beyond our hopes, we will go to the château d'Eu, to those shores on which the Queen of England is expected. From Dieppe the route is delightful, the Norman country displays on both sides of the road its richest productions. The château d'Eu is one of the most celebrated in Normandy, its position is excellent, its gardens are magnificent; the old park, planted by the daughter of Henry the Great, is filled with ancient and majestic trees; the sea, a silvery mirror, reflects in its poetic wave the ancient and venerable château. You have no sooner entered it, than suddenly appear to you, like so many phantoms, all the ancient lords of these dwellings. They are all there, not only the masters of the place, but even the guests of an hour, those who have but passed and slept beneath these important ceilings. Under this head you see Joan of Arc, the chaste, the admirable and sainted heroine of the middle age; under this head you will see Queen Victoria. Joan of Arc and the Queen of the English beneath the same roof! Oh, what an advance has been made, by the two nations on the two sides of the channel! But the most serious and most terrible remembrances of the château d'Eu belong—who would think it?—to the family of the Guises, those factious and courageous geniuses, and to M. de Lauzun, that ill-tempered man, who so much abused the kindness of the great Mademoiselle. You must read the memoirs of this unhappy princess, so affectionate and so devoted, to know how much she loved M. de Lauzun, and all that she suffered. Love inspired this noble person, the greatest lady of the court of France —after the queen—for even she had thought of being queen of France—with a charming idea. Lauzun, who knew it but too well, asked her one day whom she loved? She breathed upon the glass, and on the warm vapour of her breath, she wrote, with loving finger, the name of Lauzun. Sombre dwellings, what recitals of murder and of love,

of devotion and of perfidy, do you recall! what heroisms, what soldiers, what kings and queens, what young men!

At the present day, the château d'Eu has become a kind of chapel-of-ease to the château de Neuilly. Even the Guises, who seem yet to obey *Le Balafré*, are only there as an ornament to the walls. The house is filled with young princes, and fair children, and young women, for each day brings a new one to this popular court; yesterday, the Princess de Joinville, to-morrow perhaps the Duchess d'Aumale, and before long Madame de Montpensier; Montpensier! the favourite name in these royal dwellings. The day of which I speak, was one of great excitement at the château d'Eu. The expected queen might arrive, everything was ready for her reception. The cannon was placed upon the heights; large vessels brought the finest soldiers of the French army. In the night, the Prince de Joinville had started with his pilots, to escort the royal yacht from a greater distance. Meantime we—the travellers, the curious, the enthusiasts, the lovers of fine sights—we remained upon the shore, seeking to discover from afar the approaching vessel.

Attention, however, was not fixed so strongly upon the sea, but that we wished to visit the perilous bridge, from the top of which, not three days previously, the monarchy of July had been nearly engulphed in the waves. They were all in the same carriage, the king, the queen, the Duchess d'Orleans, the Count de Paris, and the other children; suddenly the bridge breaks, and the forward horses fall. Picture to yourself this whole monarchy suspended over the abyss, and saved as if by miracle! The king—always master of himself and of the present hour, always a king—seized, from the arms of his tearful mother, the young Count of Paris, the son of his son, the future king of France; immediately he threw the child into the apron of a country-woman; but this good woman, who held a whole monarchy in her apron—did she suspect the heavy burden which, for one moment, she bore?

Suddenly the cannon roar, the music resounds, the shore utters cries of joy. They sing and play the national air of England—*God save the Queen!* much astonished at finding itself upon these banks. It is she, it is the queen! Do you see afar off, that black speck gradually enlarging? It is she, it is the queen whom England confides to France. I have seen her as often as it was possible to see her, this lady who would be taken, at a distance, for a lovely child. The King of the French has come to meet the queen with the eagerness of a young man who awaits his bride; he holds her in his arms as if he had found his daughter again; the queen receives her with emotions truly maternal. The Duchess of Orleans, imposing silence for a moment on that severe grief which has not left her during this long year of mourning, salutes Queen Victoria as a sister. The entrance of the young queen into the château d'Eu is a triumph. The people who have crowded to these shores, feel so delighted with the young and gracious sovereign, for her confidence, and for the enjoyment she gives to her royal host!

During the stay of the queen in the neighbourhood, I, who had so much desired it, saw her every day. Indeed, every one could approach this brilliant court—comprising no less than three queens—and leisurely contemplate these assembled majesties. The forest which surrounds the château d'Eu is vast and magnificent; it may be traversed

in every variety of equipage; its shade is favourable to every kind of magnificence. Upon one of the edges of the forest rises the mount d'Orleans. This mount terminates in a vast plain surrounded by the most ancient trees. On this plain had been erected a splendid tent, and on each side you could see hastening, on horseback, or in carriages, all the guests of the château d'Eu; Queen Victoria by the side of the King of the French—and the Queen of the French, and Queen Louise of Belgium, and the Duchess d'Orleans and the Princess de Saxe-Cobourg, and the new Princess Madame de Joinville, with the grace of a French woman, the look of a Spaniard, a grave and elegant beauty; a better contrast could not have been found, to the fair and juvenile grace of the Duchess de Nemours. The princes of the house of France and Prince Albert attended by the side of the carriages. Next came M. Guizot, that clever man, who has thrown so much light upon the history of England—Lord Aberdeen, and the ambassadors and officers of her Britannic Majesty; then, in the midst of this immense concourse, a few Parisian artists, M. Alaux, M. Morel-Fatio, M. Simeon-Fort, M. Eugene Isabey, the sea painter *par excellence;* and, above all, M. Eugene Lami,—our worthy fellow-labourer, or, to speak more correctly, our master in all these Parisian excursions;—for it is one of the customs of the King of the French, to have the history of his times written by painters and sculptors, rather than by historians and poets. He loves the beautiful historical pages, which the artist adorns with his brilliant colours. As the principal ornament of his château d'Eu, the king chooses that painters should represent for him all the splendours of this royal visit. He has set apart for these paintings, of which the Queen of England will be the august heroine, the finest saloon in the château d'Eu, which will bear the name of Queen Victoria. The artists are already at their task—they will not delay—so much are they pleased with the heroine, the beauty of the scene, the magnificence of the sea and the sky!

Assuredly, the loveliness of these fresh landscapes; the old king, aged by labour more than by years; the three queens; the young women so beautiful and so graceful; the Duchess d'Orleans with her imposing figure, her sincere and profound grief; the Count of Paris, who gives his hand to his mother; the people, who cry *Vivat!* and at your feet, even to a distance, the extensive panorama which prolongs, beneath the clear sunbeams, its endless beauties,—here is a subject for a vast and admirable painting. The evening arrived, the gallery of the Guises is lighted in the most splendid manner; already it is filled by those who are invited to the evening fête, and by some foreigners who enter without being invited, so great is the hospitality of this royal house! When the king and queen appear, the concert commences, a concert composed of chefs-d'œuvre, the richest melodies, the most admirable compositions of the greatest masters, for it is known that the Queen of England entertains the most lively and deeply felt passion for music. On that evening were played the beautiful overture of *Iphigenie en Aulide,* that exquisite work of Gluck's;—the overture to the *Enchanted Flute* by Mozart;—an air from the *Siege of Corinth,* and that admirable chorus from *Iphigenie,* the application of which was easy, *What grace, what majesty,*—and the chorus from *Armide, Never in these lovely spots.* This is what may be called music and genius. These skilful artists also executed the *symphonie en la* by Beethoven, a masterpiece which the

Queen of England knows by heart. Unfortunately, they only played the andante and the minuet, and then the queen slightly knit her brow. "There are some chefs-d'œuvre," said she, "in which nothing ought to be retrenched." To make amends for this, they gave her the whole overture of *Zanetta*, by M. Auber.

This visit of the queen's, I can honestly say, was full of elegance and courtesy. The whole city of Paris, seeing that the Queen of England was at her gates, prepared to give her a a suitable reception. The Opera would have offered her *Robert le Diable*, its masterpiece; the Hotel de Ville,—that palace worthy of the greatest monarch in the world, the Paris citizen,—wished to invite her majesty to one of those fêtes which appear fabulous. Already the galleries of the Louvre opened their doors to the visit of her majesty. The palace of Versailles, happy and proud, at last to see a Queen of England reigning and obeyed, after having sheltered Henrietta of England, the conquered and despoiled queen, opened all her gates, to show Victoria, Louis XIV. and the great century. At the same time, Fontainebleau would have taught the royal traveller the art, the taste, and the splendours of the age of Francis I. Thus delight was everywhere, the eagerness was general, the joy was unanimous. These French, when they choose it, are still, all things considered, the most gentlemanly men in the world; their benevolence is natural; when they cry *Vivat!* the cry comes from their hearts; you must believe in their enthusiasm, it is an honest enthusiasm; in their admiration, it is lively and deeply felt: their hospitality is generous, brilliant, impassioned; and certainly, a young queen, courteous, polite, benevolent, has reason to expect from the polished city, the best and most loyal reception. Above all, the king of the French,—who understands doing the honours of this beautiful kingdom,—from the midst of all the splendours with which the city is filled, would have chosen—that he might present them to the queen, as the finest ornament of his reign and of his century—the statesmen, the orators, the poets, the literati, the artists, all the great names, all the glorious names of France; he would have presented them all to her Britannic majesty, with the legitimate pride of a king who knows well where lies the strength and the greatness of his kingdom. . . . . The queen decided otherwise; she wished simply to make a visit to the king her neighbour and her ally. This journey through France appeared to her too long, she was afraid of exciting too much jealousy in England; therefore she remained at the chateau d'Eu, where each day a new fête awaited her. They even gave her comedy, little pieces thoroughly Parisian, and above all, M. Arnal, one of those happy actors, who have only to show themselves, to excite laughter and wild delight. Certainly, a vaudeville played by M. Arnal is an amusing thing; but with equal certainty, if the Queen of England had been at Versailles, the vaudeville would not have dared to show itself in these magnificent places, filled with the wit and brilliancy of French poetry; the queen would then have had a play worthy of the palace of Versailles—Molière's *Misanthrope*, Racine's *Britannicus*, or, better still, the *Cinna* of the great Corneille; for this happy country of France counts only by chefs-d'œuvre; chefs-d'œuvre for the king's palace, buffooneries for the little apartments.

At last, after four days of this royal and paternal hospitality, the queen took leave of her host, her departure being no less magnificent than her arrival. Early in the

morning, the château d'Eu was filled with soldiers under arms. The expectation was general. Very soon, the doors of the palace open, and the king appears, giving his arm to Queen Victoria, who bows adieu to the crowd which salutes her. I know not how to tell you the number of the horses, the richness of the carriages, the livery of the servants, all the brilliant crowd, which conducted the young queen back to her vessel. The bark was dressed and impelled by twenty-four rowers. The music played, the artillery thundered, the rising sun illumined the heavens, and his golden rays broke upon the queen's vessel, which shone in the distance. Eight beautiful steamers composed the royal escort; the Pluto, the Tartarus, the Cyclops, the *Napoleon*, the Prometheus, the *Reine Amélie*, and an infinite number of boats and light barks all laden with adieus and *vivats*. The king and the queen, and all the royal family, conducted her majesty Victoria to her beautiful vessel, the *Victoria and Albert*. They bade adieu to each other, a tender and paternal adieu on the side of the king, a filial adieu on the part of the queen. The two queens embraced each other; and then you might have seen disappearing in the distance, the *Victoria and Albert*. The king, however, wished to see his young ally once more, and followed the royal yacht in his boat; the queen stopped for a moment, and, with a charming gesture, bade the king of the French once more farewell!

Those readers, who have been able to follow me in the account of this journey to Paris, know very well that I am not a courtier. We children of America, are but little accustomed to composing the dithyrambus; on the contrary, like the dogmatical beings that we are, satire is our great delight, and we have made of Irony a tenth muse. Nevertheless, it is impossible for me not to congratulate myself, at the happy chance which has crowned with such success, this history of *a Summer in Paris;* a brilliant history, at least for me, a spectator moved and interested with so many charming details of this Parisian society, which has not its equal under the sun; an elegant and polite society, benevolent and calm, which demands from each, only what he can give, and is contented with that; a happy mixture of artists and great lords, in which predominates the citizen, that is to say, good sense; a people tried by so many revolutions, and who have finished by bearing them with the best grace in the world, and without its being known by any one beyond the city; men who understand business as well as pleasure; great citizens, who bear the favour of the people as well as their disapprobation; who know how to renounce popularity when it is necessary to be unpopular, and to defend liberty against its own excess; a world of raillers and of sceptics, who go gravely to church to hear Christian discourses, and to judge them, under the double point of view, of literature and eloquence; a formidable city! in less than two years, she has surrounded herself with bastions, fortresses, fossés and walls, sufficient to defy the whole of Europe: but already they walk upon these ramparts, already they dance upon these walls, already they cultivate flowers in the depth of these fossés. For my part, I, who have seen her under her two-fold aspect, during the frosts of winter, and in all the joys of summer, lavishing by the side of the fire her wit and her brilliant conversation, or else confiding to the old oaks of the forest her poetry and her eloquence; I, who have seen her in her ball-dress, the head laden with flowers,

the shoulders covered with diamonds; or in the ample muslin dress, wearing a straw bonnet as a protection from the wind and the sun; I, who know how she expends talent, invention, genius, wisdom and folly, truths and paradoxes, winter as well as summer, summer as well as winter,—I still ask myself which of these two cities is to be preferred. Imitate me; let my conclusion be yours; if you wish thoroughly to understand all these elegances, study Paris during the winter; if you would penetrate into some few of the mysteries of its wit and its grace, study it during the summer, study it incessantly—so that, after all, you may still think of it with regret.

And where, I pray you, does a more delightful study, or a more extensive subject, ever present itself, I do not say to the meditation of philosophers, but simply to the observation of a sensible man? The beautiful and good city *par excellence*, the city of easily-formed friendships, innocent anger, sudden excitements, of infinite graces, and idleness, and coquetteries! She has, at the same time, so much art and so much nature! Her elegance is so unpremeditated! She owns her follies so frankly! She does herself such strict justice, whenever she finds herself leaning to a wrong inclination!—Wild in prosperity, grave and calm in her days of trial; handling, with unequalled skill, the epigram, which she showers liberally upon the rest of the world, while she reserves for herself the most cutting epigrams,—but ask Molière, Molière, that Parisian mind, that Parisian genius, the moralist of the great city, of which he is the popular and beloved child—he will describe Paris far better than I can.

Here concludes naturally the account of my excursion, an interesting account which I ought to have written with more ease and brilliancy. At the château d'Eu, I said, farewell to this *pleasant country of France*, as Marie Stuart called it. Indeed, after this last happiness of my journey, what could I hope? I had visited all the royal dwellings—Versailles, St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, Meudon. I had been present at all the joys, at all the fêtes of the month of April, and the month of May. As a last adventure, after having arrived by the first train of the railroad, I departed just in time to salute, with mind and look, the greatest lady in the world.

THE END.

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